LIVING HYMNS

FOR USE IN THE
SABBATH SCHOOL,
CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR MEETINGS,
THE CHURCH & HOME

COMPILED BY

JOHN WANAMAKER

ASSISTED BY

JOHN R. SWEENEY MUS. DOC.

PHILADELPHIA. JOHN J. HOOD 1024 ARCH ST.

CHICAGO. 38 RANDOLPH STREET.

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PHILADELPHIA:
1024 Arch St.

JOHN J. HOOD,

CHICAGO:
940 W. Madison St.

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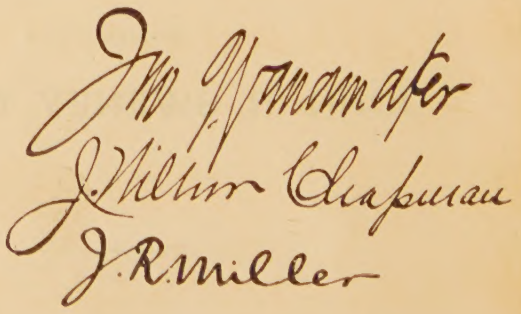
PREFACE.

HUNDREDS of letters and personal inquiries come to us asking, "What hymns do you use in your Sunday-schools and night meetings?" *This book is the answer.*

To the good old hymns of our mothers we add some of the newer songs that have been blest. With ministers, superintendents and teachers it is a burning question, Which of our sermons, books—hymns and helpers—is it that God blesses? When we have made this discovery it is wise to take heed to it. But one thought has led us in making this compilation, to wit, to get together as many as possible of the hymns that have been marked, in a long course of varied work, as used of God. We would like to have included other good hymns scattered through many books, here one and there another, but the right to use them was denied us for love or money. We obtained all we could, and we are informed that in no other one book can so many of the best hymns be found for such work as ours.

The LIVING HYMNS are good hymns to live by. We expect the scholars to buy them, bring them to every meeting, and use them at home and in Church. This is all the singing book we shall need for a life-time.



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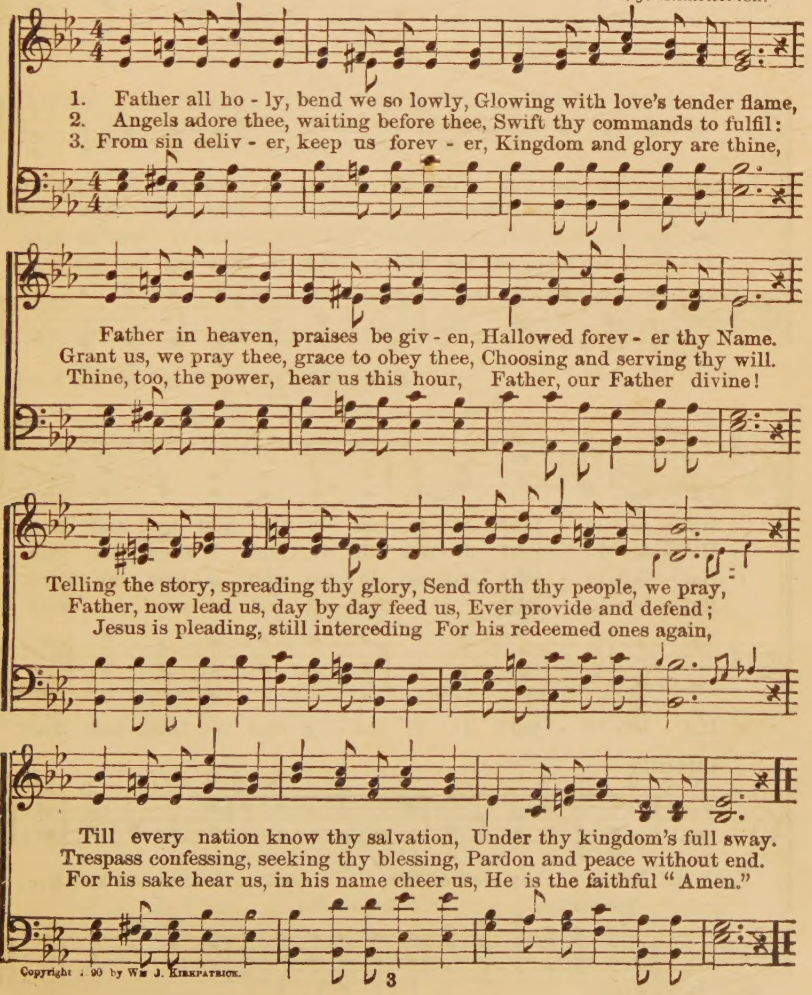
Father all Holy.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Father all ho - ly, bend we so lowly, Glowing with love's tender flame,
2. Angels adore thee, waiting before thee, Swift thy commands to fulfil:
3. From sin deliv - er, keep us forev - er, Kingdom and glory are thine,
Father in heaven, praises be giv - en, Hallowed forev - er thy Name.
Grant us, we pray thee, grace to obey thee, Choosing and serving thy will.
Thine, too, the power, hear us this hour, Father, our Father divine!
Telling the story, spreading thy glory, Send forth thy people, we pray,
Father, now lead us, day by day feed us, Ever provide and defend;
Jesus is pleading, still interceding For his redeemed ones again,
Till every nation know thy salvation, Under thy kingdom's full sway.
Trespass confessing, seeking thy blessing, Pardon and peace without end.
For his sake hear us, in his name cheer us, He is the faithful "Amen."

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Look and Live.

W. A. O. W. A. Ogden

1. I've a mes - sage from the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! The
2. I've a mes - sage full of love, Hal - le - lu - jah! A
3. Life is of - fered un - to thee, Hal - le - lu - jah! E-
4. I will tell you how I came, Hal - le - lu - jah! To
mes - sage un - to you I'll give, 'Tis re - cord - ed in his word,
mes - sage, oh! my friend, for you, 'Tis a mes - sage from a - bove,
ter - nal life thy soul shall have, If you'll on - ly look to him,
Je - sus, when he made me whole; 'Twas be - liev - ing on his name,
D.S.—'Tis re - cord - ed in his word,
Fine.
Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live."
Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus said it, and I know 'tis true.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Look to Je - sus who a - lone can save.
Hal - le - lu - jah! I trust - ed and he saved my soul.
Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live."
CHORUS.
D.S.
Look and live, . . . my brother, live, Look to Je - sus now and live;
look and live,
look and live,

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Seeking, Calling, Knocking.

C. MURRAY. ARTHUR J. SMITH.

1. Jesus is waiting to welcome the weary, Worn with the world's fruitless
2. Je - sus is waiting, he standeth and knocketh, Calling in love unto
3. "Will you not come? you need no preparation, Stay not to think, but come
4. Oh, I am yearning to see you unburdened, Death did I suf - fer that
striving for peace; Tired with a night-watch that knoweth no morning,
each one oppressed—"Come unto me, sinner, wea - ry and la - den,
just as you are. Bring nothing with you, for love giveth free - ly,
you might be free. Will you not come, and by life con - se - cration,
CHORUS.
Sick with a heart-ache that earth cannot ease. Je - sus is seek - ing,
I will receive you, and give you my rest."
Peace—perfect peace—that no sorrow can mar.
Try to win others, and bring them to me?"
seeking, seeking,
Je - sus is call - ing, Will you not come to him now, Je - sus is
calling, calling,
to him now,
knocking, Je - sus is wait - ing, Waiting to save you now.
knocking, knocking,
waiting, waiting,
save you now.

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Victory Through Grace.

SALLIE MARTIN. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Conquering now and still to conquer, Rideth a King in his might,
2. Conquering now and still to conquer, Who is this wonder - ful King?
3. Conquering now and still to conquer, Jesus, thou Ruler of all,
Leading the host of all the faithful In- to the midst of the fight;
Whence are the armies which he leadeth, While of his glo - ry they sing?
Thrones and their sceptres all shall perish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,
See them with courage ad - vancing, Clad in their brilliant ar - ray,
He is our Lord and Redeem - er, Saviour and monarch di - vine,
Yet shall the arm- ies thou leadest, Faithful and true to the last,
Shouting the name of their Leader, Hear them ex- ult- ing - ly say.
They are the stars that for - ev - er Bright in his kingdom will shine.
Find in thy mansions e - ternal Rest, when their warfare is past.
CHORUS.
Not to the strong is the bat- tle, Not to the swift is the race,

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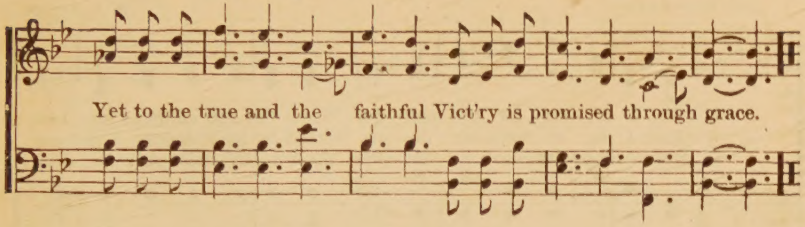
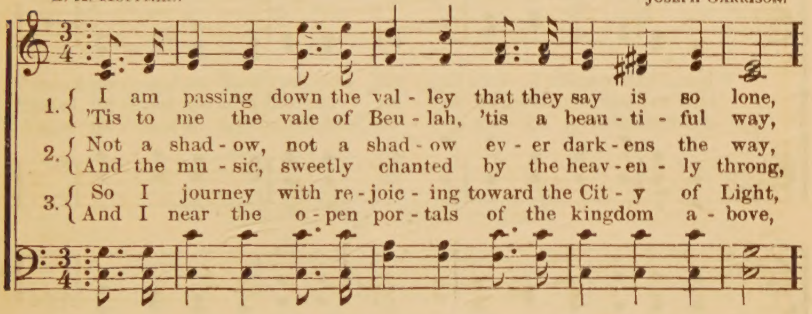
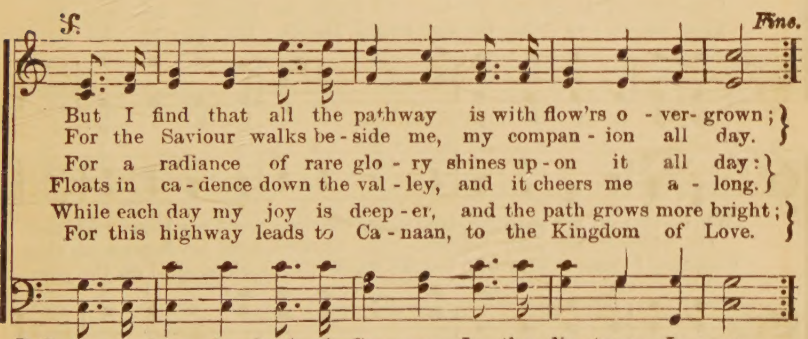
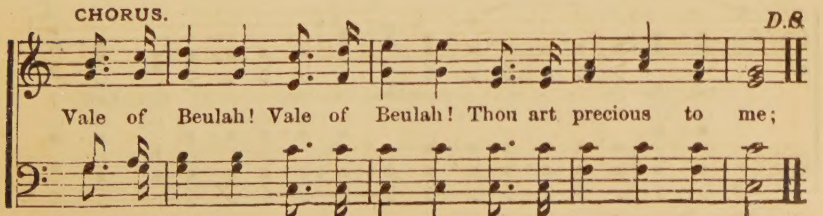


Vale of Beulah.

E. A. Hoffman. Joseph Garrison.


1. I am passing down the val - ley that they say is so lone,
'Tis to me the vale of Beu - lah, 'tis a beau - ti - ful way,
2. Not a shad - ow, not a shad - ow ev - er dark - ens the way,
And the mu - sic, sweetly chanted by the heav - en - ly throng,
3. So I journey with re - joic - ing toward the Cit - y of Light,
And I near the o - pen por - tals of the kingdom a - bove,


f.
Fine.
But I find that all the pathway is with flow'rs o - ver- grown;
For the Saviour walks be - side me, my compan - ion all day.
For a radiance of rare glo - ry shines up - on it all day:
Floats in ca - dence down the val - ley, and it cheers me a - long.
While each day my joy is deep - er, and the path grows more bright;
For this highway leads to Ca - naan, to the Kingdom of Love.
D.S.–For the love - ly land of Ca - naan In the dis - tance I see.



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The Future.

Miss Jennie Stout. A. A. Armen.

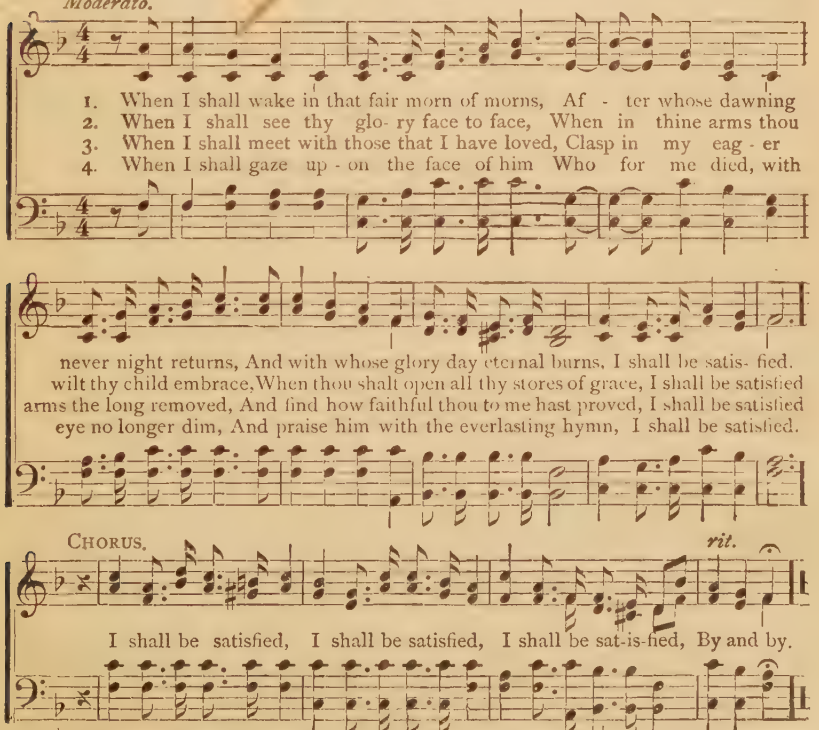
1. Oh, I oft-en sit and pon-der, When the sun is sink-ing low,
2. Shall I be at work for Je-sus, Whilst he leads me by the hand,
3. But perhaps my work for Je-sus Soon in fu-ture may be done,
Where shall yonder fu-ture find me: Does but God in heav-en know?
And to those a-round be say-ing, Come and join his hap-py band?
All my earthly tri-als end-ed, And my crown in heav-en won;
Shall I be a-mong the liv-ing? Shall I min-gle with the free?
Come, for all things now are rea-dy, Come, his faithful foll-'wer be;
Then for-ev-er with the ran-somed Thro' e-ter-ni-ty I'd be
Where-so-e'er my path be lead-ing, Saviour, keep my heart with thee.
Oh, where'er my path be lead-ing, Saviour, keep my heart with thee.
Chanting hymns to him who bought me With his blood shed on the tree.
CHORUS.
Oh, the fu - - - - ture lies be-fore me, And I
Oh, the fu-ture lies be-fore me, And I know not where I'll be, Oh, the

From "Our Sabbath Home," by per.

know . . not where I'll be, But where'er - - my path be
future lies before me, And I know not where I'll be, But where'er my path be leading, Saviour,
lead - - ing, Saviour, keep . . . my heart with thee.
keep my heart with thee, But where'er my path be leading, Saviour, keep my heart with thee.

I Shall be Satisfied.

BONAR. *Moderato.* REV. T. C. NEAL


1. When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns, Af - ter whose dawning
2. When I shall see thy glo- ry face to face, When in thine arms thou
3. When I shall meet with those that I have loved, Clasp in my eag - er
4. When I shall gaze up - on the face of him Who for me died, with
never night returns, And with whose glory day eternal burns, I shall be satis- fied.
wilt thy child embrace, When thou shalt open all thy stores of grace, I shall be satisfied
arms the long removed, And find how faithful thou to me hast proved, I shall be satisfied
eye no longer dim, And praise him with the everlasting hymn, I shall be satisfied.
CHORUS.
rit.
I shall be satisfied, I shall be satisfied, I shall be sat-is-fied, By and by.

From "Jasper and Gold," by per.

Trusting in Jesus.

FRANK GOULD. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Trusting in Jesus, my Saviour divine, I have the witness that still he is mine;
2. Once I was far from my Saviour and King, Now he has taught me his mercy to sing;
3. Trusting in Jesus, oh, what should I fear? Nothing can harm me when he is so near!
4. If while a stranger I journey below Filled with his fulness such rapture I know.
Great are the blessings he giveth to me: Oh, I am happy as mortal can be.
Peace in believing he giveth to me: Oh, I am happy as mortal can be.
Sweet is the promise he giveth to me: Oh, I am happy as mortal can be.
What will the bliss of eter- ni- ty be, When in his beauty the King I shall see?
CHORUS.
I am re - deemed, and I know it full well, full well, Saved by his
grace, I with him shall dwell; I am re - deemed, and the
Saved by his grace
shall dwell;
child of his love, his love, Heir to a glo - - rious crown a-bove. above.

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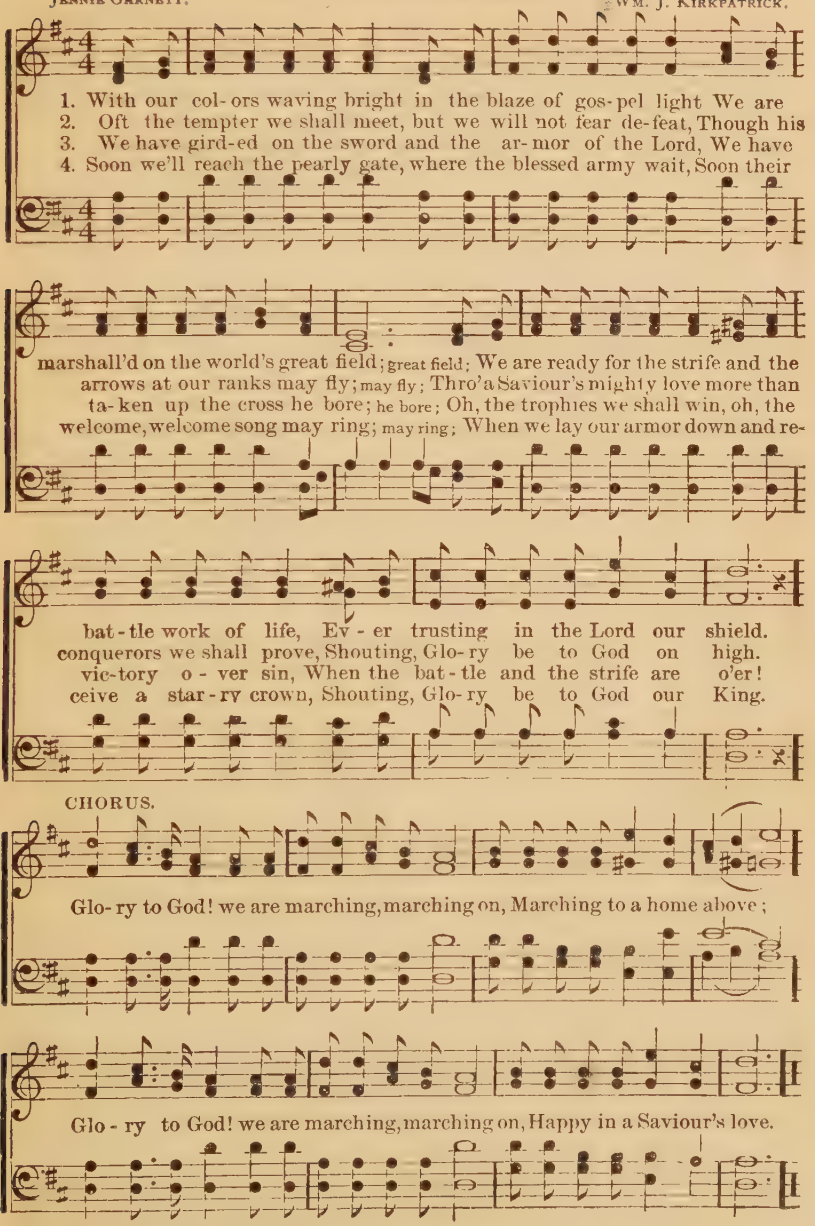
Marching On.

JENNIE GARNETT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. With our col-ors waving bright in the blaze of gos-pel light We are
2. Oft the tempter we shall meet, but we will not fear de-feat, Though his
3. We have gird-ed on the sword and the ar-mor of the Lord, We have
4. Soon we'll reach the pearly gate, where the blessed army wait, Soon their
marshall'd on the world's great field; great field; We are ready for the strife and the
arrows at our ranks may fly; may fly; Thro'a Saviour's mighty love more than
ta-ken up the cross he bore; he bore; Oh, the trophies we shall win, oh, the
welcome, welcome song may ring; may ring; When we lay our armor down and re-
bat-tle work of life, Ev-er trusting in the Lord our shield.
conquerors we shall prove, Shouting, Glo-ry be to God on high.
vic-tory o-ver sin, When the bat-tle and the strife are o'er!
ceive a star-ry crown, Shouting, Glo-ry be to God our King.
CHORUS.
Glo-ry to God! we are marching, marching on, Marching to a home above;
Glo-ry to God! we are marching, marching on, Happy in a Saviour's love.

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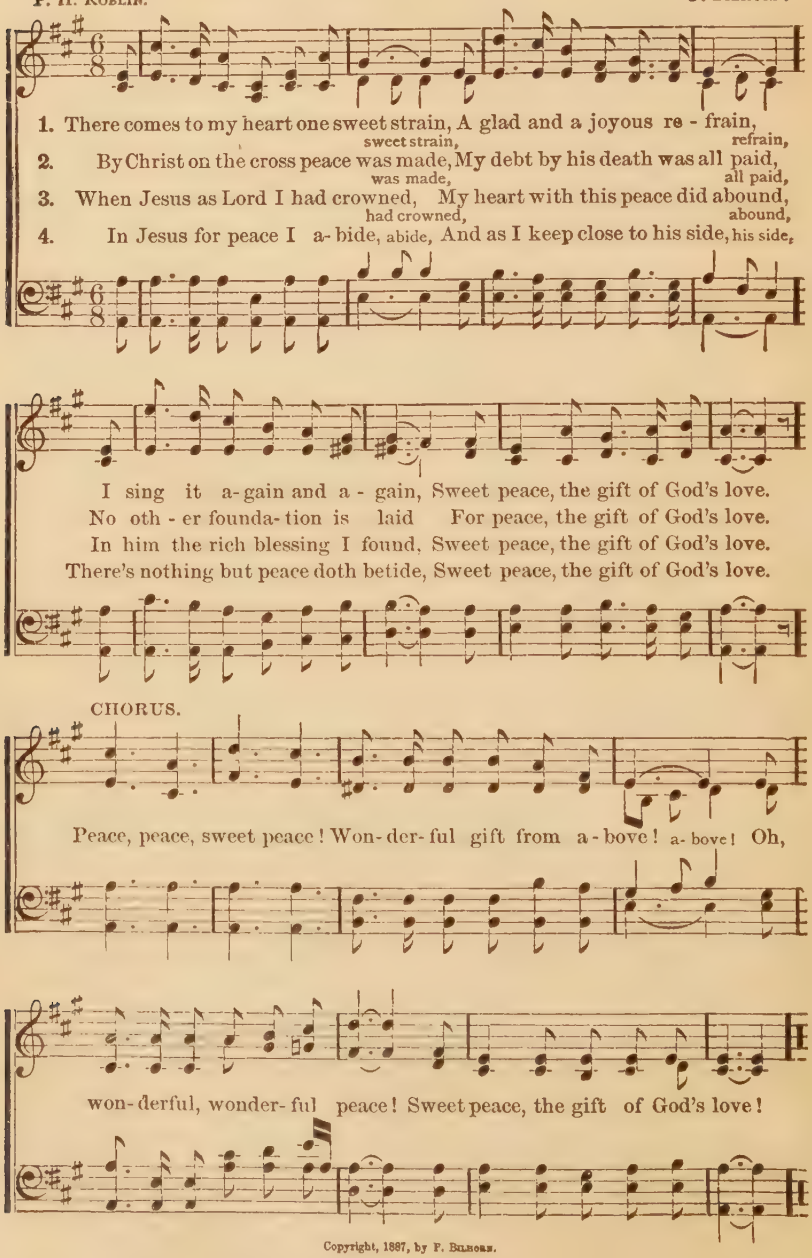
Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

P. H. Roblin. P. Bilhorn.


1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, A glad and a joyous re - frain,
sweet strain, refrain,
2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, My debt by his death was all paid,
was made, all paid,
3. When Jesus as Lord I had crowned, My heart with this peace did abound,
had crowned, abound,
4. In Jesus for peace I a- bide, abide, And as I keep close to his side, his side,
I sing it a- gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
No oth - er founda- tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
In him the rich blessing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
There's nothing but peace doth betide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
CHORUS.
Peace, peace, sweet peace! Won- der- ful gift from a- bove! a- bove! Oh,
won- derful, wonder- ful peace! Sweet peace, the gift of God's love!

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He's Mighty to Save.

E. E. Hewitt. Isaiah lxiii: 1. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Je - sus is wait-ing his grace to be-stow; Sin "red like crimson" he
2. Standing a-lone in the strife we shall fail, Close to our Leader his
3. Take him the burden that weighs on your heart, Take him the trouble, he'll
4. Up from the val - ley the darkness is gone When Jesus brings there the
makes white as snow; Lov - ing us free - ly, his life - blood he gave;
might will pre- vail; Or if a bless-ing for oth - ers we crave,
com - fort im-part; Held by his hand we can walk on the wave;
beau - ty of dawn; Vic - t'ry, glad vic- t'ry, we sing o'er the grave!
CHORUS.
Bless - ed Redeem - er! he's might - y to save. Might - y to save,
Pray on, be - liev - ing,—he's might - y to save.
Look up to Je - sus, he's might - y to save.
Glo ry to Je - sus! he's might - y to save.
might - y to save, Je - sus is might - y to save;
is might - y to save, he is
Might - y to save, mighty to save, Je - sus is mighty to save.

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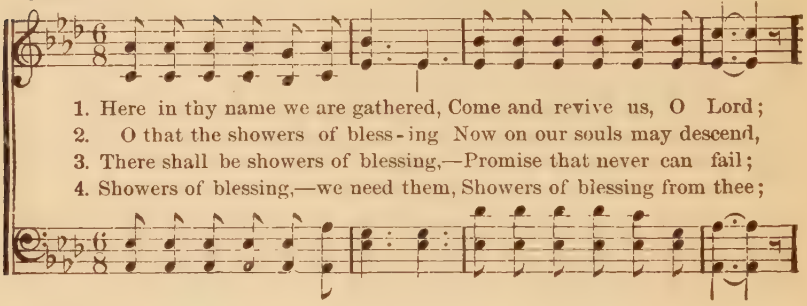
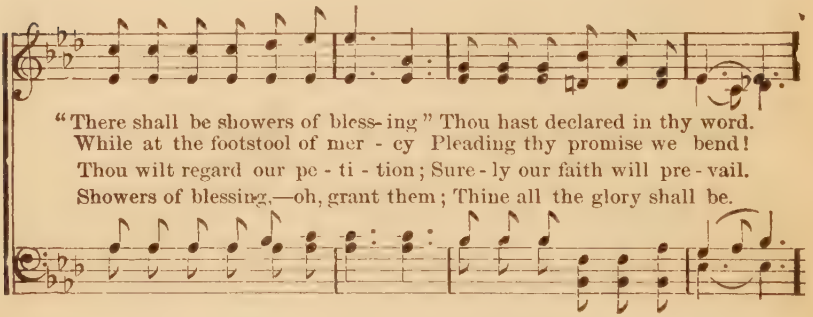
Showers of Blessing.

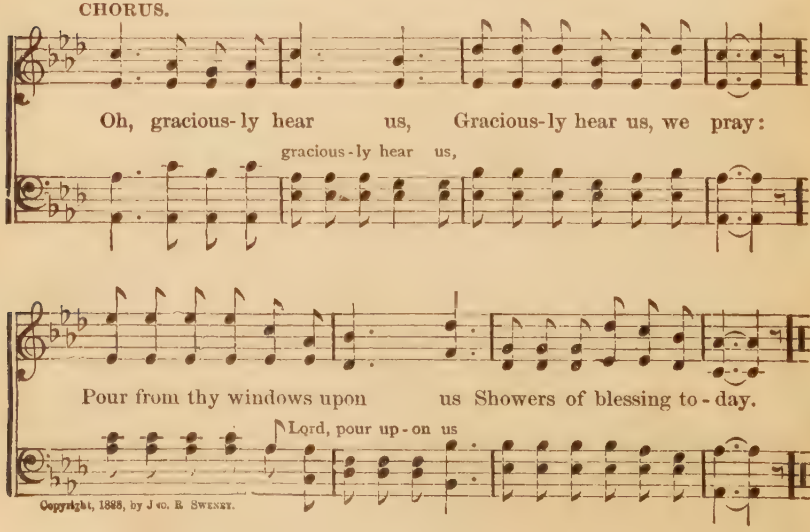
"And I will cause the shower to come down in his season."
Ezekiel xxxiv. 26.

JENNIE GARNETT. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Here in thy name we are gathered, Come and revive us, O Lord;
2. O that the showers of bless-ing Now on our souls may descend,
3. There shall be showers of blessing,—Promise that never can fail;
4. Showers of blessing,—we need them, Showers of blessing from thee;


"There shall be showers of bless-ing" Thou hast declared in thy word.
While at the footstool of mer-cy Pleading thy promise we bend!
Thou wilt regard our pe-ti-tion; Sure-ly our faith will pre-vail.
Showers of blessing,—oh, grant them; Thine all the glory shall be.

CHORUS.


Oh, gracious-ly hear us, Gracious-ly hear us, we pray:
gracious-ly hear us,
Pour from thy windows upon us Showers of blessing to-day.
Lord, pour up-on us

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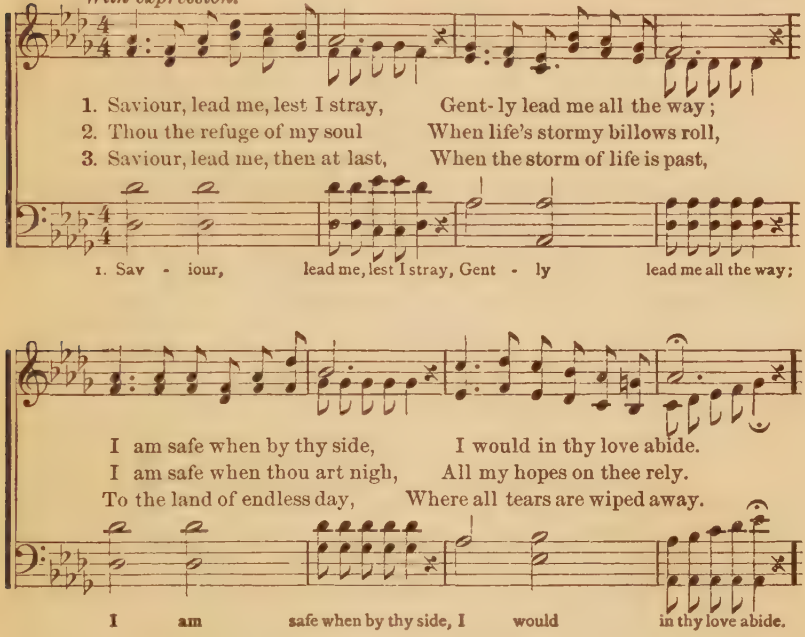
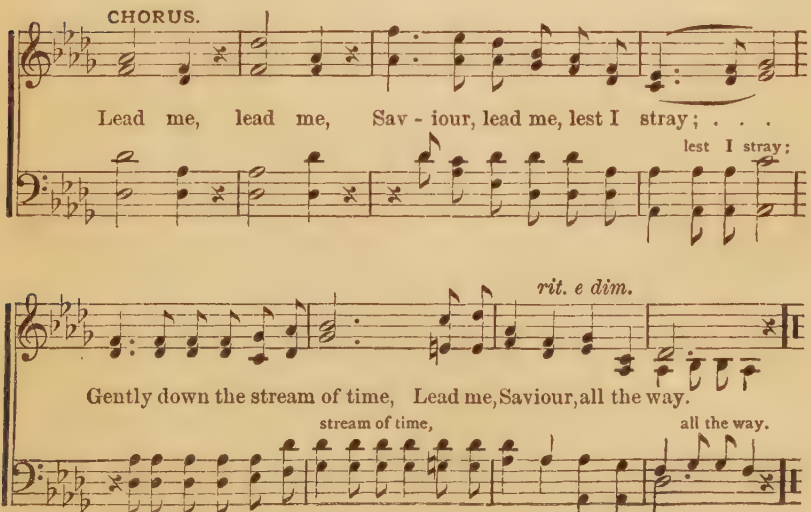
P. M. D. "For thy name's sake lead me, guide me."—Ps. xxxi. 3.

With expression. FRANK M. DAVIS.


1. Saviour, lead me, lest I stray, Gent-ly lead me all the way;
2. Thou the refuge of my soul When life's stormy billows roll,
3. Saviour, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past,
1. Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray, Gent - ly lead me all the way;
I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love abide.
I am safe when thou art nigh, All my hopes on thee rely.
To the land of endless day, Where all tears are wiped away.
I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love abide.

CHORUS.


Lead me, lead me, Sav - iour, lead me, lest I stray; . . .
lest I stray;
rit. e dim.
Gently down the stream of time, Lead me, Saviour, all the way.
stream of time, all the way.

From "Carols of Joy," by per.

He will Hide thee.

James S. Apple. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Why art thou fearful, beloved of the Lord? Je - sus will tender- ly guide thee, Heir to his kingdom, re - mem - ber his word, Safe in the
2. Why art thou fearful, when tri - als are deep? Je - sus will tender- ly guide thee, O - ver thy footsteps a watch he will keep, Safe in the
3. Why art thou fearful, and where is thy faith? Je - sus will tender- ly guide thee, Thro' the dark val - ley of shad - ow and death, Still in the
4. Why art thou fearful, he holdeth thy hand? Je - sus will tender- ly guide thee, Safe till thou en - ter e - ter - ni - ty's land, Safe in the
CHORUS.
Rock he will hide thee. Safe in the Rock when the storm billows roll,
Rock he will hide thee.
Rock he will hide thee.
Rock he will hide thee.
Safe in the Rock he will cov - er thy soul; Be not afraid, O
be not dismayed, Safe in the Rock he will hide thee.

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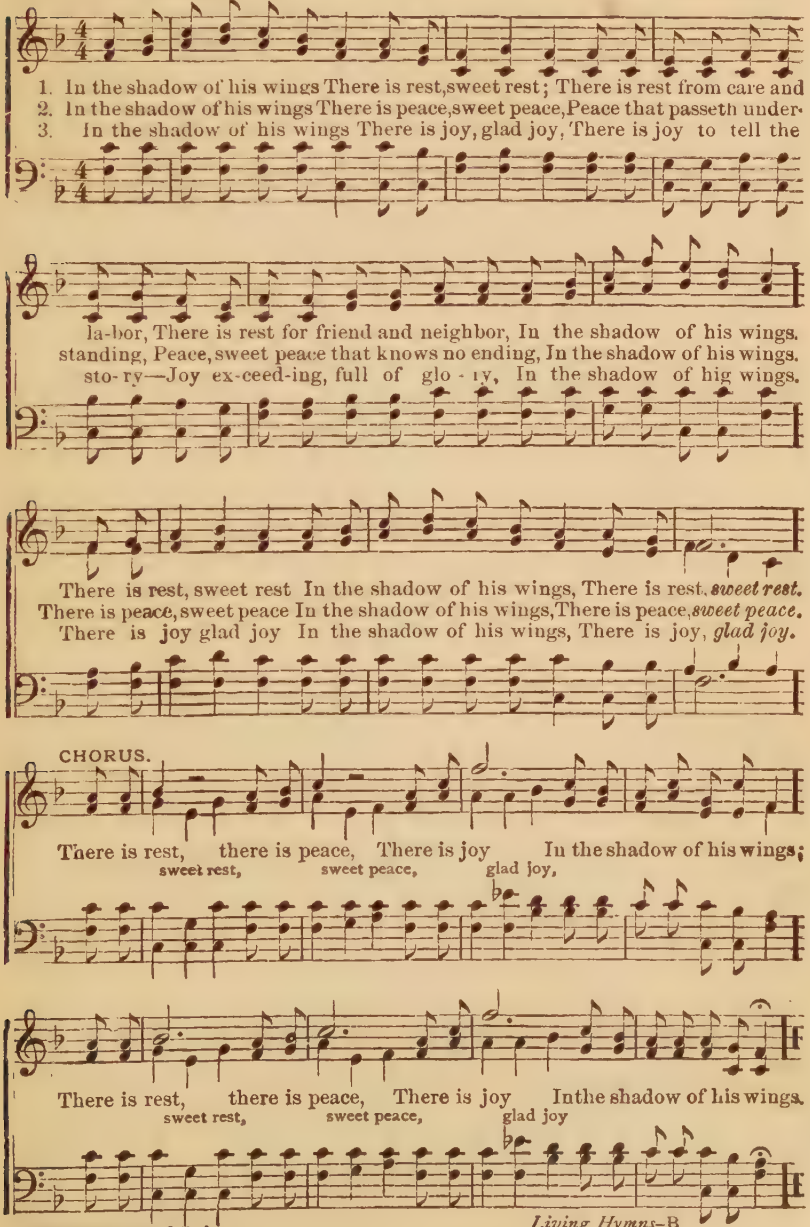
Rev. J. B. Atchinson. E. O. Excell.


1. In the shadow of his wings There is rest, sweet rest; There is rest from care and
2. In the shadow of his wings There is peace, sweet peace, Peace that passeth under-
3. In the shadow of his wings There is joy, glad joy, There is joy to tell the
la-bor, There is rest for friend and neighbor, In the shadow of his wings.
standing, Peace, sweet peace that knows no ending, In the shadow of his wings.
sto-ry—Joy ex-ceed-ing, full of glo-ry, In the shadow of hig wings.
There is rest, sweet rest In the shadow of his wings, There is rest, sweet rest.
There is peace, sweet peace In the shadow of his wings, There is peace, sweet peace.
There is joy glad joy In the shadow of his wings, There is joy, glad joy.
CHORUS.
There is rest, there is peace, There is joy In the shadow of his wings;
sweet rest, sweet peace, glad joy,
There is rest, there is peace, There is joy In the shadow of his wings.
sweet rest, sweet peace, glad joy

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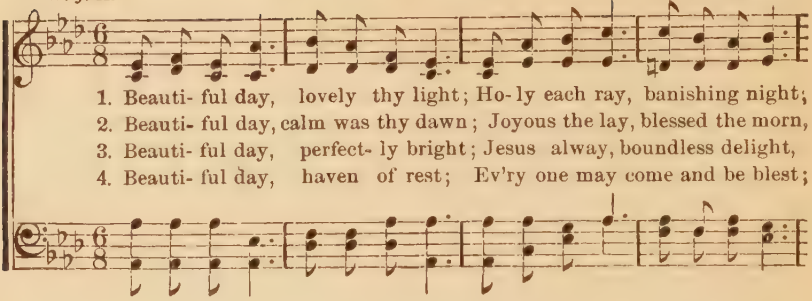
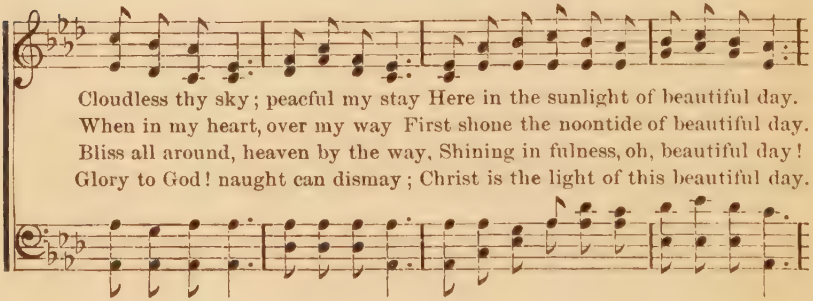
Beautiful Day.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Beauti- ful day, lovely thy light; Ho- ly each ray, banishing night;
2. Beauti- ful day, calm was thy dawn; Joyous the lay, blessed the morn,
3. Beauti- ful day, perfect- ly bright; Jesus alway, boundless delight,
4. Beauti- ful day, haven of rest; Ev'ry one may come and be blest;


Cloudless thy sky; peacful my stay Here in the sunlight of beautiful day.
When in my heart, over my way First shone the noontide of beautiful day.
Bliss all around, heaven by the way, Shining in fulness, oh, beautiful day!
Glory to God! naught can dismay; Christ is the light of this beautiful day.

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Hark, hark, my Soul.,

F. W. Faber. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Hark! hark! my soul: angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and
2. Onward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls, for
3. Far, far away, like bells at evening peal-ing, The voice of Je-sus
4. An-gels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping, Sing us sweet fragments
ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling,
Jesus bids you come;" And, through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
sounds o'er land and sea: And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
of the songs a-bove; Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
CHORUS.
Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An-gels of Je-sus,
The mu-sic of the gos-pel leads us home.
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
angels of light! Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night; Angels of
Je-sus, an-gels, of light Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

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In the Morning.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We are pilgrims looking home, Sad and wea-ry oft we roam, But we know 'twill all be well in the morning; When, our anchor firmly cast, Ev'ry storm-y wave is past, And we gather safe at last in the morn-ing.
2. O these tender broken ties, How they dim our aching eyes, But like jewels they will shine in the morning; When our victor palms we bear, And our robes immor-tal wear, We shall know each other there, in the morn-ing.
3. When our fettered souls are free, Far beyond the narrow sea, And we hear the Saviour's voice in the morning; When our golden sheaves we bring To the feet of Christ our King, What a chorus we shall sing in the morn-ing.
4. Thro' our pilgrim journey here, Tho' the night is sometimes drear, Let us watch and persevere till the morning; Then our highest tribute raise For the love that crowns our days, And to Jesus give the praise in the morn-ing.
Fine.
D. S.—sun-ny region bright, When we hail the blessed light of the morn-ing.
CHORUS.
When we all meet a-gain in the morn-ing, On the sweet blooming hills in the morn-ing; Nev-ermore to say good night In that
D. S.

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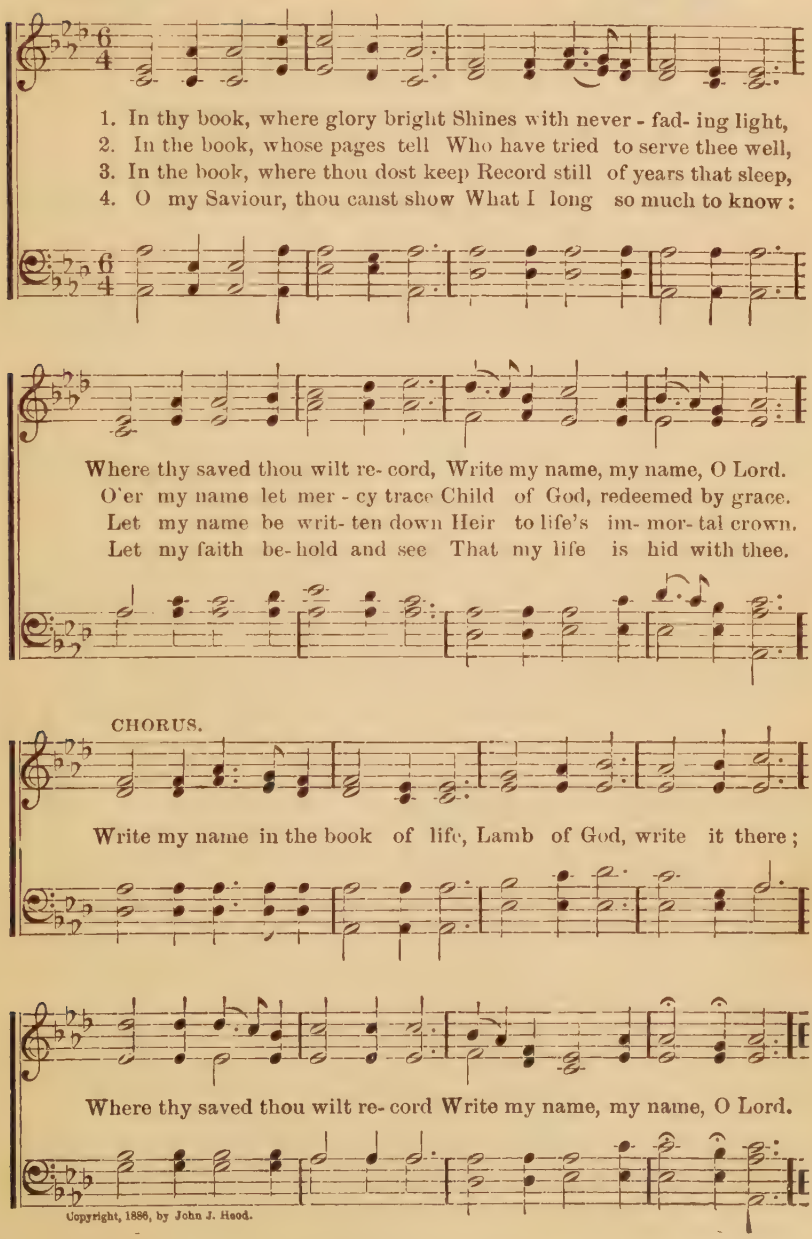
LIZZIE EDWARDS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. In thy book, where glory bright Shines with never - fad- ing light,
2. In the book, whose pages tell Who have tried to serve thee well,
3. In the book, where thou dost keep Record still of years that sleep,
4. O my Saviour, thou canst show What I long so much to know:
Where thy saved thou wilt re- cord, Write my name, my name, O Lord.
O'er my name let mer - cy trace Child of God, redeemed by grace.
Let my name be writ- ten down Heir to life's im- mor- tal crown.
Let my faith be- hold and see That my life is hid with thee.
CHORUS.
Write my name in the book of life, Lamb of God, write it there;
Where thy saved thou wilt re- cord Write my name, my name, O Lord.

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At the Cross.

I. Watts. "Look unto me, and be ye saved,"—Isa. xlv. 22. R. E. Hudson.

1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;
Would he devote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - mazing pit - y, grace unknown, And love beyond de - gree!
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!
CHORUS.
At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light and the
burden of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith
rolled away,
I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day.

Copyright, 1895 by R. E. Hudson.

Stepping in the Light.

L. H. Edmunds. W. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Trying to follow our
2. Pressing more closely to him who is leading, When we are tempted to
3. Walking in footsteps of gen - tle forbearance, Footsteps of faithfulness,
4. Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Upward, still upward we'll
Saviour and King; Shaping our lives by his blessed ex- am - ple,
turn from the way; Trusting the arm that is strong to defend us,
mer - cy, and love, Looking to him for the grace free- ly promised,
fol - low our Guide, When we shall see him, "the King in his beauty."
CHORUS.
Happy, how happy, the songs that we bring. How beautiful to walk in the
Happy, how happy, our praises each day.
Happy, how happy, our journey above.
Happy, how happy, our place at his side.
steps of the Saviour, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light; How
beautiful to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Led in paths of light.

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Making Melody.

E. A. Barnes. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I will sing when morning cometh, And the shadows drift a - way,
2. I will sing when I am bu - sy, Toil-ing on in hope and cheer,
3. I will sing when evening cometh, And the light it steals a - way,
And I wake with grateful spir-it To be-hold an-oth-er day;
Hap-py in the ma-ny blessings That a-long my path ap-pear;
And I rest a-mid the shadows, From the du-ties of the day;
'Tis the Lord who watches o'er me Thro' the night so still and long,
I will sing when I am wea-ry With the burdens that I bear,
To the Lord who reigns forev-er 'Mid the glad ce-les-tial throng,
And to him who ev-er hear-eth I will lift a morning song.
For the Lord will ev-er keep me In his ten-der love and care.
To the Lord, my hope of heav-en, I will sing an evening song.
CHORUS.
I will sing, I will sing, Making melo-dy unto the Lord, the Lord,

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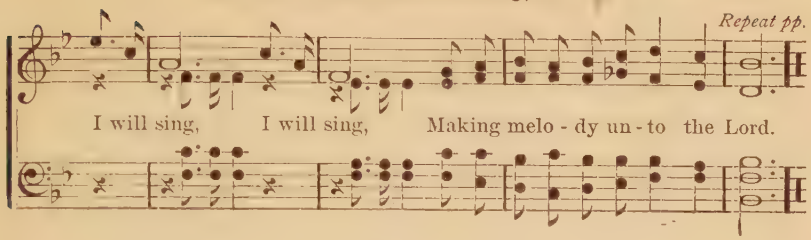
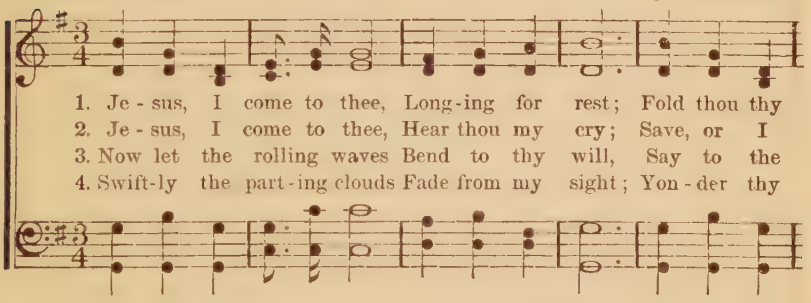
Making Melody.—CONCLUDED.



Jesus, I come to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J KIRKPATRICK.


1. Je - sus, I come to thee, Long - ing for rest; Fold thou thy
2. Je - sus, I come to thee, Hear thou my cry; Save, or I
3. Now let the rolling waves Bend to thy will, Say to the
4. Swift-ly the part - ing clouds Fade from my sight; Yon - der thy

CHORUS.

wea - ry child Safe to thy breast. Rocked on a storm - y sea,
per - ish, Lord, Save or I die.
troubled deep, Peace, peace be still.
bow ap - pears, Love - ly and bright.
Oh, be not far from me, Lord, let me cling to thee, On - ly to thee.

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Walking at His Side.

D. Y. Stephens. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. In this sin-ful world I'm walk-ing Jesus is my Strength and Guide.
2. Clouds disperse; the sun shines brightly, Flow'rs along my pathway spring.
And I know there's naught can harm me While I'm walking at his side;
Then my Saviour seems more precious, Prais-es un-to him I sing;
Though oft-times the storm-clouds gath-er, Wild waves beat and tempests roar,
Patient-ly a-while I'll tar-ry Till he calls me to come home,
Je-sus by the hand doth lead me, And I'm safe for-ev-er-more.
There I'll meet with many loved ones, Never more from them to roam.
CHORUS.
Walk-ing, walk-ing, Walk-ing at my Sav-iour's side;

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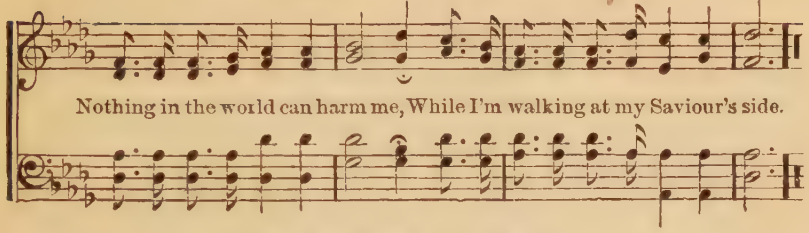
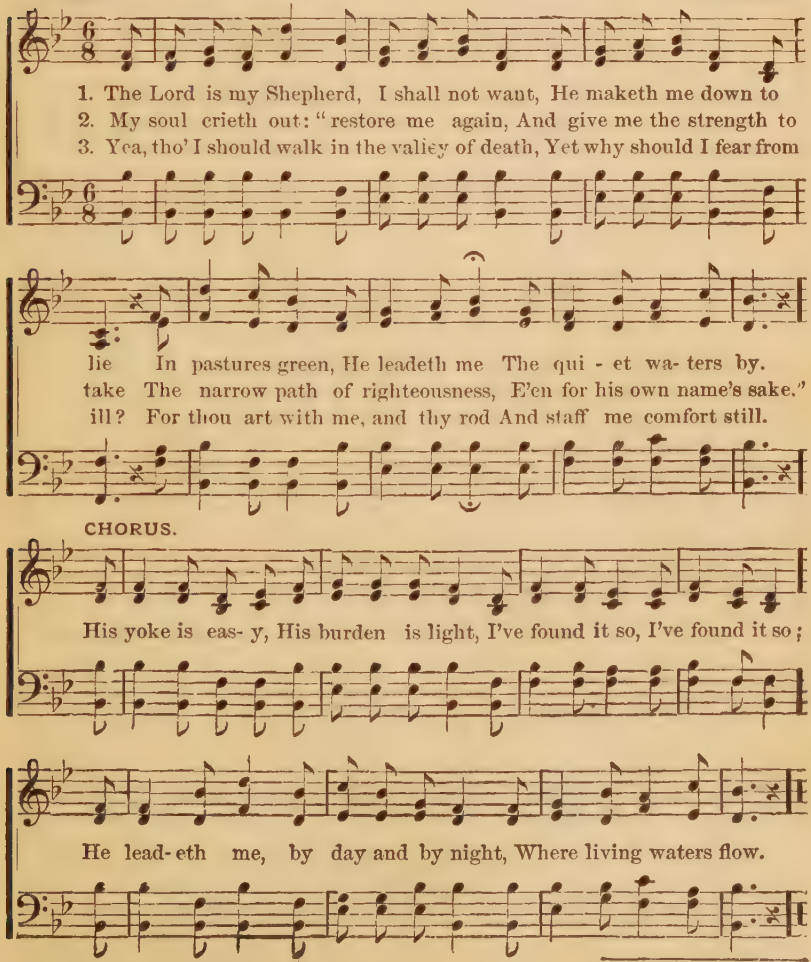


His Yoke is Easy.

Ps. xxiii. R. E. Hudson.


1. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want, He maketh me down to
2. My soul crieth out: "restore me again, And give me the strength to
3. Yea, tho' I should walk in the valley of death, Yet why should I fear from
lie In pastures green, He leadeth me The qui - et wa- ters by.
take The narrow path of righteousness, E'en for his own name's sake."
ill? For thou art with me, and thy rod And staff me comfort still.
CHORUS.
His yoke is eas- y, His burden is light, I've found it so, I've found it so;
He lead- eth me, by day and by night, Where living waters flow.

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Give Thanks.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. O give thanks unto the Lord, Give thanks, give thanks! Swell the full, tri-
2. For the way in which he leads, Give thanks, give thanks! Timely care in
3. For the greatness of his might, Give thanks, give thanks! All in vain his
um- phant chord, Give thanks! For his wonderful cre - a - tion, For his
all our needs, Give thanks! Daily bread his hand provid - ing, Pathway
foes u - nite, Give thanks! For his banner o'er us streaming, For his
glo - rious salvation, Give all praise and adoration, O give thanks, give thanks.
thro' the seas dividing, Thro' the desert safely guiding, O give thanks, give thanks
love upon us beaming, For his grace our souls redeeming, O give thanks, give thanks
CHORUS.
O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, For his mer- cy en-
dur- eth for - ev - er; O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good,

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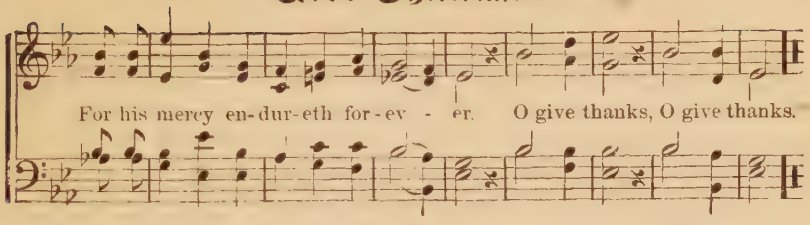
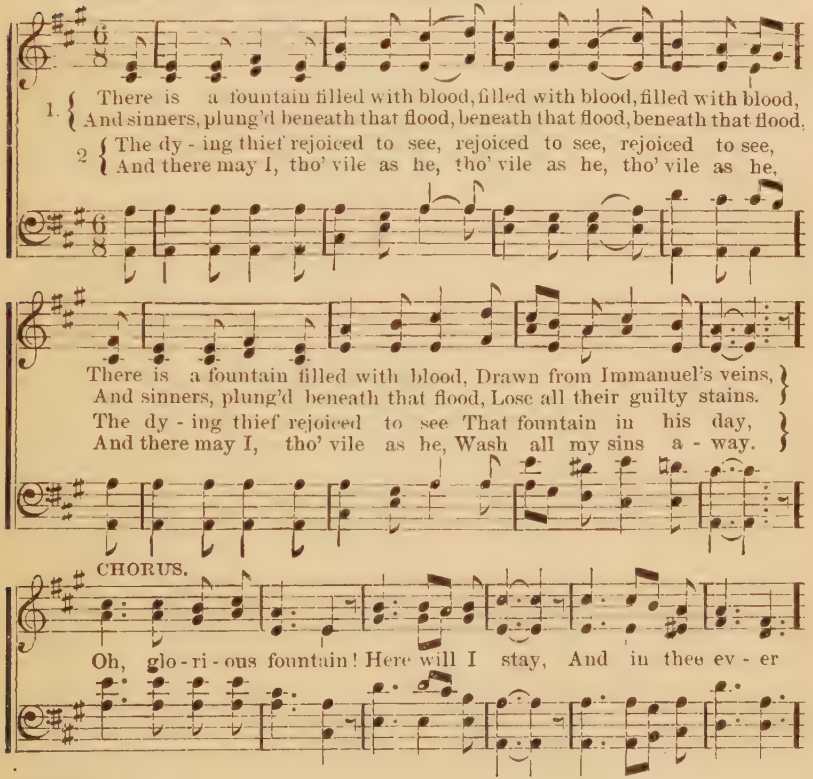


Glorious Fountain.

COWPER. T. C. O'KANE. By per.


1. There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood,
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood.
2 The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see,
And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he,
There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day,
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
CHORUS.
Oh, glo - ri - ous fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev - er
Wash my sins a - way.

3 Thou dying Lamb, ‖: thy precious blood :‖
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed ‖: Church of God :‖
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith ‖: I saw the stream :‖
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love ‖: has been my theme, :‖
And shall be till I die.

For Christ and the Church.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. For Christ and the church, let our voi-ces ring, Let us hon-or the
2. For Christ and the church, be our earnest prayer, Let us fol-low his
3. For Christ and the church, willing off'rings make, Time and talents and
4. For Christ and the church, let us cast a-side, By his con-quering
name of our own blessed King, Let us work with a will in the
ban-ner, the cross dai-ly bear, Let us yield, wholly yield, to his
gold, for the dear Master's sake; We'll re-member the best we can
grace, chains of self, fear, and pride; May our lives be enriched by an
strength of youth, And loy-al-ly stand for the kingdom of truth.
Spir-it's power, And faithful-ly serve him in life's brightest hour.
bring to him, The heart's wealth of love, that will nev-er grow dim.
aim so grand, Then hap-py the call to the Saviour's right hand.
CHORUS.
For Christ our dear Redeem-er, For Christ who died to save,
For the Church his blood hath purchased, Lord, make us pure and brave.

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W. J. K.

1. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Ye who have but scant supply,
2. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Poor and weary, worn with care,—
3. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Ye who have a-bundant store;
4. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Far and wide your treasures strew,
5. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Waft it on with praying breath,
An-gel eyes will watch above it;— You shall find it by and by!
Oft-en sitting in the shadow, Have you not a crumb to spare?
It may float on man-y-a bil-low, It may strand on many-a shore;
Scat-ter it with willing fin-gers, Shout for joy to see it go!
In some distant, doubtful moment It may save a soul from death;
He who in his righteous balance Doth each human ac-tion weigh
Can you not to those around you Sing some lit-tle song of hope,
You may think it lost for-ev-er, But, as sure as God is true,
For if you do close-ly keep it, It will on-ly drag you down;
When you sleep in solemn silence, 'Neath the morn and evening dew,
Will your sac-ri-fice remem-ber, Will your loving deeds re-pay.
As you look with longing vision Thro' faith's mighty tel-e-scope?
In this life or in the oth-er, It will yet return to you.
If you love it more than Je-sus, It will keep you from your crown.
Stranger hands, which you have strengthened, May strew lilies over you.

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The Wonderful Name.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

DUET.

1. What did the an - gels say? hymn - ing their joy - ous lay,
2. Earth heard the welcome sound; long had the nations round
3. Van - ish, ye fu - neral train,—sha - dows of grief and pain,—

While the dark midnight grew brighter than morn; Glory came blazing through,
Wait- ed in darkness, this light drawing near, Waited be-side the tomb,
This is Death's victor, as sin was Death's sting; Mourner, put by thy tears,

gild- ing the stars a-new, List the glad tidings, a Saviour is born.
weeping in deepest gloom, Life rose in sorrow and ended in fear.
trembler, dismiss thy fears; Come home, ye banished, and welcome your King.

ALTO SOLO.

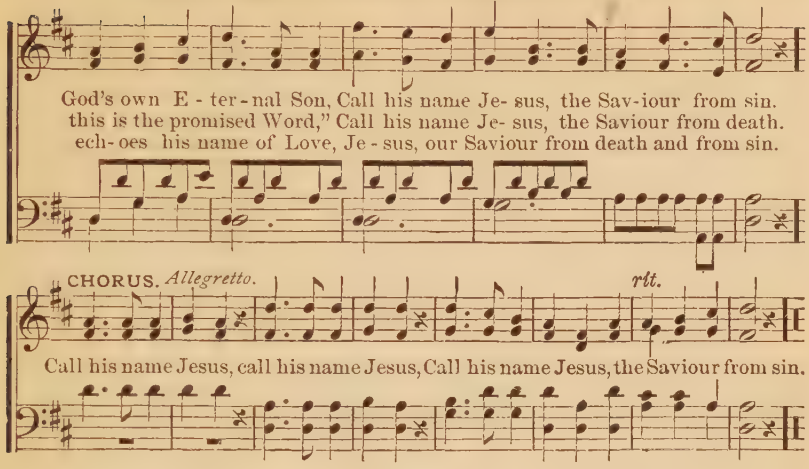
What shall we call his name, whom angel hosts proclaim? How shall earth's
But o - ver vale and height, joy, like a bea - con light, Rose up- ward,
Sin, death, and hell o'erthrown, glory is all his own, In - to his

DUET.

children his prais- es be - gin? . . . .
fanned by that heaven-drawn breath: . . . .
mansions bright, leading us in: . . . . .

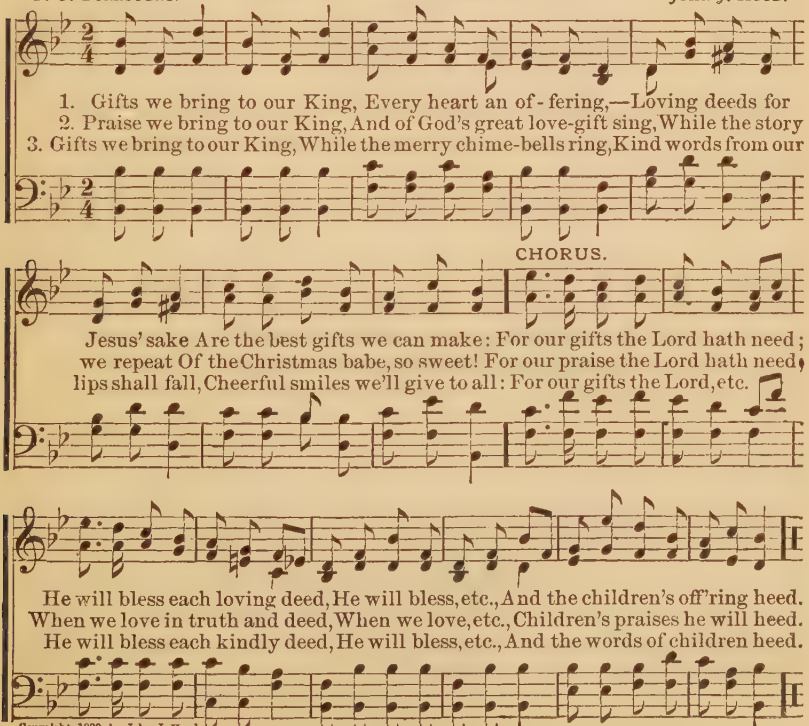
Wondrous and Mighty One,
"Lo, we have found our Lord,
O- ver the plains above

From "The Wells of Salvation," by per.


God's own E - ter - nal Son, Call his name Je- sus, the Sav-iour from sin.
this is the promised Word," Call his name Je- sus, the Saviour from death.
ech- oes his name of Love, Je - sus, our Saviour from death and from sin.
CHORUS. Allegretto.
rit.
Call his name Jesus, call his name Jesus, Call his name Jesus, the Saviour from sin.

Gifts We Bring.

F. G. Burroughs. John J. Hood.


1. Gifts we bring to our King, Every heart an of - fering,—Loving deeds for
2. Praise we bring to our King, And of God's great love-gift sing, While the story
3. Gifts we bring to our King, While the merry chime-bells ring, Kind words from our
CHORUS.
Jesus' sake Are the best gifts we can make: For our gifts the Lord hath need;
we repeat Of the Christmas babe, so sweet! For our praise the Lord hath need,
lips shall fall, Cheerful smiles we'll give to all: For our gifts the Lord, etc.
He will bless each loving deed, He will bless, etc., And the children's off'ring heed.
When we love in truth and deed, When we love, etc., Children's praises he will heed.
He will bless each kindly deed, He will bless, etc., And the words of children heed.

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In the Hush of Early Morning.

Mrs. R. N. Turner. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. In the hush of ear-ly morning, When the breeze is whisp'ring low,
2. When the noontide falls up-on me, With its fer- vid light'ning ray,
3. As the dewy shades steal downward O'er the earth at evening mild,
There's a voice that gent- ly calls me, And its ac- cents well I know!
There's a voice, di- vine- ly earn- est, Bids me work while it is day;
There's a voice I love that whispers, "Af- ter la- bor, rest, my child!"
Here I am, O Saviour, wait- ing; For thy will a- lone is mine,
O- pen, Saviour, now be- fore me All thy will for me to do,
O my Saviour, lov- ing, ten- der, Help me to ac- count it blest
This is all my crown and glo- ry, I am thine, and on- ly thine!
On- ly help me, watching, working, Still to keep my Lord in view!
Thus to work within thy vineyard, Till thou call- est me to rest!

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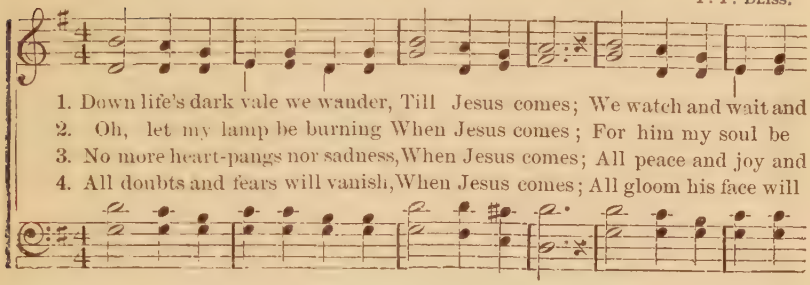
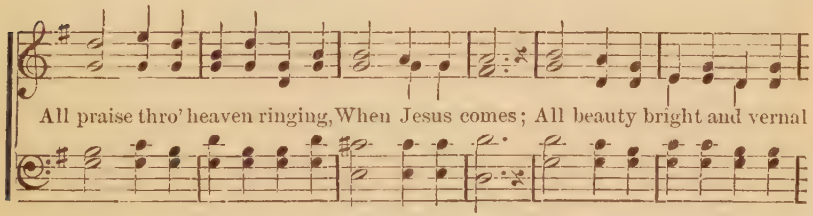
When Jesus Comes.

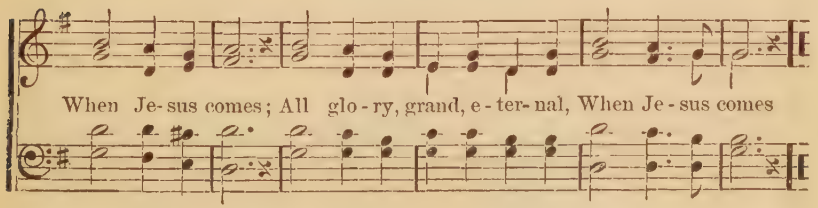
"Unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time, without sin, unto salvation.—Heb. ix. 28.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. Down life's dark vale we wander, Till Jesus comes; We watch and wait and
2. Oh, let my lamp be burning When Jesus comes; For him my soul be
3. No more heart-pangs nor sadness, When Jesus comes; All peace and joy and
4. All doubts and fears will vanish, When Jesus comes; All gloom his face will

CHORUS.
wonder, Till Je-sus comes. All joy his loved ones bringing,
When Jesus comes;
yearning, When Jesus comes.
gladness, When Jesus comes.
ban-ish, When Jesus comes.





5 He'll know the way was dreary,
When Jesus comes;
He'll know the feet grew weary,
When Jesus comes.

6 He'll know what griefs oppressed me,
When Jesus comes;
Oh, how his arms will rest me!
When Jesus comes.

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Blessed be the Fountain.

E. R. Latta. H. S. Perkins.

1. Blessed be the fountain of blood, To a world of sinners revealed;
2. Thorny was the crown that he wore, And the cross his bod- y o'ercame;
3. Father, I have wandered from thee; Of-ten has my heart gone astray;
Bless-ed be the dear Son of God, On - ly by his stripes we are healed;
Grievous were the sorrows he bore, But he suffered not thus in vain;
Crimson do my sins seem to me, Wa- ter cannot wash them a - way;
Tho' I've wandered far from his fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe;
May I to that fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here below;
Je- sus to that fountain of thine, Leaning on thy promise I'll go;
Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow.
Wash me in the blood that was shed, And I shall be whiter than snow.
Cleanse me with thy washing divine, And I shall be whiter than snow.
CHORUS.
Whit - - - er than snow; Whit - - - er than snow.
Whiter than the snow; Whiter than the snow; Whiter than the snow; Whiter than the snow, the snow;

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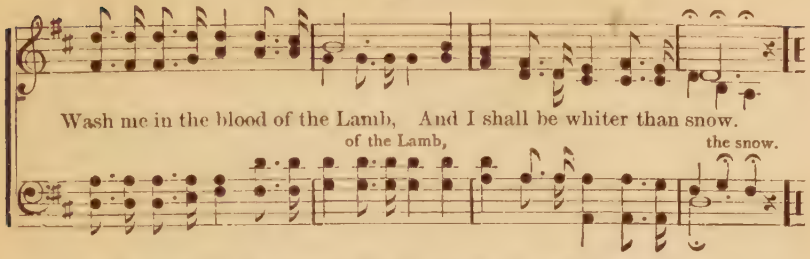
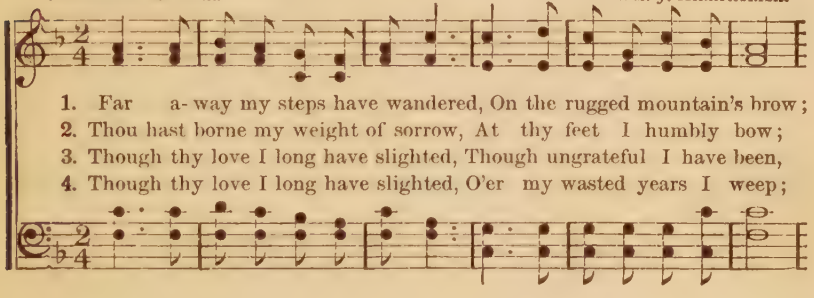
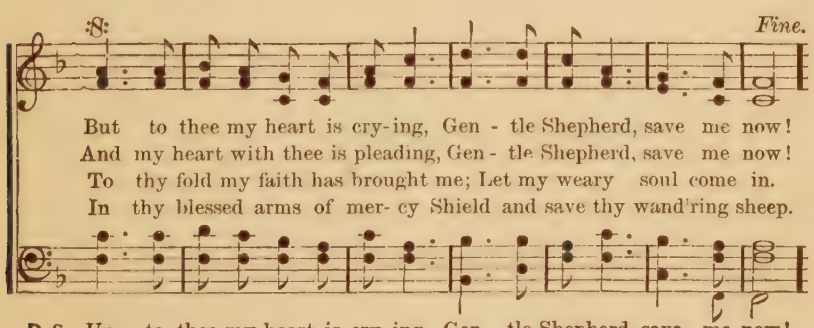


Gentle Shepherd, Save Me Now.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Far a-way my steps have wandered, On the rugged mountain's brow;
2. Thou hast borne my weight of sorrow, At thy feet I humbly bow;
3. Though thy love I long have slighted, Though ungrateful I have been,
4. Though thy love I long have slighted, O'er my wasted years I weep;


Fine.
But to thee my heart is cry-ing, Gen - tle Shepherd, save me now!
And my heart with thee is pleading, Gen - tle Shepherd, save me now!
To thy fold my faith has brought me; Let my weary soul come in.
In thy blessed arms of mer- cy Shield and save thy wand'ring sheep.
D.S.—Un - to thee my heart is cry-ing, Gen - tle Shepherd, save me now!

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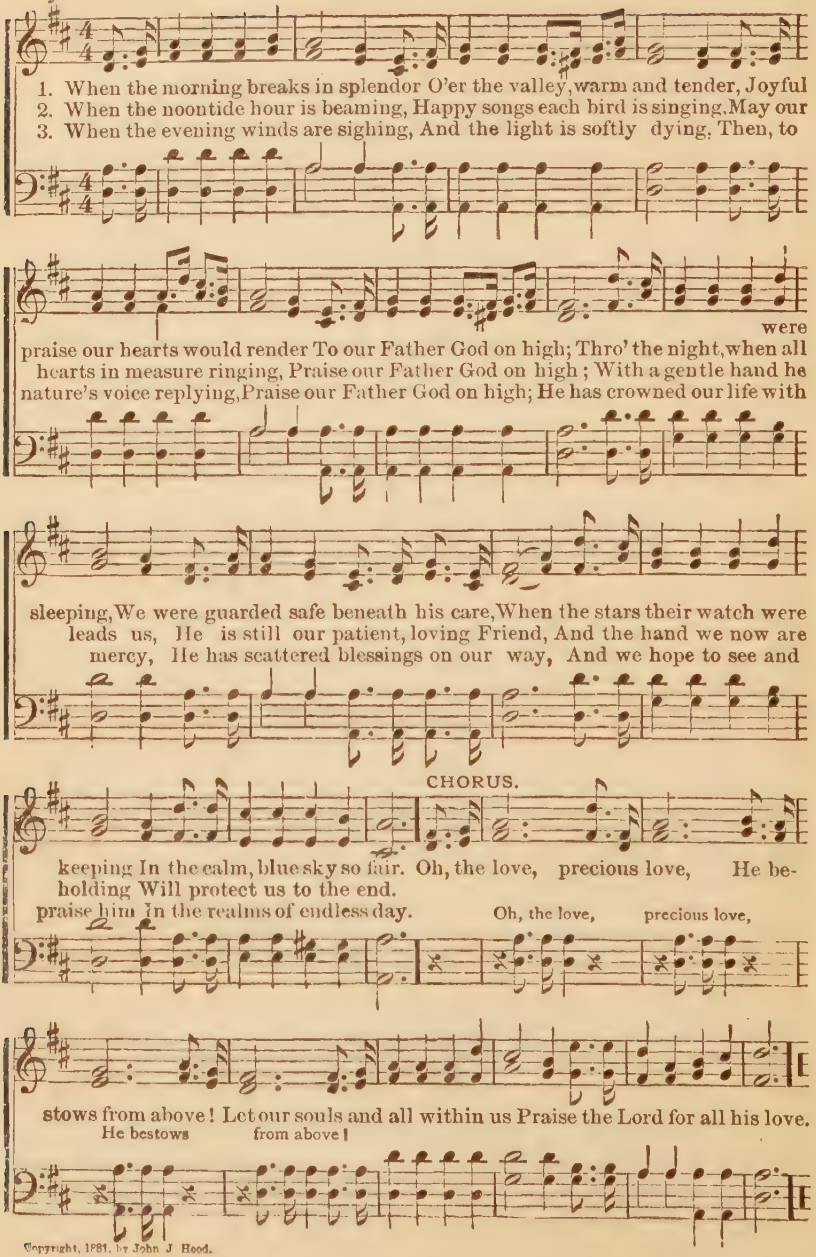
Joyful Praise.

JENNIE GARNETT. ADAM GEIBEL.


1. When the morning breaks in splendor O'er the valley, warm and tender, Joyful
2. When the noontide hour is beaming, Happy songs each bird is singing, May our
3. When the evening winds are sighing, And the light is softly dying, Then, to
were
praise our hearts would render To our Father God on high; Thro' the night, when all
hearts in measure ringing, Praise our Father God on high; With a gentle hand he
nature's voice replying, Praise our Father God on high; He has crowned our life with
sleeping, We were guarded safe beneath his care, When the stars their watch were
leads us, He is still our patient, loving Friend, And the hand we now are
mercy, He has scattered blessings on our way, And we hope to see and
CHORUS.
keeping In the calm, blue sky so fair. Oh, the love, precious love, He be-
holding Will protect us to the end.
praise him In the realms of endless day.
Oh, the love, precious love,
stows from above! Let our souls and all within us Praise the Lord for all his love.
He bestows from above!

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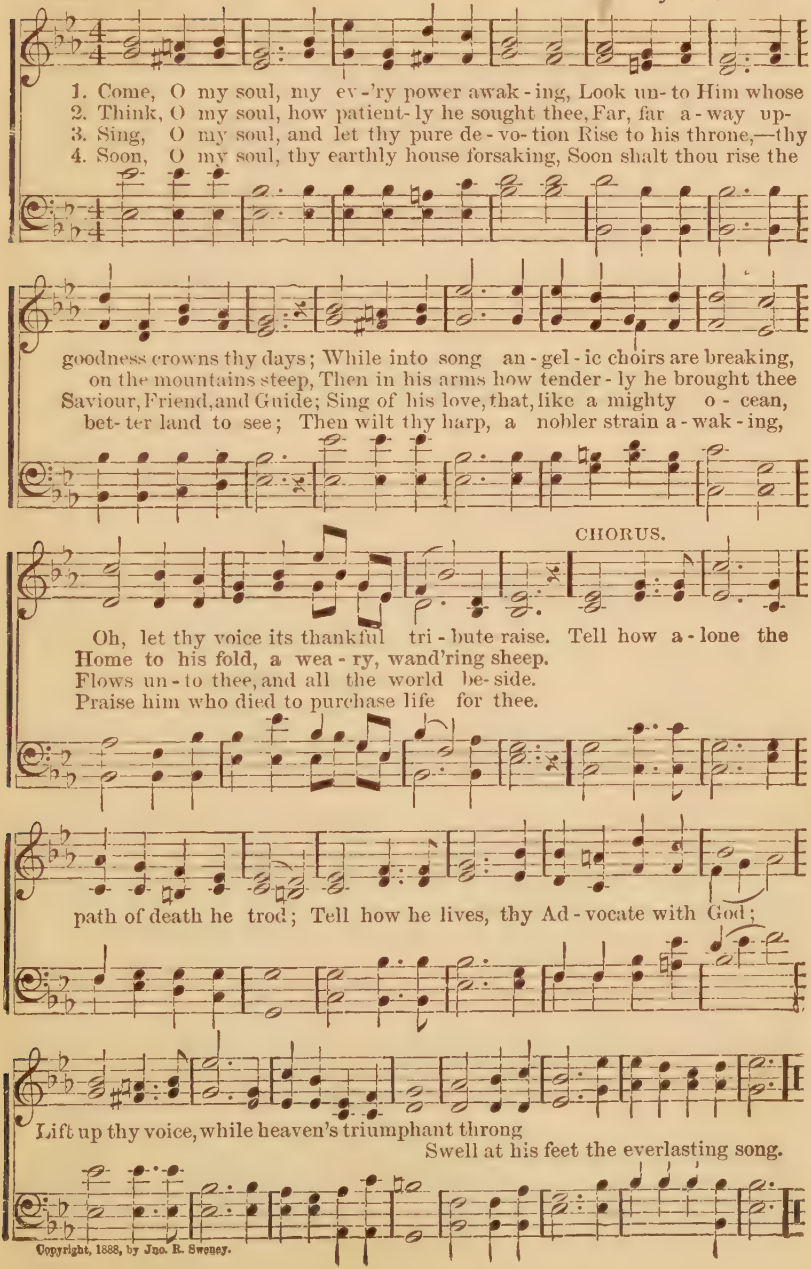
The Everlasting Song.

Lizzie Edwards. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Come, O my soul, my ev-'ry power awak-ing, Look un-to Him whose
2. Think, O my soul, how patient-ly he sought thee, Far, far a-way up-
3. Sing, O my soul, and let thy pure de-vo-tion Rise to his throne,—thy
4. Soon, O my soul, thy earthly house forsaking, Soon shalt thou rise the
goodness crowns thy days; While into song an-gel-ic choirs are breaking,
on the mountains steep, Then in his arms how tender-ly he brought thee
Saviour, Friend, and Guide; Sing of his love, that, like a mighty o-cean,
bet-ter land to see; Then wilt thy harp, a nobler strain a-wak-ing,
CHORUS.
Oh, let thy voice its thankful tri-bute raise. Tell how a-lone the
Home to his fold, a wea-ry, wand'ring sheep.
Flows un-to thee, and all the world be-side.
Praise him who died to purchase life for thee.
path of death he trod; Tell how he lives, thy Ad-vocate with God;
Lift up thy voice, while heaven's triumphant throng
Swell at his feet the everlasting song.

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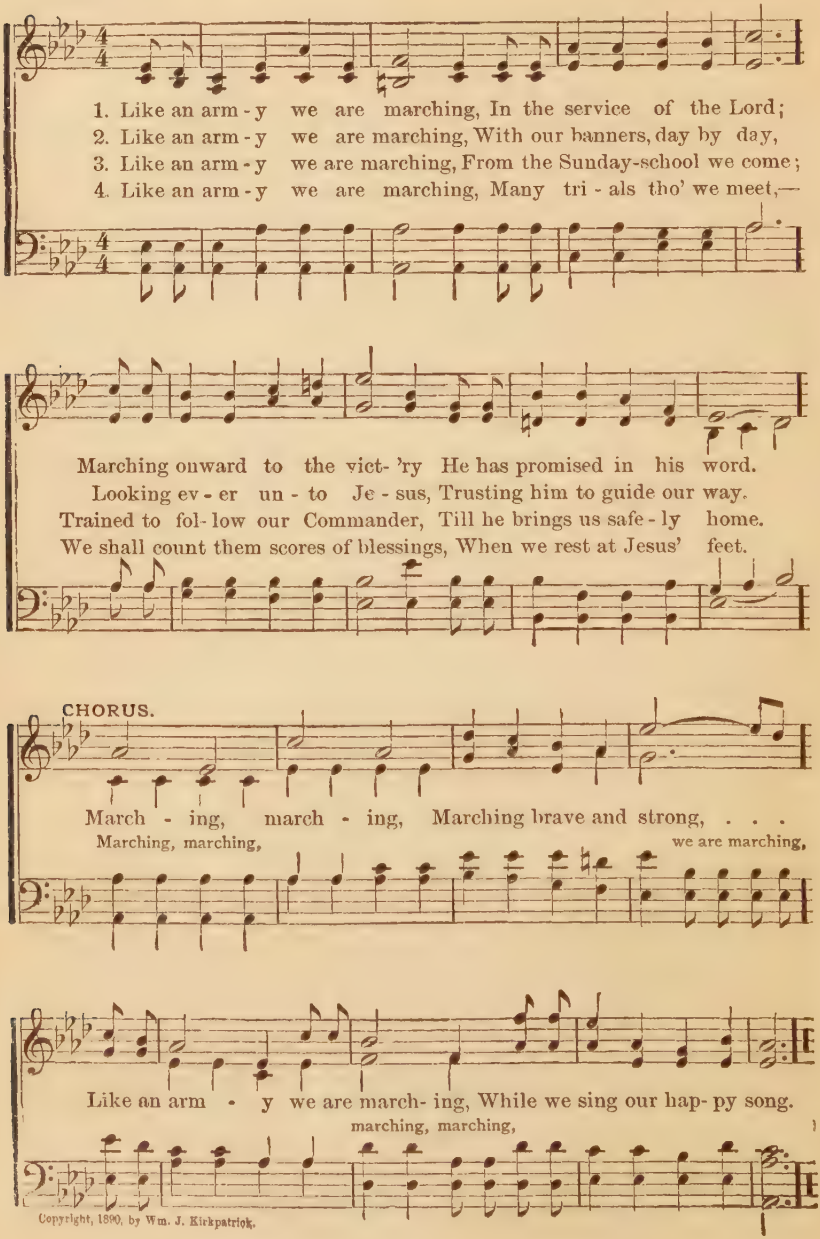
Like an Army We are Marching.

SALLIE MARTIN. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Like an arm - y we are marching, In the service of the Lord;
2. Like an arm - y we are marching, With our banners, day by day,
3. Like an arm - y we are marching, From the Sunday-school we come;
4. Like an arm - y we are marching, Many tri - als tho' we meet,—
Marching onward to the vict- 'ry He has promised in his word.
Looking ev - er un - to Je - sus, Trusting him to guide our way.
Trained to fol- low our Commander, Till he brings us safe - ly home.
We shall count them scores of blessings, When we rest at Jesus' feet.
CHORUS.
March - ing, march - ing, Marching brave and strong, . . .
Marching, marching, we are marching,
Like an arm - y we are march- ing, While we sing our hap- py song.
marching, marching,

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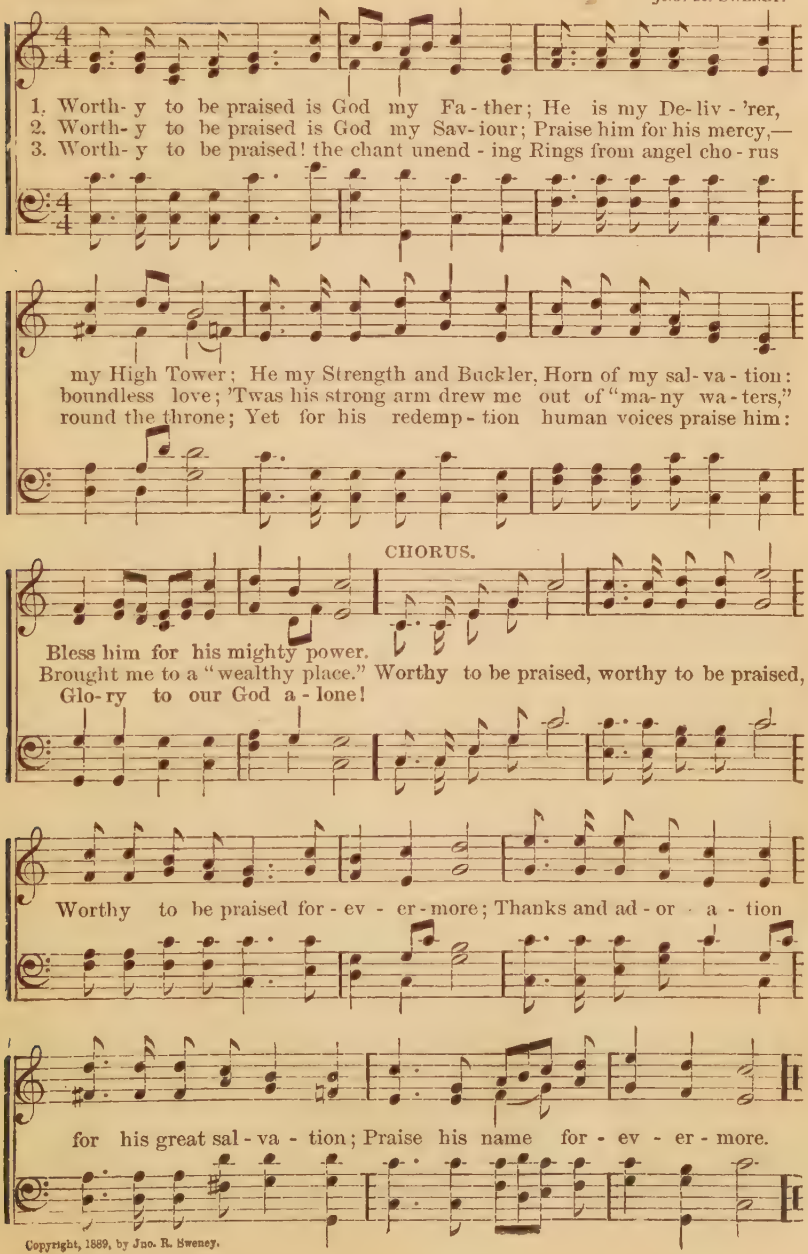
Worthy to be Praised.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Worth- y to be praised is God my Fa - ther; He is my De- liv - 'rer,
2. Worth- y to be praised is God my Sav- iour; Praise him for his mercy,—
3. Worth- y to be praised! the chant unend - ing Rings from angel cho - rus
my High Tower; He my Strength and Buckler, Horn of my sal- va - tion:
boundless love; 'Twas his strong arm drew me out of "ma- ny wa - ters,"
round the throne; Yet for his redemp - tion human voices praise him:
CHORUS.
Bless him for his mighty power.
Brought me to a "wealthy place." Worthy to be praised, worthy to be praised,
Glo- ry to our God a - lone!
Worthy to be praised for - ev - er - more; Thanks and ad - or - a - tion
for his great sal - va - tion; Praise his name for - ev - er - more.

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God so Loved the World.

FANNY J. CROSBY. John iii. 16. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Solo ad lib.

1. God loved the world so tenderly His only Son he gave, That all who on his
2. Oh, love that only God can feel, And only he can show! Its height and depth, its
3. Why perish, then, ye ransom'd ones? Why slight the gracious call? Why turn from him
4. O Saviour, melt these hearts of ours, And teach us to believe That whosoever [whose
CHORUS.
name believe Its wondrous pow'r will save. For God so loved the world that he
length and breadth Nor heav'n nor earth can know!
words proclaim E- ter - nal life to all?
comes to thee Shall endless life receive.
gave his on - ly Son, That who - so - ev - er be - lieveth in him
Should not per - ish, should not per - ish; That who - so - ev - er be-
lieveth in him Should not per - ish, but have ev - er- last- ing life.

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Thou wilt Defend us.

MABLE F. LONG. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Light in our darkness, hope in our fear, Joy in our sorrow, still thou art near;
2. Gifts that with morning fall like the dew, Still with the evening cheer us anew;
3. What tho' the night clouds frown on the deep? Watch o'er thy loved ones thine eye will [keep;
Constant, unchanging, praise to thy name, Now and forev- er thou art the same.
Songs of rejoicing, anthems of praise, Lord, for thy goodness help us to raise.
Rocked on the billow, weak and dismayed, Thy voice wilt whisper, be not afraid.
CHORUS.
Thou hast redeemed us,— we are thine own; Thou wilt not
Thou hast redeemed us,— we are thine own;
leave us friendless a - lone; Hope to the prom - ise trusting-ly
Thou wilt not leave us friendless alone; Hope to the prom - ise
clings, Thou wilt defend us un-der thy wings.
trust - ing - ly clings, Thou wilt de - fend us

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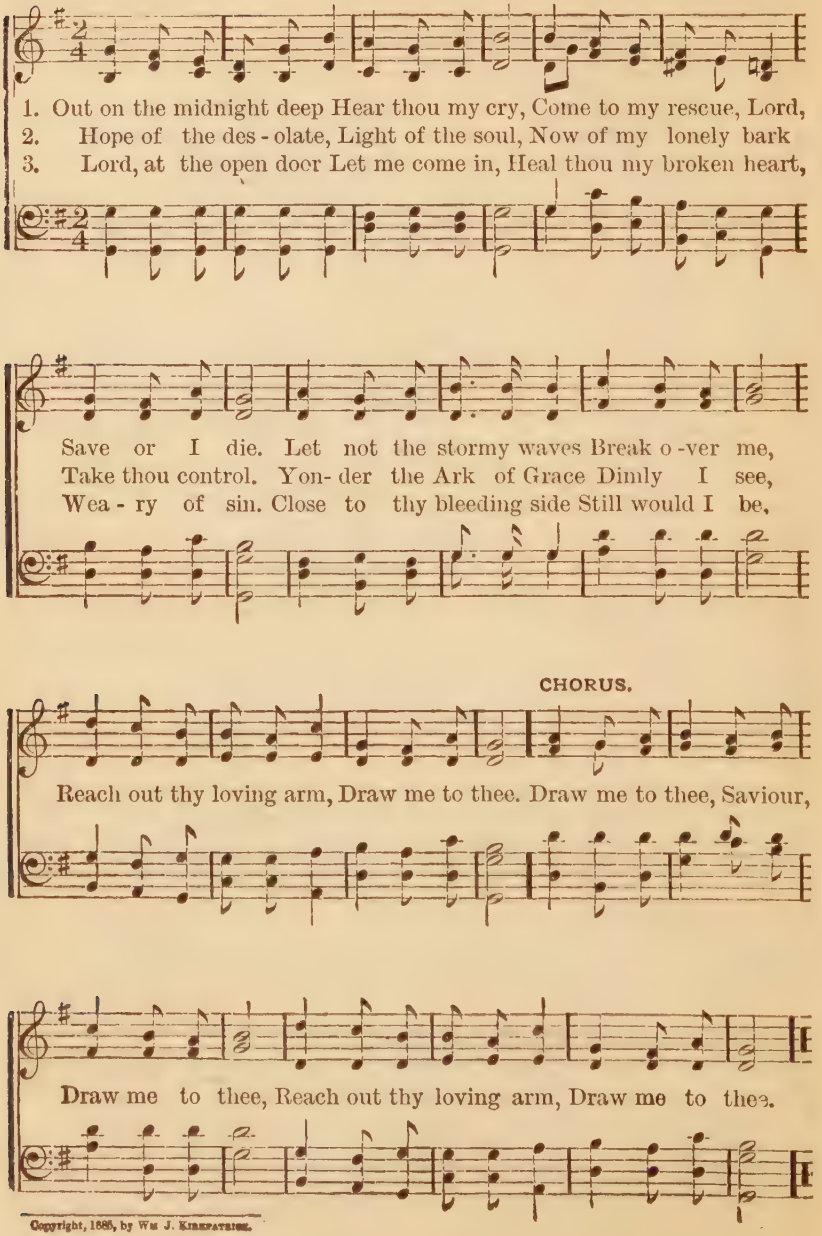
Draw Me to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Out on the midnight deep Hear thou my cry, Come to my rescue, Lord,
2. Hope of the des - olate, Light of the soul, Now of my lonely bark
3. Lord, at the open door Let me come in, Heal thou my broken heart,
Save or I die. Let not the stormy waves Break o -ver me,
Take thou control. Yon- der the Ark of Grace Dimly I see,
Wea - ry of sin. Close to thy bleeding side Still would I be,
CHORUS.
Reach out thy loving arm, Draw me to thee. Draw me to thee, Saviour,
Draw me to thee, Reach out thy loving arm, Draw me to thee.

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Trusting Jesus, That is All.

EDGAR PAGE. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Sim - ply trusting ev - 'ry day; Trusting, though a stormy way:
2. Bright-ly doth his Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine;
3. Sing - ing, if my way is clear; Pray - ing, if the path is drear;
4. Trust- ing as the moments fly, Trust - ing as the days go by,
Ev - en when my faith is small, Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
While he leads I can- not fall,— Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
If in dan- ger, for him call,— Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
Trust- ing him, whate'er be - fall,— Trust - ing Je - sus, that is all.
CHORUS.
Trusting him while life shall last, . Trusting him till earth is past— . .
while life shall last,
till earth is past—
Till within the jas- per wall— . . . Trusting Jesus, that is all.
the jas - per wall—

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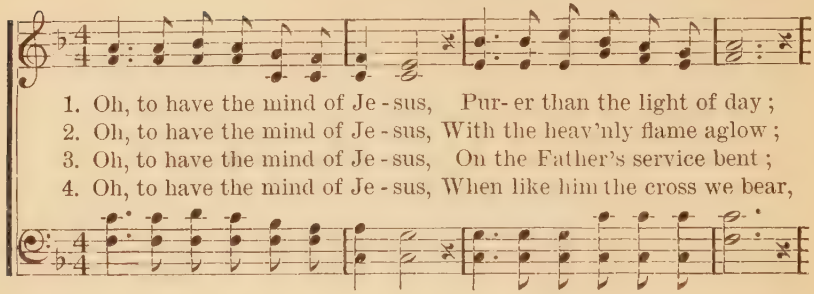
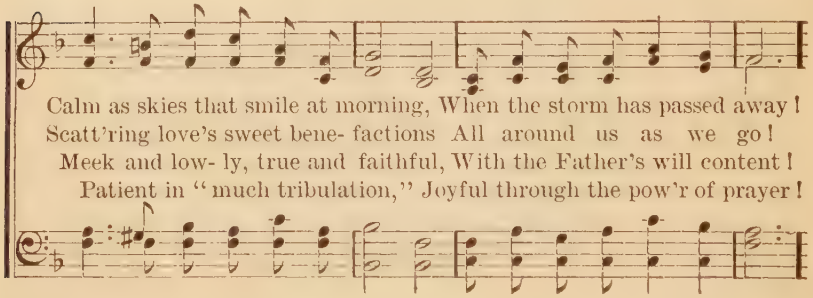
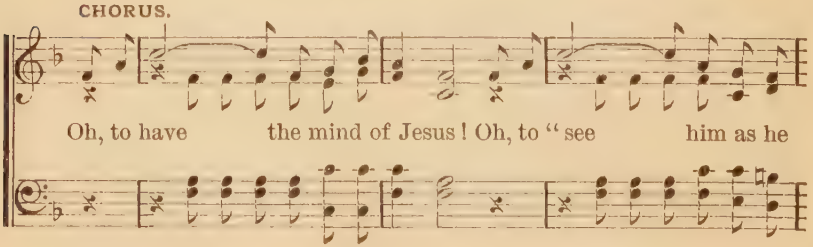
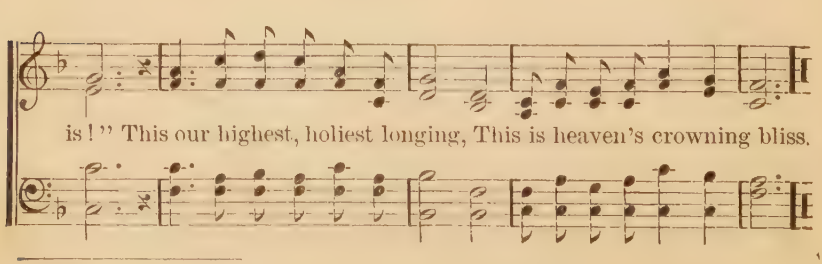
The Mind of Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Oh, to have the mind of Je - sus, Pur- er than the light of day;
2. Oh, to have the mind of Je - sus, With the heav'nly flame aglow;
3. Oh, to have the mind of Je - sus, On the Father's service bent;
4. Oh, to have the mind of Je - sus, When like him the cross we bear,


Calm as skies that smile at morning, When the storm has passed away!
Scatt'ring love's sweet bene- factions All around us as we go!
Meek and low- ly, true and faithful, With the Father's will content!
Patient in "much tribulation," Joyful through the pow'r of prayer!





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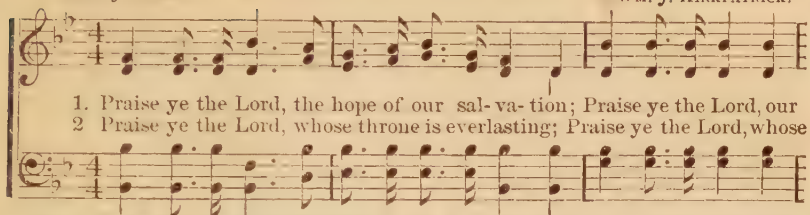
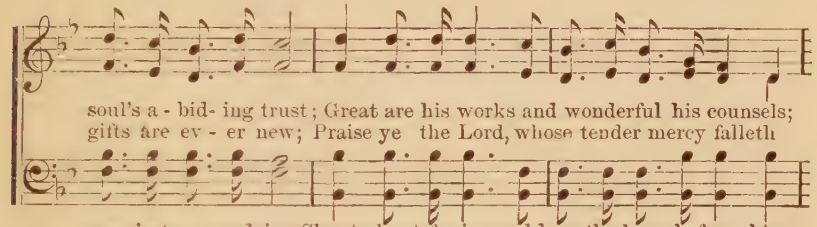
Praise ye the Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

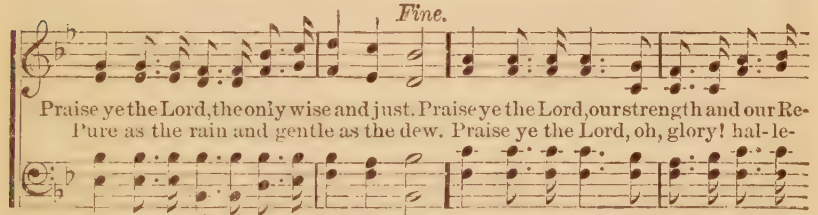

1. Praise ye the Lord, the hope of our sal- va- tion; Praise ye the Lord, our
2 Praise ye the Lord, whose throne is everlasting; Praise ye the Lord, whose

CHO.—Praise ye the Lord, for good it is to praise him; O let the earth his


soul's a - bid- ing trust; Great are his works and wonderful his counsels;
gifts are ev - er new; Praise ye the Lord, whose tender mercy falleth

ma - jest - y proclaim; Shout, shout for joy and bow the knee before him;

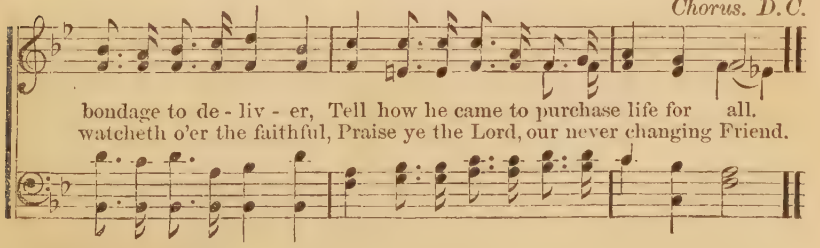
Fine.


Praise ye the Lord, the only wise and just. Praise ye the Lord, our strength and our Re-
Pure as the rain and gentle as the dew. Praise ye the Lord, oh, glory! hal-le-

Sing to the harp and magnify his name.

deemer, Praise ye the Lord, his mighty love recall,—Tell how he came from
lujah! Praise ye the Lord, whose kingdom has no end; Praise ye the Lord, who

Chorus. D.C.


bondage to de - liv - er, Tell how he came to purchase life for all.
watcheth o'er the faithful, Praise ye the Lord, our never changing Friend.

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Words of Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Matt. xi. 28. 1. Come unto me, the Saviour said, Come unto me, the Saviour said;
John xiv. 6. 2. I am the way, the truth, the life, I am the way, the truth, the life;
Mark x. 21. 3. Take up the cross, and follow me, Take up the cross, and follow me;
Matt. vii. 7 4. Ask and it shall be given you, Ask and it shall be given you;
Come unto me, the Saviour said, And I will give you rest.
I am the way, the truth, the life, I am the light of the world. John viii. 12.
Take up the cross, and fol - low me, And thou shalt have treasure in heaven.
Ask and it shall be giv - en you, Seek and ye shall find.
CHORUS.
Oh, the blessed words of Je - sus! Precious words! hallowed words!
Oh, the blessed words of Je - sus! Words of life to me.

John iii. 36.

5 He that believeth | on the Son, :‖
Hath everlasting | life.

Is. xlv. 22.

6 Look unto me, and | be ye saved, :‖
All the ends of the | earth.

Matt. v. 8.

7 Blessed are the | pure in heart, :‖
For | they shall see | God.

Matt v. 12.

8 Re- | joice and be ex- | ceeding glad, :‖
For | great is your reward in | heaven.

John xiv. 18.

9 I | will not leave you | comfortless, ‖
I will come unto | you.

John vii. 37.

10 If | any man thirst let him | come unto
And drink of the water of | life. [me, :‖

Mark. x. 14.

11 Suffer little children to | come unto
me, :‖ [heaven.
For of | such is the kingdom of |

John xiv. 2.

12 I | go to prepare a | place for you, ‖
In my Fathers' house.

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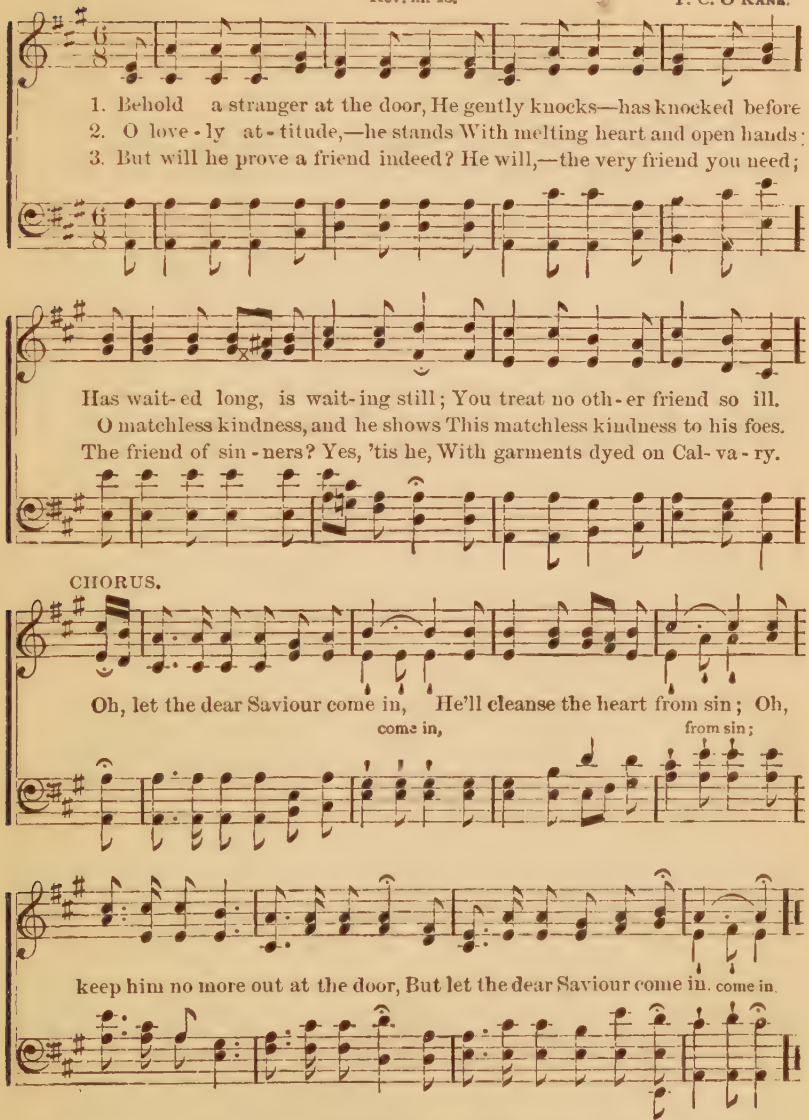
Rev. iii. 20. T. C. O'Kane.


1. Behold a stranger at the door, He gently knocks—has knocked before
2. O love-ly at-titude,—he stands With melting heart and open hands:
3. But will he prove a friend indeed? He will,—the very friend you need;
Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
O matchless kindness, and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes.
The friend of sin-ners? Yes, 'tis he, With garments dyed on Cal-va-ry.
CHORUS.
Oh, let the dear Saviour come in, He'll cleanse the heart from sin; Oh,
come in, from sin;
keep him no more out at the door, But let the dear Saviour come in. come in.

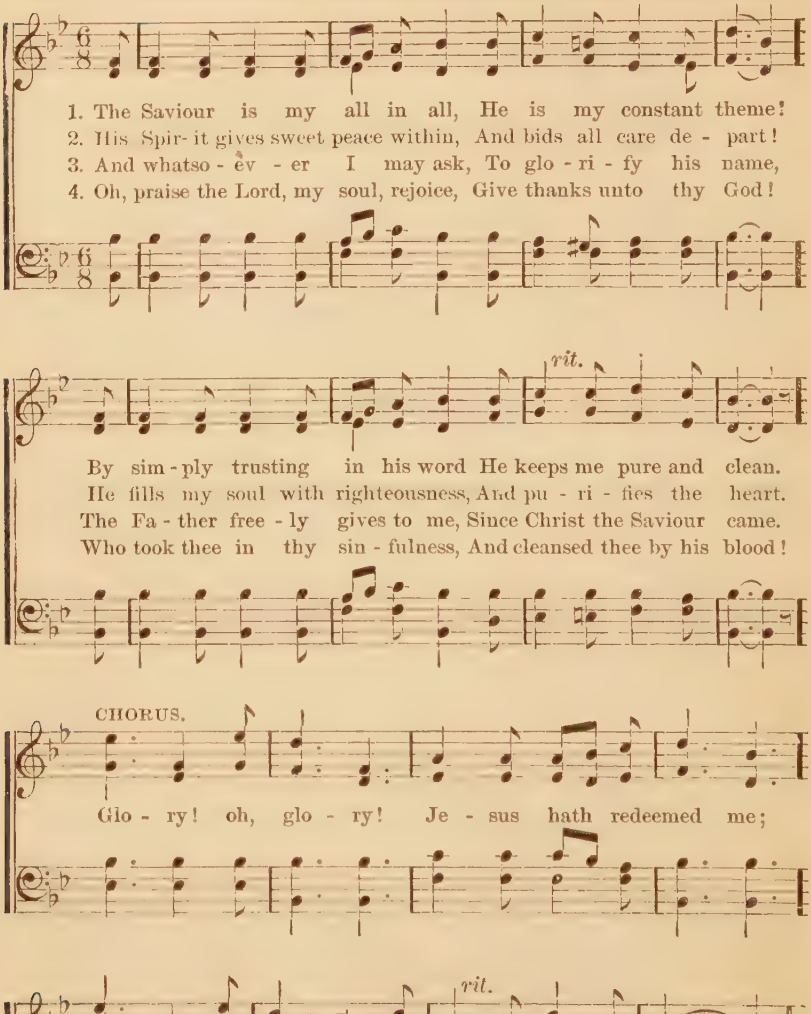
4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine;
That soul-destroying monster, Sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn,—
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at His door rejected stand.

By permission.

The Saviour is My All in All.

P. B. "Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost."—Heb. vii. 25. P. BILHORN.


1. The Saviour is my all in all, He is my constant theme!
2. His Spir- it gives sweet peace within, And bids all care de - part!
3. And whatso - ĕv - er I may ask, To glo - ri - fy his name,
4. Oh, praise the Lord, my soul, rejoice, Give thanks unto thy God!
rit.
By sim - ply trusting in his word He keeps me pure and clean.
He fills my soul with righteousness, And pu - ri - fies the heart.
The Fa - ther free - ly gives to me, Since Christ the Saviour came.
Who took thee in thy sin - fulness, And cleansed thee by his blood!
CHORUS.
Glo - ry! oh, glo - ry! Je - sus hath redeemed me;
rit.
Glo - ry! oh, glo - ry! He washed my sins a - way, a - way!

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Tell Me the Story of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev-'ry word,
2. Fasting, a-lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that he passed,
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed him, Writhing in anguish and pain;
CHO.—Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev'ry word,
Fine.
Tell me the sto - ry most precious, Sweetest that ev - er was heard;
How for our sins he was tempted, Yet was triumphant at last;
Tell of the grave where they laid him, Tell how he liv - eth a-gain;
Tell me the sto - ry most precious, Sweetest that ev - er was heard.
Tell how the angels, in cho - rus, Sang as they welcomed his birth,—
Tell of the years of his la - bor, Tell of the sorrow he bore,
Love in that sto - ry so ten - der, Clear - er than ev - er I see;
D.C.
Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Peace and good tidings to earth.
He was despised and af-flict - ed, Homeless, reject - ed and poor.
Stay, let me weep while you whisper, Love paid the ransom for me.

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O Bless the Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Psalm ciii. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1 O bless the Lord, our souls and all within; O bless the Lord, who pardons ev'ry sin;
2. O bless the Lord, ye worlds beyond the sky, Break forth ye depths, let rocks and hills reply;
Fine.
Give thanks to him with ev'ry fleeting breath, Give thanks to him who triumphed over death.
Praise him, ye stars that saw creation's birth, Whose music hailed the pure and shining earth.
O bless the Lord ye an - gels round his throne,
Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, bless the Lord, ye angels round his throne,
O bless the Lord, the Prince of Peace adore,
Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, bless the Lord, the Prince of Peace adore,
Who do his will and make his wonders known;
Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, bless the Lord, and make his wonders known;
And let his love re - sound from shore to shore;
Let his love, let his love, let his love resound from shore to shore;
Strike strike your harps, ye ran - somed host above,
Strike your harps, strike your harps, strike your harps, ye ransomed host above,
O bless the Lord Je - ho - - vah, King of kings,
Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, bless the Lord Je - hovah, King of kings.

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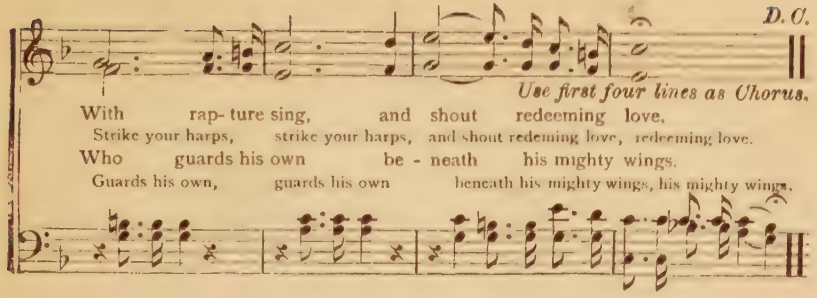
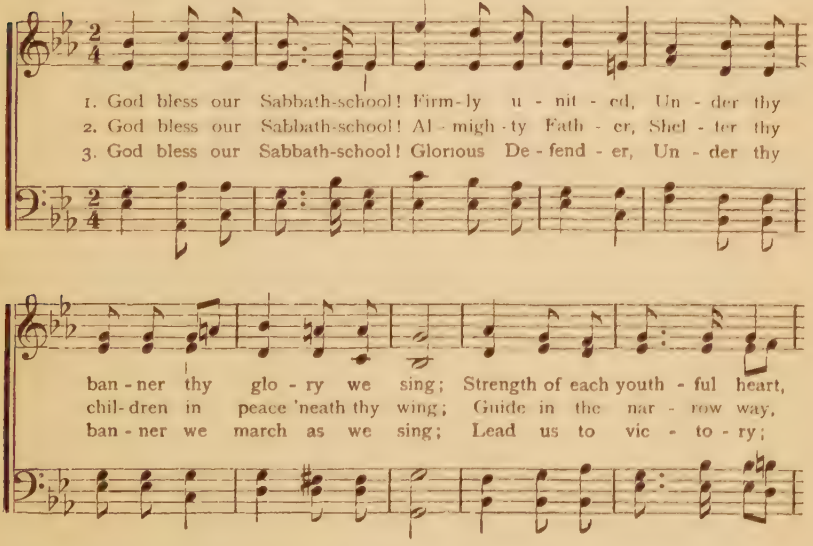

D. C.
Use first four lines as Chorus.
With rap- ture sing, and shout redeeming love.
Strike your harps, strike your harps, and shout redeeming love, redeeming love.
Who guards his own be - neath his mighty wings.
Guards his own, guards his own beneath his mighty wings, his mighty wings.

God Bless our Sabbath-School.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. RUSSIAN HYMN.


1. God bless our Sabbath-school! Firm-ly u - nit - ed, Un - der thy
2. God bless our Sabbath-school! Al - migh - ty Fath - er, Shel - ter thy
3. God bless our Sabbath-school! Glorious De - fend - er, Un - der thy
ban - ner thy glo - ry we sing; Strength of each youth - ful heart,
chil- dren in peace 'neath thy wing; Guide in the nar - row way,
ban - ner we march as we sing; Lead us to vic - to - ry;
'Hope nev-er blight - ed, Be thou our por - tion, Je - sus, our King.
Heav'nward us gath - er, Be thou our ref - uge, Je - sus, our King.
Nev - er sur - ren - der, Thy name must con - quer, Je - sus, our King.

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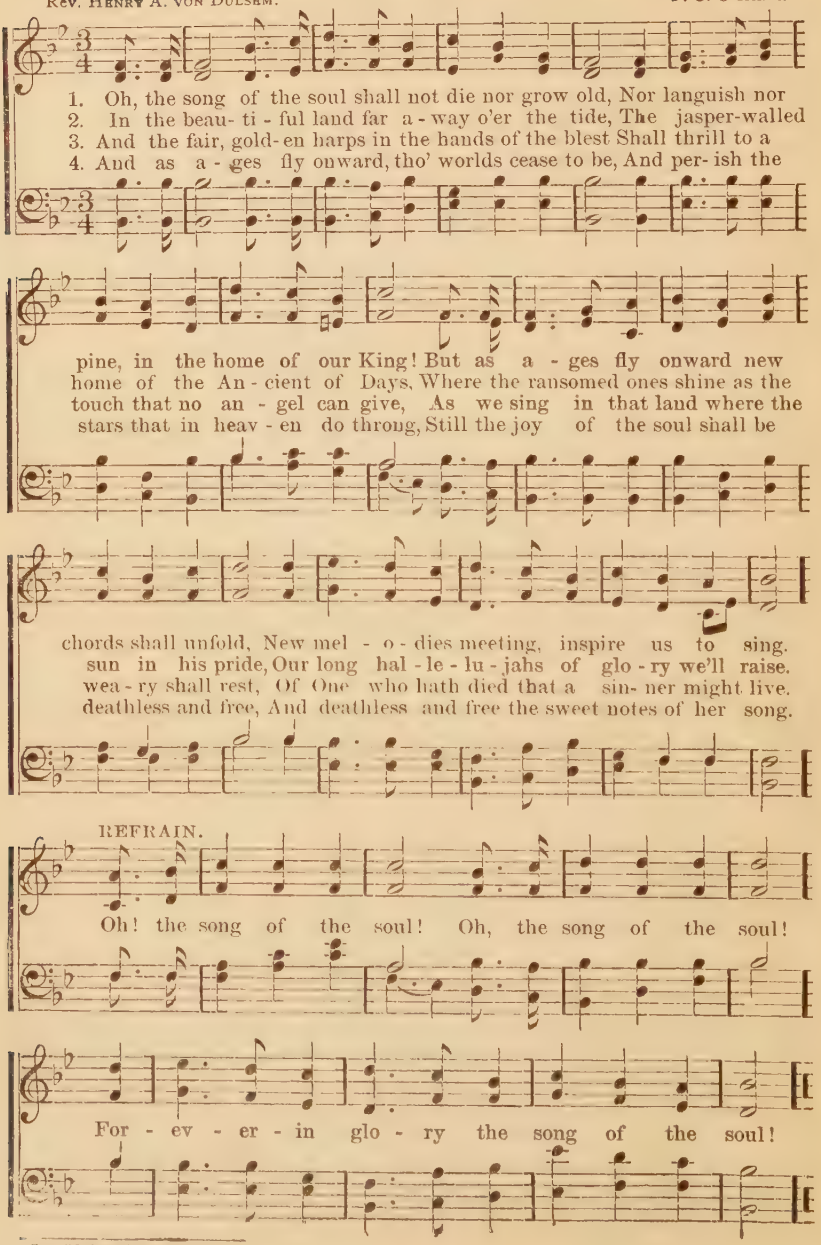
The Song of the Soul.

Rev. Henry A. von Dulsem. T. C. O'Kane.


1. Oh, the song of the soul shall not die nor grow old, Nor languish nor
2. In the beau- ti - ful land far a - way o'er the tide, The jasper-walled
3. And the fair, gold- en harps in the hands of the blest Shall thrill to a
4. And as a - ges fly onward, tho' worlds cease to be, And per- ish the
pine, in the home of our King! But as a - ges fly onward new
home of the An - cient of Days, Where the ransomed ones shine as the
touch that no an - gel can give, As we sing in that land where the
stars that in heav - en do throng, Still the joy of the soul shall be
chords shall unfold, New mel - o - dies meeting, inspire us to sing.
sun in his pride, Our long hal - le - lu - jahs of glo - ry we'll raise.
wea - ry shall rest, Of One who hath died that a sin- ner might live.
deathless and free, And deathless and free the sweet notes of her song.
REFRAIN.
Oh! the song of the soul! Oh, the song of the soul!
For - ev - er - in glo - ry the song of the soul!

From "Redeemer's Praise," by per.

Wonderful Story of Love.

M. Taylor. Arthur J. Smith.

1. To-day God is tell - ing a won - derful sto - ry, The
2. He brings the as - sur - ance of present sal - va - tion, E-
3. This, then, is the day when with love far ex - ceeding, With
tru- est, the grandest that ev - er was told; The fullest disclosure of
ter - nal as God's own immu - ta- ble throne, Deliv'rance forever from
all that he has, God would lost ones endow, The acceptable time, e'en the
grace and of glo - ry, Kept hidden from all the prophets of old.
all condem- na- tion, A standing in Christ, the place of a son.
time of his pleading, The day of salvation, God's wonder- ful NOW.
CHORUS.
To- day we're tell- ing the sto - ry, Won - derful, won - derful
sto - ry, To-day we're telling the story, The wonderful story of love.

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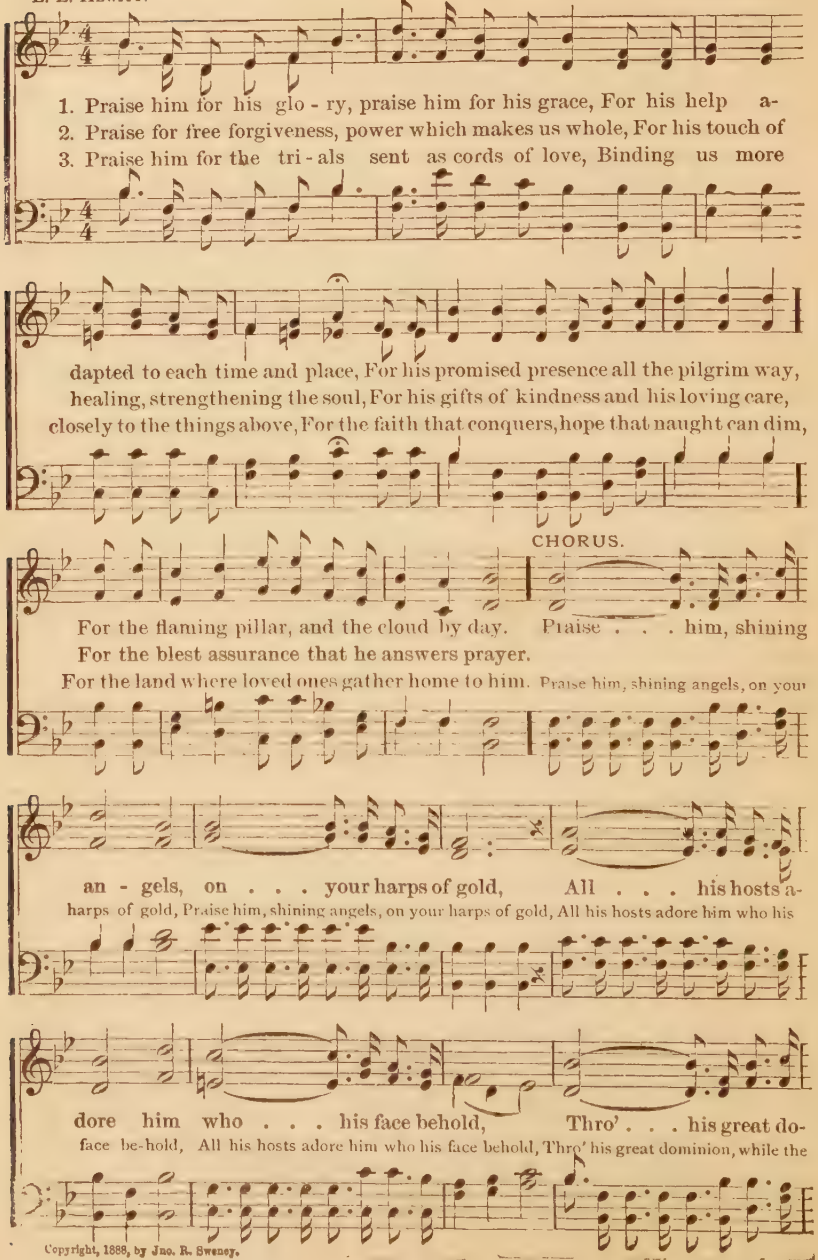
Bless the Lord, My Soul.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Praise him for his glo - ry, praise him for his grace, For his help a-
2. Praise for free forgiveness, power which makes us whole, For his touch of
3. Praise him for the tri - als sent as cords of love, Binding us more
dapted to each time and place, For his promised presence all the pilgrim way,
healing, strengthening the soul, For his gifts of kindness and his loving care,
closely to the things above, For the faith that conquers, hope that naught can dim,
CHORUS.
For the flaming pillar, and the cloud by day. Praise . . . him, shining
For the blest assurance that he answers prayer.
For the land where loved ones gather home to him. Praise him, shining angels, on your
an - gels, on . . . your harps of gold, All . . . his hosts a-
harps of gold, Praise him, shining angels, on your harps of gold, All his hosts adore him who his
dore him who . . . his face behold, Thro' . . . his great do-
face be-hold, All his hosts adore him who his face behold, Thro' his great dominion, while the

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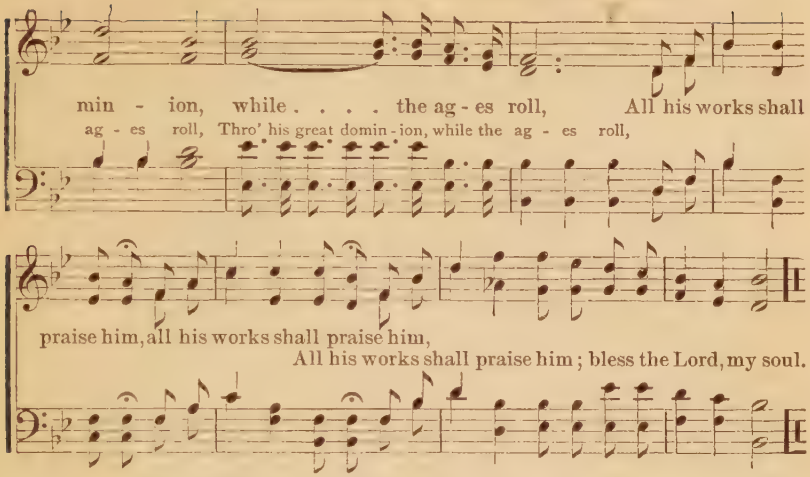
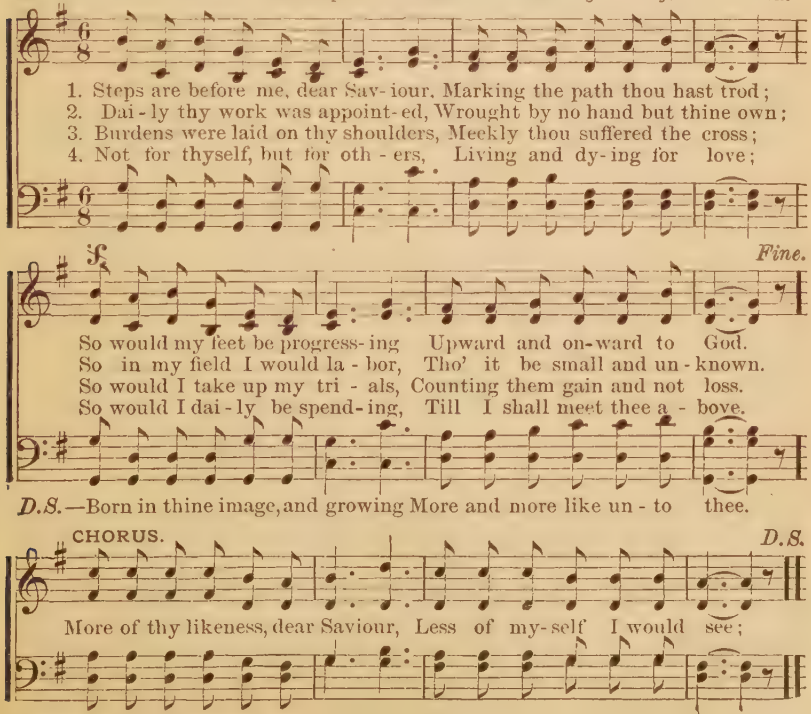

min - ion, while . . . . the ag - es roll, All his works shall
ag - es roll, Thro' his great domin - ion, while the ag - es roll,
praise him, all his works shall praise him,
All his works shall praise him; bless the Lord, my soul.

More Like Jesus.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. "Even Christ pleased not himself."—Rom. xv. 3. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Steps are before me, dear Sav - iour, Marking the path thou hast trod;
2. Dai - ly thy work was appoint - ed, Wrought by no hand but thine own;
3. Burdens were laid on thy shoulders, Meekly thou suffered the cross;
4. Not for thyself, but for oth - ers, Living and dy - ing for love;
Fine.
So would my feet be progress - ing Upward and on - ward to God.
So in my field I would la - bor, Tho' it be small and un - known.
So would I take up my tri - als, Counting them gain and not loss.
So would I dai - ly be spend - ing, Till I shall meet thee a - bove.
D.S.—Born in thine image, and growing More and more like un - to thee.
CHORUS.
D.S.
More of thy likeness, dear Saviour, Less of my - self I would see;

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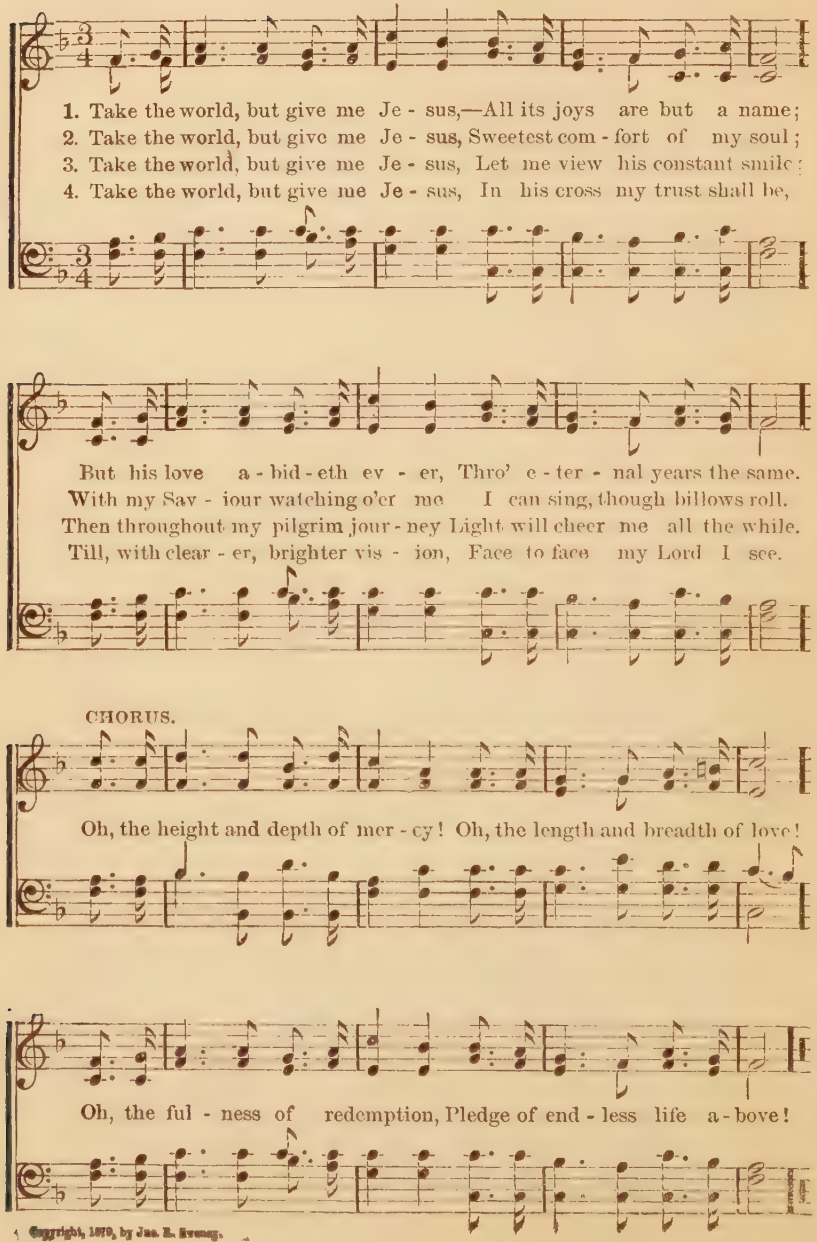
Give me Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY


1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus,—All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweetest com - fort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view his constant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, In his cross my trust shall be,
But his love a - bid - eth ev - er, Thro' e - ter - nal years the same.
With my Sav - iour watching o'er me I can sing, though billows roll.
Then throughout my pilgrim jour - ney Light will cheer me all the while.
Till, with clear - er, brighter vis - ion, Face to face my Lord I see.
CHORUS.
Oh, the height and depth of mer - cy! Oh, the length and breadth of love!
Oh, the ful - ness of redemption, Pledge of end - less life a - bove!

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Are You Ready?

MARY D. JAMES. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Should the summons, quickly fly - ing, On the slumb'ring nations fall,—
2. What if now the startling man - date Should the sleeping virgins hear,—
3. Is there oil in all your ves - sels? Are your garments pure and white?
4. Rise! ye virgins,—sleep no long - er,—Lest the call your souls sur - prise!
Lo! the Heav'nly Bridegroom com - eth, Would the sound your souls ap-pal?
Are your lamps all trimmed and burn-ing? Should the Bridegroom now appear?
Are they washed in-the cleansing Fountain, Fit to stand in Je - sus' sight?
Lest ye fail to meet the Bride - groom, When he cometh from the skies.
CHORUS.
Are you rea - dy? Are you rea - dy? Should you hear the midnight call?
Are you rea - dy? Are you rea - dy? Now to see your Lord appear!
Are you rea - dy? Are you rea - dy? Are your lamps all clear and bright?
Oh, be rea - dy! Oh, be rea - dy! When he cometh from the skies;
Are you rea - dy? Are you rea - dy? Should you hear the midnight call?
Are you rea - dy? Are you rea - dy? Now to see your Lord appear?
Are you rea - dy? Are you rea - dy? Are your lamps all clear and bright?
Oh, be rea - dy! Oh, be rea - dy! Hasten, from your slumbers rise!

Are you ready? Are you ready? Should you hear the midnight call? Should you hear the midnight call?
Are you ready? Are you ready? Now to see your Lord appear? Now to see your Lord ap- pear?
Are you ready? Are you ready? Are your lamps all clear and bright? Are your lamps all clear and bright?
Oh, be ready! Oh, be ready! Hasten, from your slumbers rise! Hasten, from your slumbers rise!

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Meet me There.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On the happy, golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the
2. Here our fondest hopes are vain, Dearest links are rent in twain; But in
3. Where the harps of angels ring, And the blest for-ev - er sing, In the
storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves away Into
heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the river sparkling bright, In the
palace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet communion blend Heart with
Fine.
pure and perfect day, I am going home to stay, Meet me there.
ci - ty of delight, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.
D.S.—happy golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.
CHORUS.
Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the tree of life is
D.S.
blooming, Meet me there; When the storms of life are o'er, On the
Meet me there;

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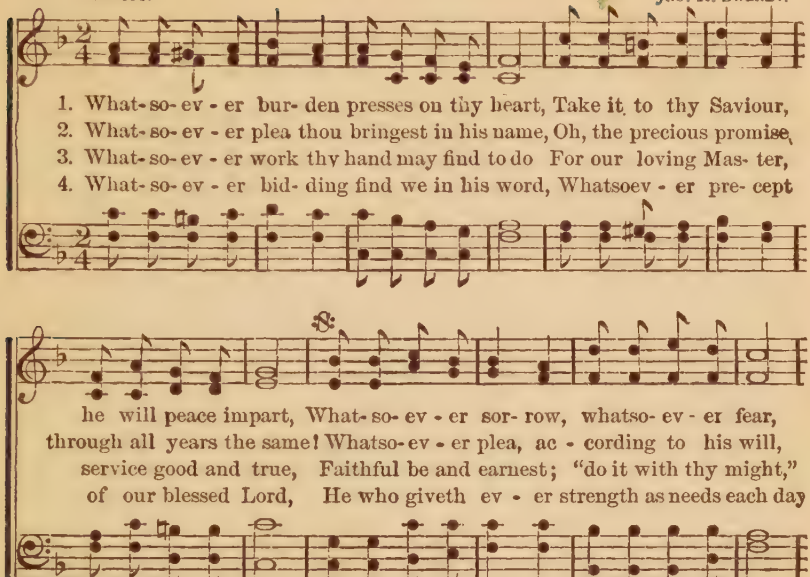
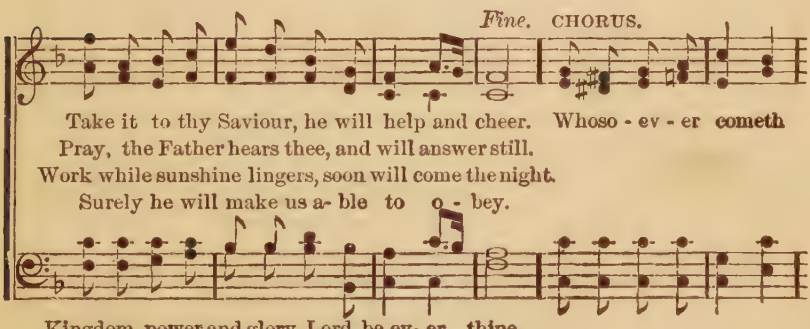
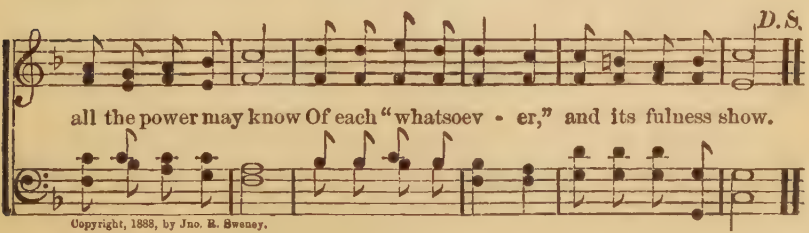
E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. What- so- ev - er bur- den presses on thy heart, Take it to thy Saviour,
2. What- so- ev - er plea thou bringest in his name, Oh, the precious promise,
3. What- so- ev - er work thy hand may find to do For our loving Mas- ter,
4. What- so- ev - er bid- ding find we in his word, Whatsoev - er pre- cept
he will peace impart, What- so- ev - er sor- row, whatso- ev - er fear,
through all years the same! Whatso- ev - er plea, ac - cording to his will,
service good and true, Faithful be and earnest; "do it with thy might,"
of our blessed Lord, He who giveth ev - er strength as needs each day
D.S.—Oh, the love of Je - sus! Oh, his grace divine!


Fine. CHORUS.
Take it to thy Saviour, he will help and cheer. Whoso - ev - er cometh
Pray, the Father hears thee, and will answer still.
Work while sunshine lingers, soon will come the night.
Surely he will make us a- ble to o - bey.
Kingdom, power and glory, Lord, be ev- er thine.



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The Lights of Home.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Question in italics responses in roman type.

1. *Steersman, steersman, the channel's rough and dark, The waves roll high, the*
2. *Steersman, steersman, the stars are wrapped in mist.* The Pol- ar star still
3. *Steersman, steersman, how wild the tempest raves!* The floods may swell, but

winds sweep by, Now whither speeds thy bark? Now whither speeds thy bark?
beams a - far On hills of am - e- thyst, On hills of am - e- thyst.
all is well, While Jesus walks the waves, While Jesus walks the waves.

Sail - ing, sail - ing, to reach a glorious home, Tho' storms assail we
Sail - ing, sail - ing, to find a bet- ter land, No wind that blows our
Sail - ing, sail - ing, to find a happier shore, A pathway bright shines

CHORUS.

dare the gale, For Je - sus bids us come. Sail - - ing o'er the
hope o'erthrows, While Christ waits on the strand.
through the night, Where friends have gone before. Sail - ing, sail - ing,

rest - less tide, Sail - - - ing thro' the gale we glide,
Sail - ing, sail - ing

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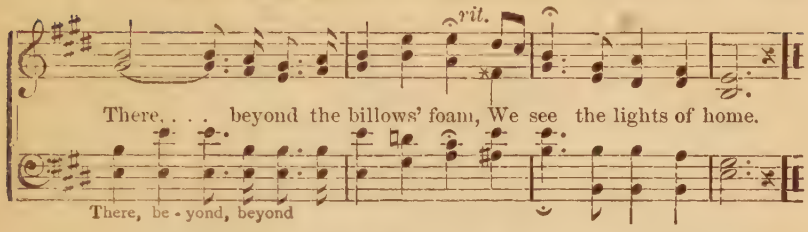
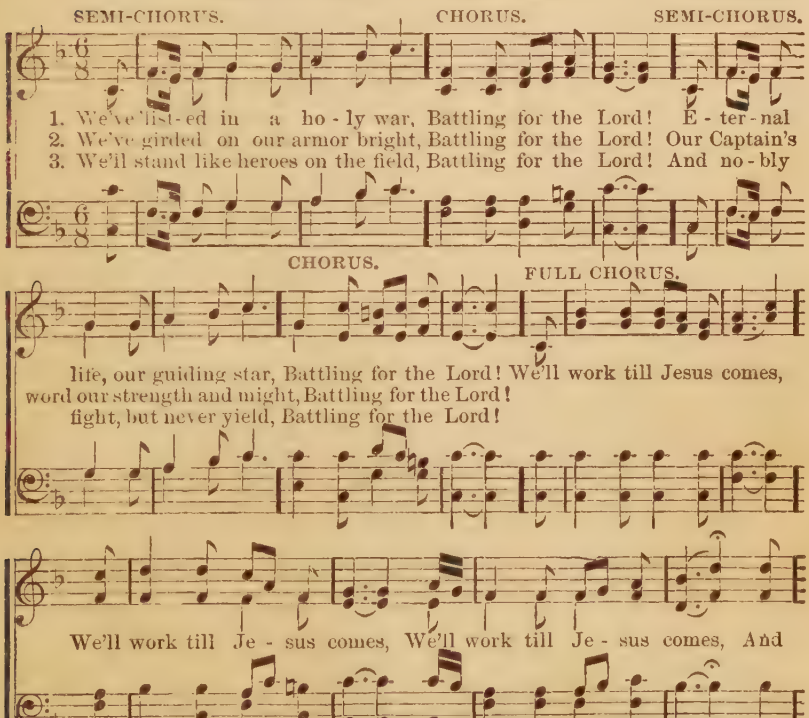


Battling for the Lord.

T. E. PERKINS.


SEMI-CHORUS.
CHORUS.
SEMI-CHORUS.
1. We've list-ed in a ho - ly war, Battling for the Lord! E - ter - nal
2. We've girded on our armor bright, Battling for the Lord! Our Captain's
3. We'll stand like heroes on the field, Battling for the Lord! And no - bly
CHORUS.
FULL CHORUS.
life, our guiding star, Battling for the Lord! We'll work till Jesus comes,
word our strength and might, Battling for the Lord!
fight, but never yield, Battling for the Lord!
We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes, And
then we'll rest at home.

4 Though sin and death our way oppose,
Battling for the Lord!
Through grace we'll conquer all our foes,
Battling for the Lord!

5 And when our glorious war is o'er,
Battling for the Lord!
We'll shout salvation evermore,
Battling for the Lord!

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Come, ye Sinners.

JOSEPH HART. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need-y, come and welcome; God's free bounty glo-ri-fy;
3. Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y-la-den, Bruised and mangled by the fall;
4. Lo! th'incarnate God, ascend-ing, Pleads the mer-it of his blood:
Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pi-ty, love, and power:
True be-lief and true repent-ance, Ev-'ry grace that brings you nigh,
If you tar-ry till you're better, You will nev-er come at all;
Ven-ture on him, ven-ture free-ly; Let no oth-er trust in-trude;
He is a - - - ble, He is will - - - ing, He is a-ble, He is
He is a-ble, He is a-ble, He is willing, He is willing,
Without mon - - ey, Without mon - - ey, Without money, Come to
Not the right - eous, Not the right-eous, Not the righteous,—Sinners
None but Je - - sus, None but Je - - sus, None but Je-sus Can do
will-ing: doubt no more; . . . He is a - - - ble, He is
doubt no more; He is a-ble, He is a-ble, He is
Je-sus Christ and buy; . . . Without mon - - ey, Without
Je-sus came to call; . . . . Not the right - - eous, Not the
helpless sin-ners good; . . . None but Je - - - sus, None but

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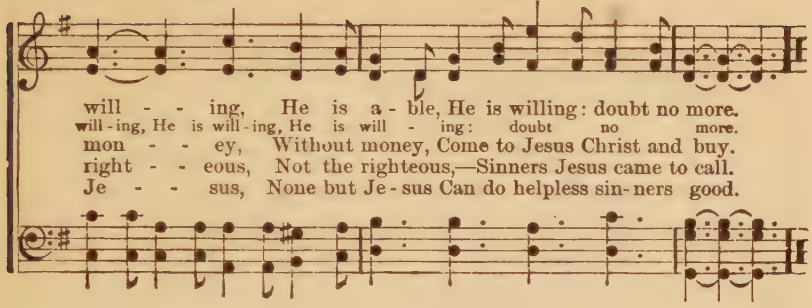
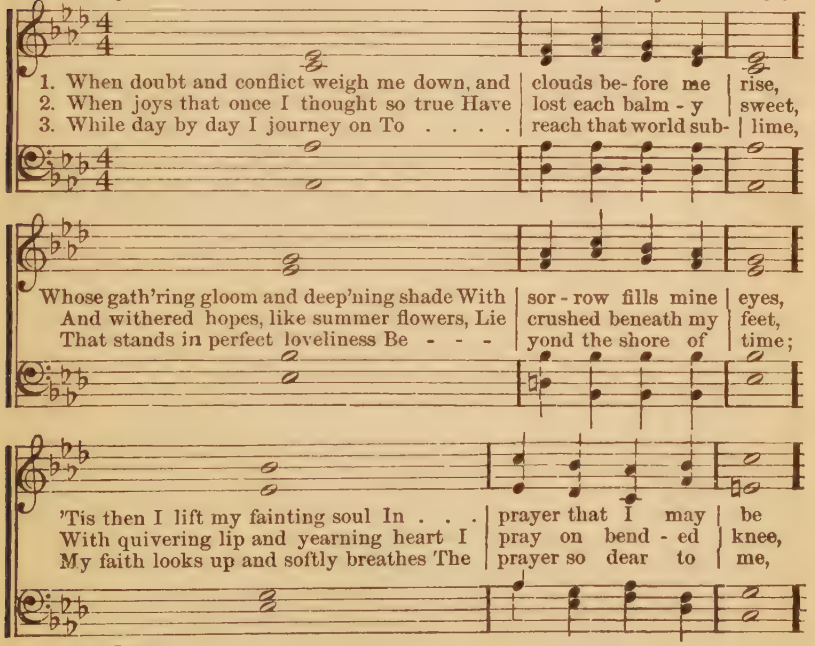

will - - ing, He is a - ble, He is willing: doubt no more.
will-ing, He is will-ing, He is will - ing: doubt no more.
mon - - ey, Without money, Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
right - - eous, Not the righteous,—Sinners Jesus came to call.
Je - - sus, None but Je-sus Can do helpless sin-ners good.

Nearer to Thee.

MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. When doubt and conflict weigh me down, and | clouds be-fore me | rise,
2. When joys that once I thought so true Have | lost each balm - y | sweet,
3. While day by day I journey on To . . . . | reach that world sub- | lime,
Whose gath'ring gloom and deep'ning shade With | sor - row fills mine | eyes,
And withered hopes, like summer flowers, Lie | crushed beneath my | feet,
That stands in perfect loveliness Be - - - | yond the shore of | time;
'Tis then I lift my fainting soul In . . . | prayer that I may | be
With quivering lip and yearning heart I | pray on bend - ed | knee,
My faith looks up and softly breathes The | prayer so dear to | me,
Lento.
Near - - er, my God, to thee, Near - - er to thee.

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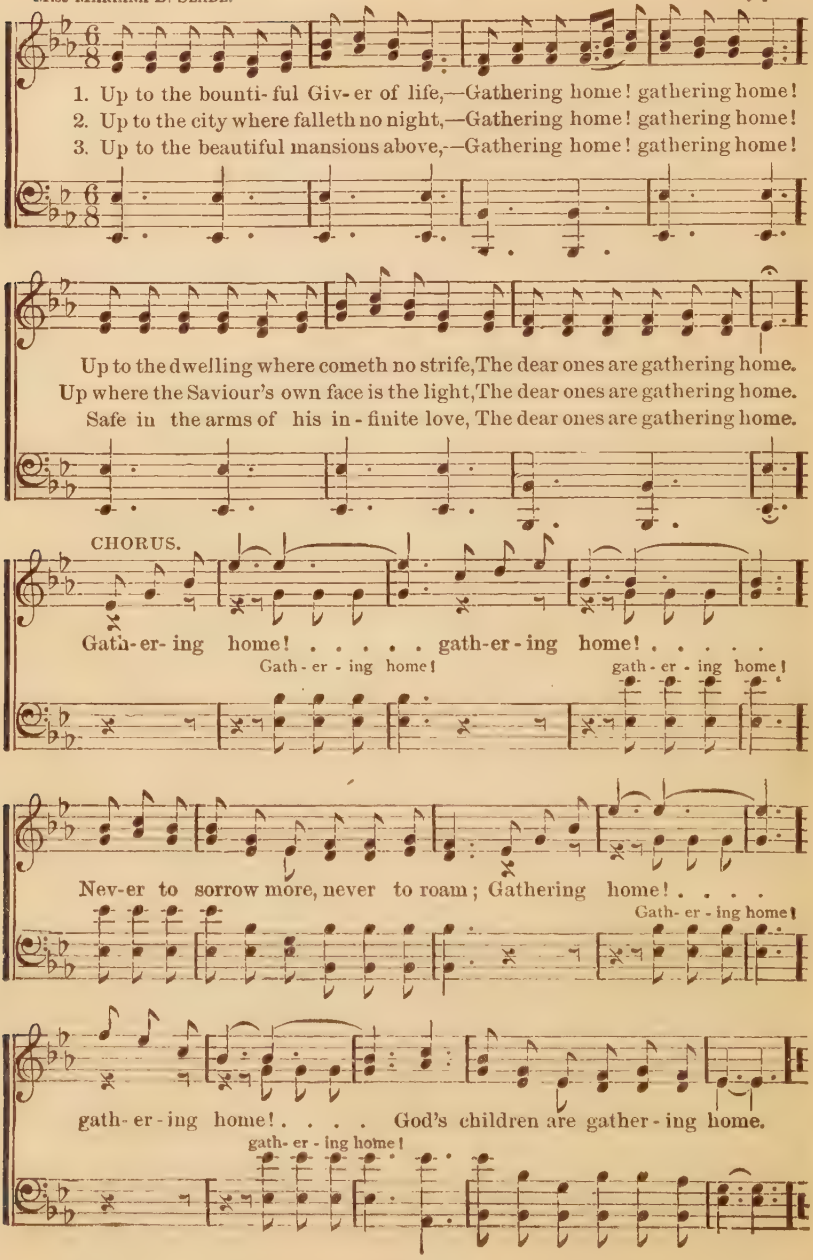
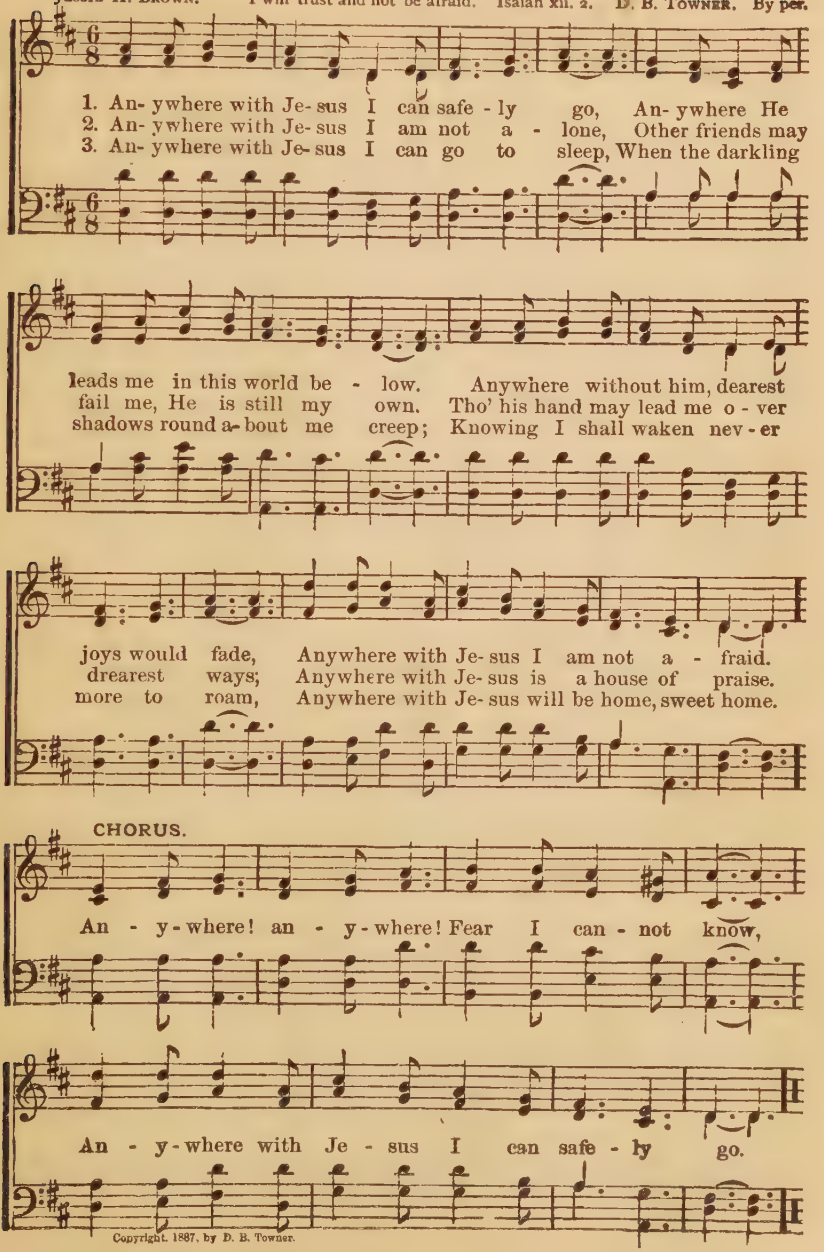
Gathering Home.

Miss MARIANA B. SLADE. R. N. M'INTOSH. By per.


1. Up to the bounti- ful Giv- er of life,—Gathering home! gathering home!
2. Up to the city where falleth no night,—Gathering home! gathering home!
3. Up to the beautiful mansions above,—Gathering home! gathering home!
Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife, The dear ones are gathering home.
Up where the Saviour's own face is the light, The dear ones are gathering home.
Safe in the arms of his in- finite love, The dear ones are gathering home.
CHORUS.
Gath- er- ing home! . . . . . gath- er- ing home! . . . . .
Gath- er - ing home!
gath - er - ing home!
Nev- er to sorrow more, never to roam; Gathering home! . . . .
Gath- er - ing home!
gath- er - ing home! . . . . God's children are gather - ing home.
gath- er - ing home!

Anywhere With Jesus.

JESSIE H. BROWN. "I will trust and not be afraid." Isaiah xii. 2. D. B. TOWNER. By per.


1. An- ywhere with Je- sus I can safe - ly go, An- ywhere He leads me in this world be - low. Anywhere without him, dearest
2. An- ywhere with Je- sus I am not a - lone, Other friends may fail me, He is still my own. Tho' his hand may lead me o - ver
3. An- ywhere with Je- sus I can go to sleep, When the darkling shadows round a- bout me creep; Knowing I shall waken nev - er
joys would fade, Anywhere with Je- sus I am not a - fraid.
drearest ways; Anywhere with Je- sus is a house of praise.
more to roam, Anywhere with Je- sus will be home, sweet home.
CHORUS.
An - y - where! an - y - where! Fear I can - not know,
An - y - where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

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A little Talk with Jesus.

Wm. G. Fischer.

1. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus, How it smooths the rugged road!
2. Ah, this is what I'm wanting, His love - ly face to see;
3. I can - not live without him, Nor would I if I could;
4. So I'll wait a lit - tle long - er, Till his appoint - ed time,
How it seems to help me on - ward, When I faint beneath my load;
And I'm not a-fraid to say it, I know he's wanting me.
He is my dai - ly por - tion, My med - i - cine and food.
And a-long the upward path-way My pil - grim feet shall climb.
When my heart is crushed with sorrow, And my eyes with tears are dim,
He gave his life a ran - som, To make me all his own,
He is al - to-geth - er love - ly; None can with him com - pare;
There, in my Father's dwell-ing, Where man - y mansions be,
There is naught can yield me comfort Like a lit - tle talk with him.
And he'll ne'er forget his prom - ise To me, his purchased one.
Chief - est among ten thousand, And fair - est of the fair.
I shall sweetly talk with Je - sus, And he will talk with me.

By permission.

Entire Consecration.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. Chorus by W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes-sag-es for thee;
4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in endless praise;
Take my hands and let them move At the impulse of thy love.
Take my voice and let me sing Al- ways, on - ly, for my King.
Take my sil - ver and my gold,— Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my in - tel- lect, and use Ev - 'ry power as thou shalt choose.
CHORUS.
Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood, the precious blood,
Cleanse me in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood, the healing flood,
Lord, I give to
thee, my life and all, to be, Thine, henceforth, e- ter - nal - ly.

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5 Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart.—it is thine own,—
It shall be thy royal throne.

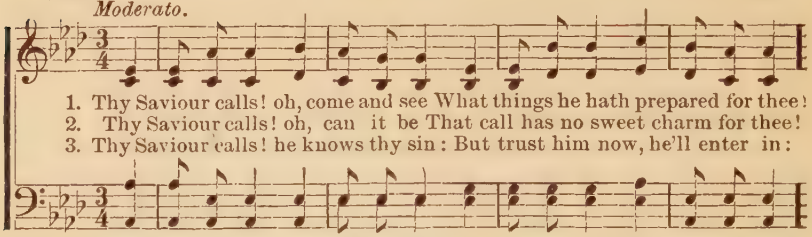
6 Take my love,—my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store!
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee!

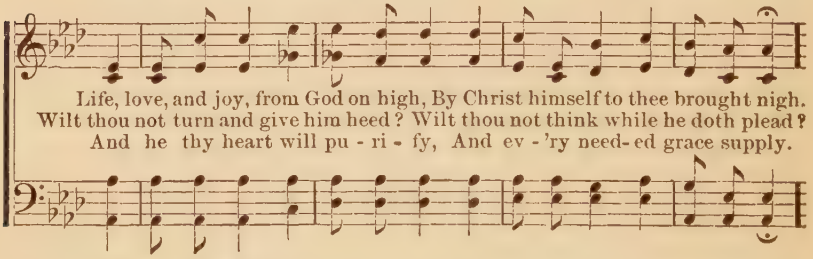
"Him that Cometh!"

The first part may be sung as a Duet or Quartet.

JESSIE C YOUNG. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Moderato.


1. Thy Saviour calls! oh, come and see What things he hath prepared for thee!
2. Thy Saviour calls! oh, can it be That call has no sweet charm for thee!
3. Thy Saviour calls! he knows thy sin: But trust him now, he'll enter in:


Life, love, and joy, from God on high, By Christ himself to thee brought nigh.
Wilt thou not turn and give him heed? Wilt thou not think while he doth plead?
And he thy heart will pu - ri - fy, And ev - 'ry need-ed grace supply.

CHORUS. John vi, 37.

Allegretto.

"Him that cometh, him that cometh,
Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise, I will in
no wise, I will in no wise cast out; Him that cometh, him that cometh, Him that
cometh to me, I will in no wise, I will in no wise, I will in no wise cast out."

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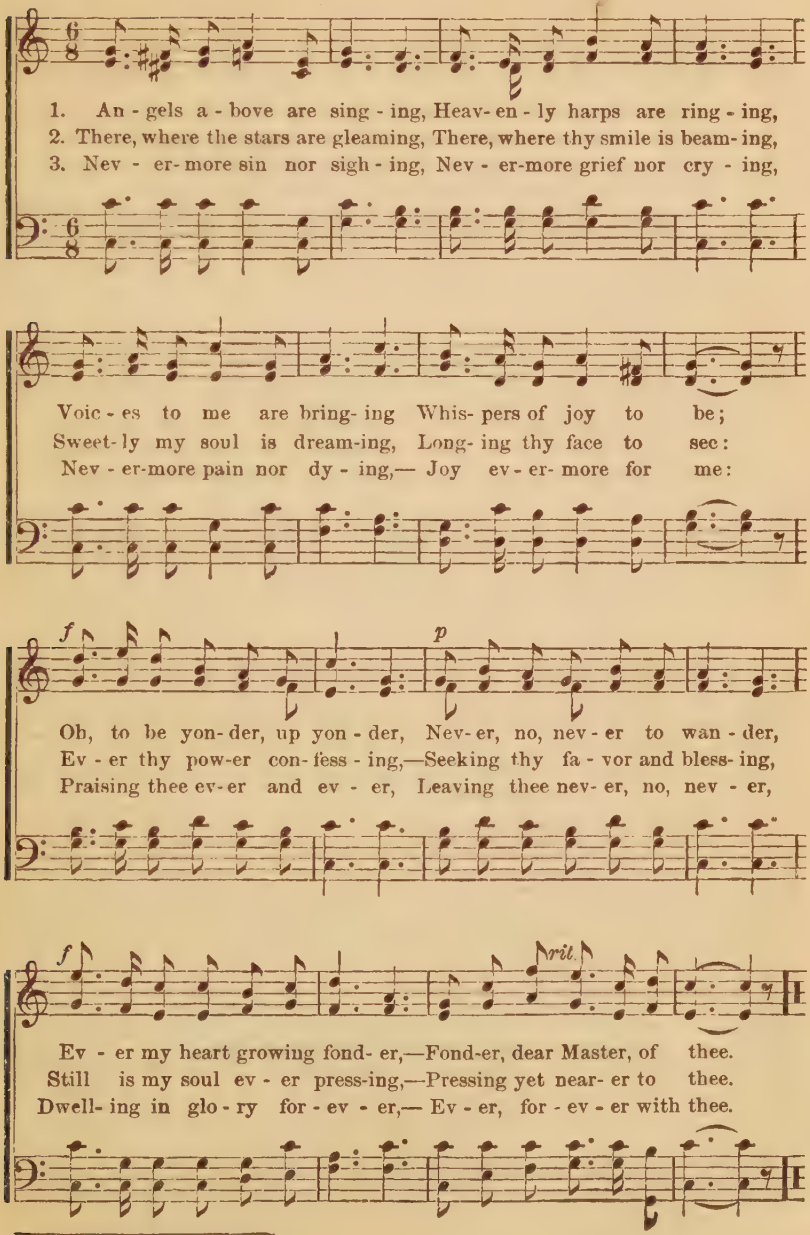
Angels Above are Singing.

F. A. S. FRANCIS A. SIMKINS.


1. An - gels a - bove are sing - ing, Heav- en - ly harps are ring - ing,
2. There, where the stars are gleaming, There, where thy smile is beam- ing,
3. Nev - er- more sin nor sigh - ing, Nev - er-more grief nor cry - ing,
Voic - es to me are bring- ing Whis- pers of joy to be;
Sweet- ly my soul is dream-ing, Long- ing thy face to see:
Nev - er-more pain nor dy - ing,— Joy ev - er- more for me:
f
p
Oh, to be yon- der, up yon - der, Nev- er, no, nev - er to wan - der,
Ev - er thy pow-er con- fess - ing,—Seeking thy fa - vor and bless- ing,
Praising thee ev- er and ev - er, Leaving thee nev- er, no, nev - er,
f
rit.
Ev - er my heart growing fond- er,—Fond-er, dear Master, of thee.
Still is my soul ev - er press-ing,—Pressing yet near- er to thee.
Dwell- ing in glo - ry for - ev - er,— Ev - er, for - ev - er with thee.

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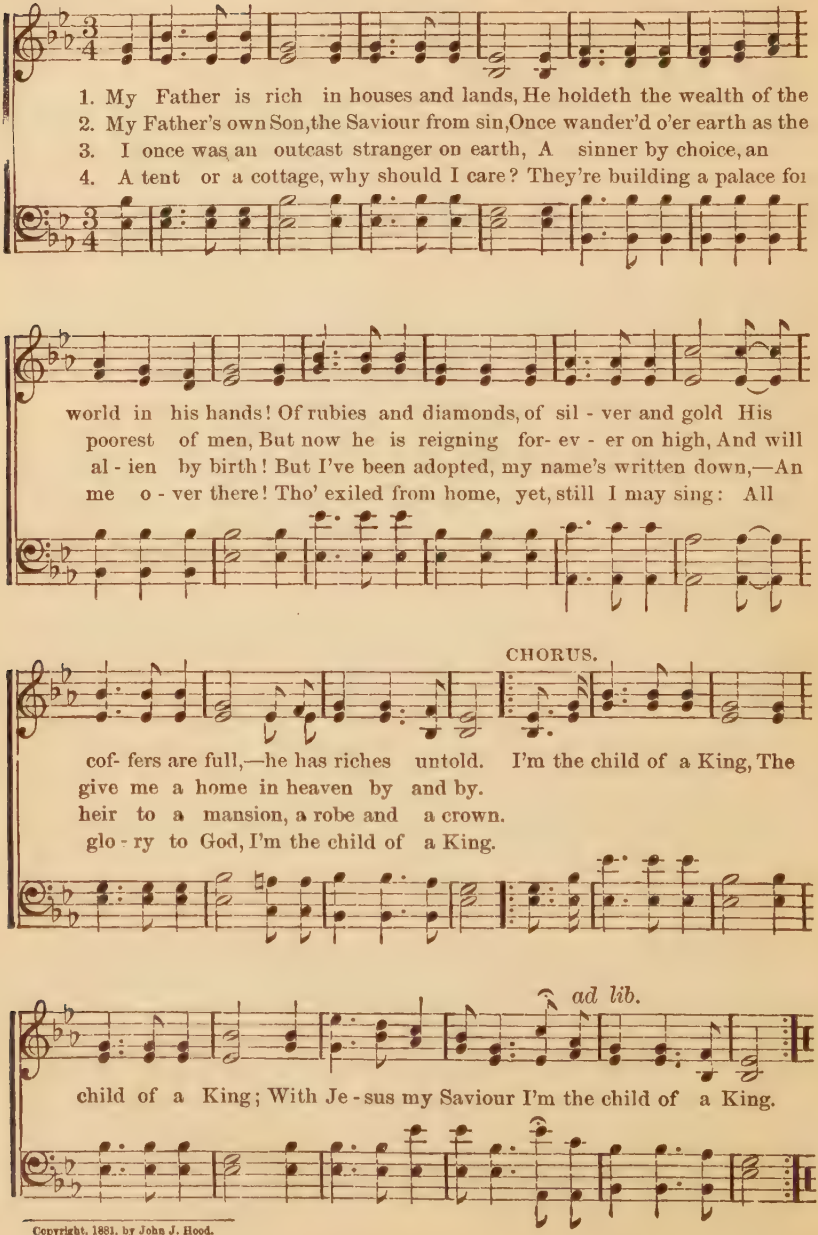
The Child of a King.

HATTIE E. BUELL. Arr. from Melody by Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER.


1. My Father is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the
2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour from sin, Once wander'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an outcast stranger on earth, A sinner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cottage, why should I care? They're building a palace for
world in his hands! Of rubies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold His
poorest of men, But now he is reigning for- ev - er on high, And will
al - ien by birth! But I've been adopted, my name's written down,—An
me o - ver there! Tho' exiled from home, yet, still I may sing: All
CHORUS.
cof- fers are full,—he has riches untold. I'm the child of a King, The
give me a home in heaven by and by.
heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown.
glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.
ad lib.
child of a King; With Je - sus my Saviour I'm the child of a King.

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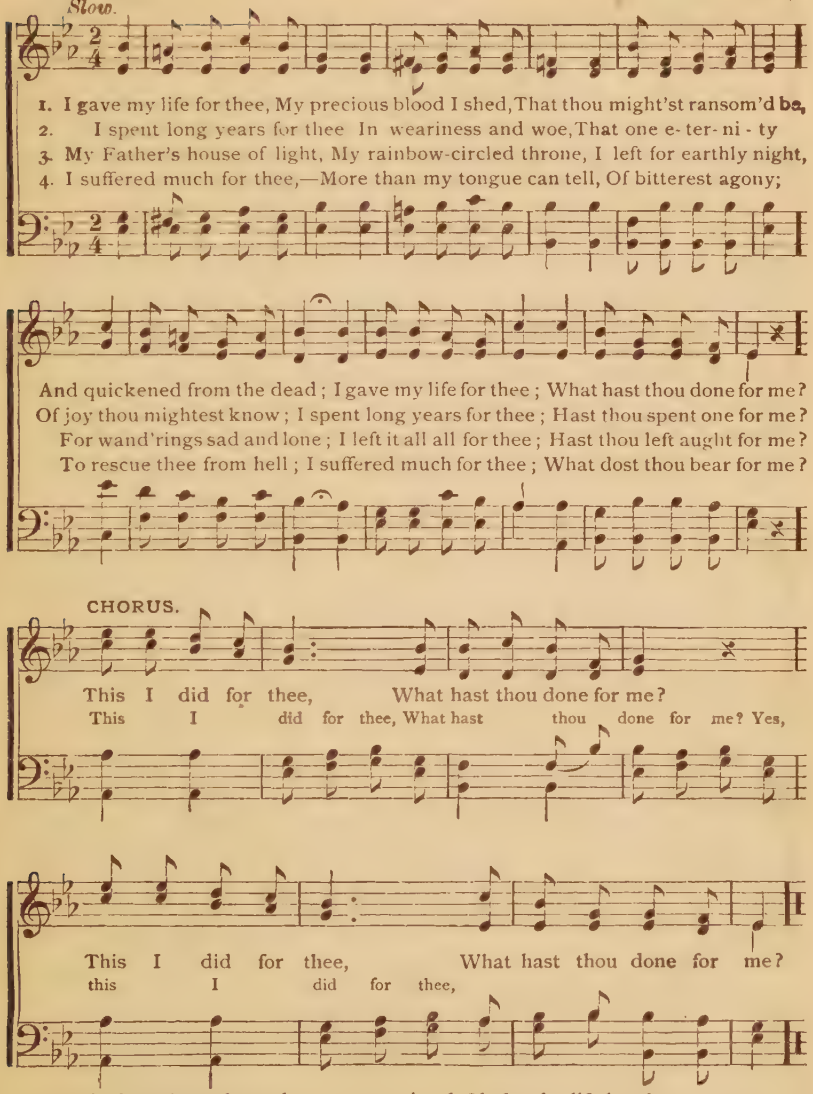
H. Bonar. W. H. Doane.

Slow.


1. I gave my life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou might'st ransom'd be,
2. I spent long years for thee In weariness and woe, That one e-ter-ni-ty
3. My Father's house of light, My rainbow-circled throne, I left for earthly night,
4. I suffered much for thee,—More than my tongue can tell, Of bitterest agony;
And quickened from the dead; I gave my life for thee; What hast thou done for me?
Of joy thou mightest know; I spent long years for thee; Hast thou spent one for me?
For wand'rings sad and lone; I left it all all for thee; Hast thou left aught for me?
To rescue thee from hell; I suffered much for thee; What dost thou bear for me?
CHORUS.
This I did for thee, What hast thou done for me?
This I did for thee, What hast thou done for me? Yes,
This I did for thee, What hast thou done for me?
this I did for thee,

5 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my house above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
Great gifts I brought to thee;
What hast thou brought to me?

6 Oh, let thy life be given,
Thy years for me be spent,
World fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent;
Give thou thyself to me,
And I will welcome thee!

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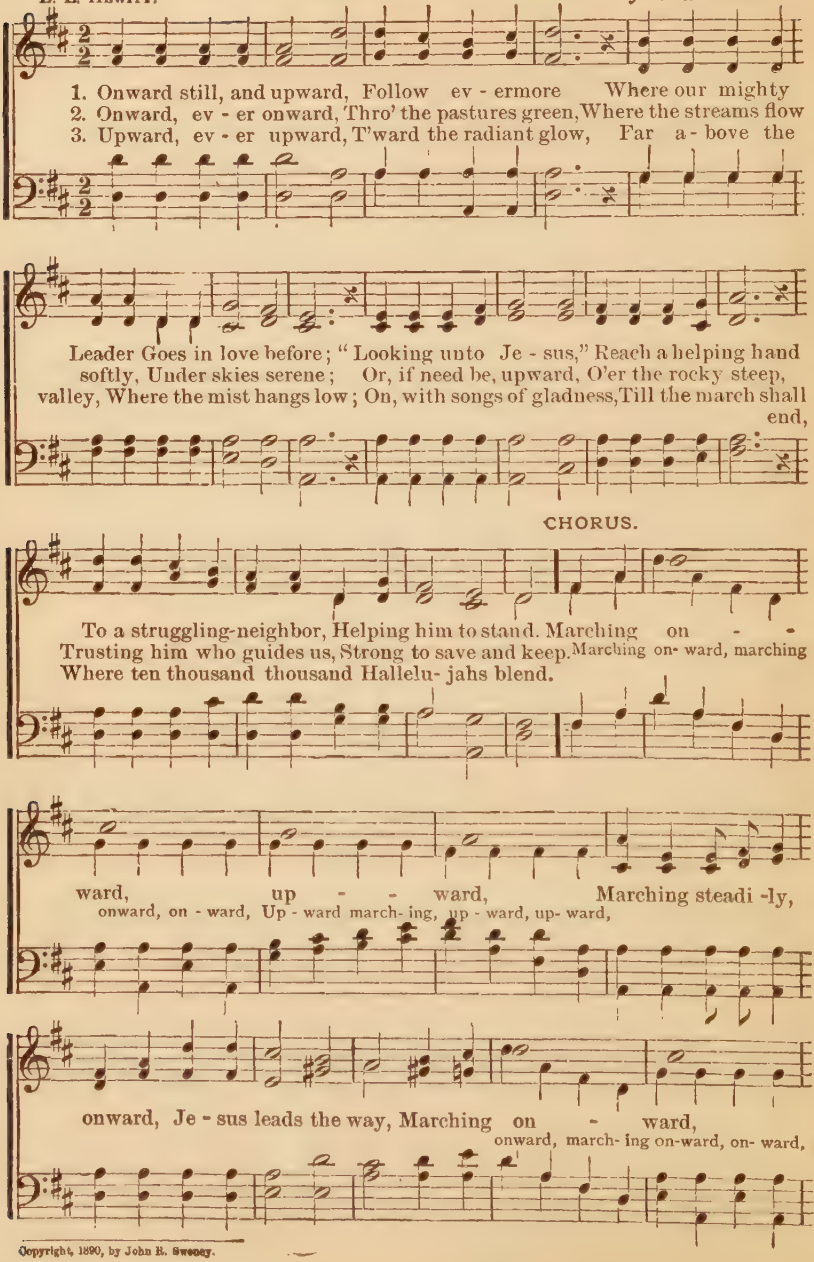
Onward and Upward.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Onward still, and upward, Follow ev - ermore Where our mighty
2. Onward, ev - er onward, Thro' the pastures green, Where the streams flow
3. Upward, ev - er upward, T'ward the radiant glow, Far a - bove the
Leader Goes in love before; "Looking unto Je - sus," Reach a helping hand
softly, Under skies serene; Or, if need be, upward, O'er the rocky steep,
valley, Where the mist hangs low; On, with songs of gladness, Till the march shall end,
CHORUS.
To a struggling-neighbor, Helping him to stand. Marching on - -
Trusting him who guides us, Strong to save and keep. Marching on- ward, marching
Where ten thousand thousand Hallelu- jahs blend.
ward, up - - ward, Marching steadi -ly,
onward, on - ward, Up - ward march- ing, up - ward, up- ward,
onward, Je - sus leads the way, Marching on - ward,
onward, march- ing on-ward, on- ward,

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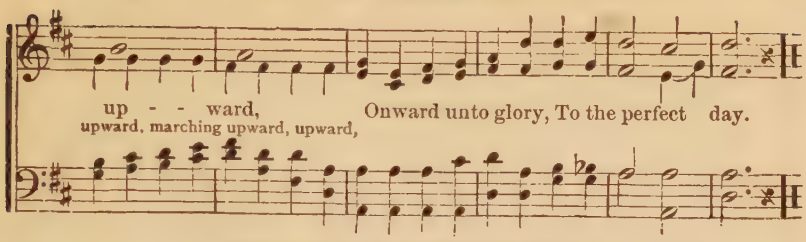
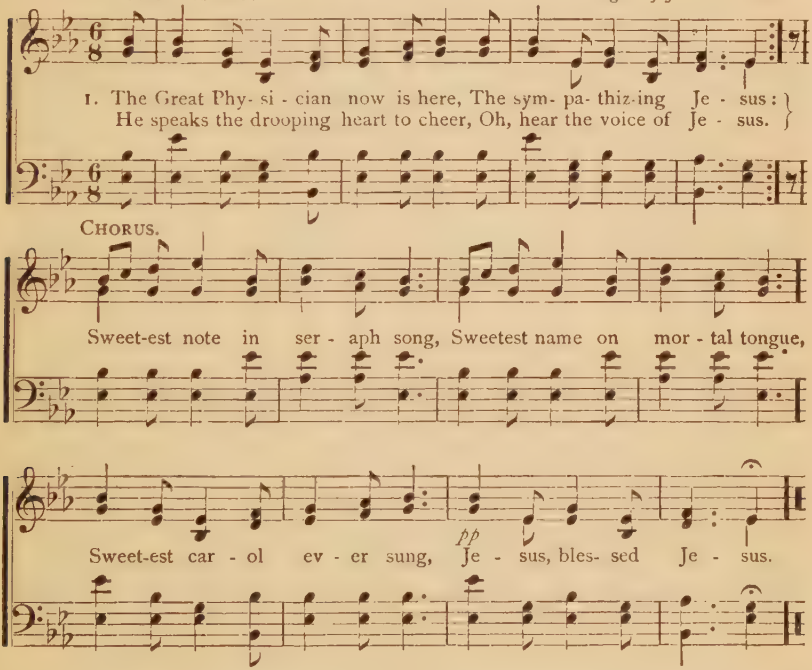


The Great Physician.

Rev Wm. H. Hunter, D. D. Arranged by J. H Stockton.


1. The Great Phy- si - cian now is here, The sym- pa- thiz-ing Je - sus:
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus.
Chorus.
Sweet-est note in ser - aph song, Sweetest name on mor - tal tongue,
Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung, pp Je - sus, bles- sed Je - sus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 The children too, both great and small,
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept his gracious call
To work and live for Jesus.

5 Come, brethren, help me sing his praise,
Oh, praise the name of Jesus;
Come, sisters, all your voices raise,
Oh, bless the name of Jesus.

6 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

7 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

Sing On.

CARRIE M. WILSON. JNO. R. SWENEY

1. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, Nor think the moments long;
2. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, While here on earth we stay
3. Sing on, ye joy - ful pil - grims, The time will not be long
My faith is heav'nward ris - ing With ev - 'ry tune - ful song;
Let songs of home and Je - sus Be - guile each fleet - ing day;
Till in our Fa - ther's king - dom We swell a no - bler song,
Lo! on the mount of bless - ing, The glo - rious mount! I stand,
Sing on the grand old sto - ry Of his re - deem - ing love,—
Where those we love are wait - ing To greet us on the shore,
And, look - ing o - ver Jor - dan, I see the promised land.
The ev - er - last - ing cho - rus That fills the realms a - bove.
We'll meet be - yond the riv - er, Where surg - es roll no more.

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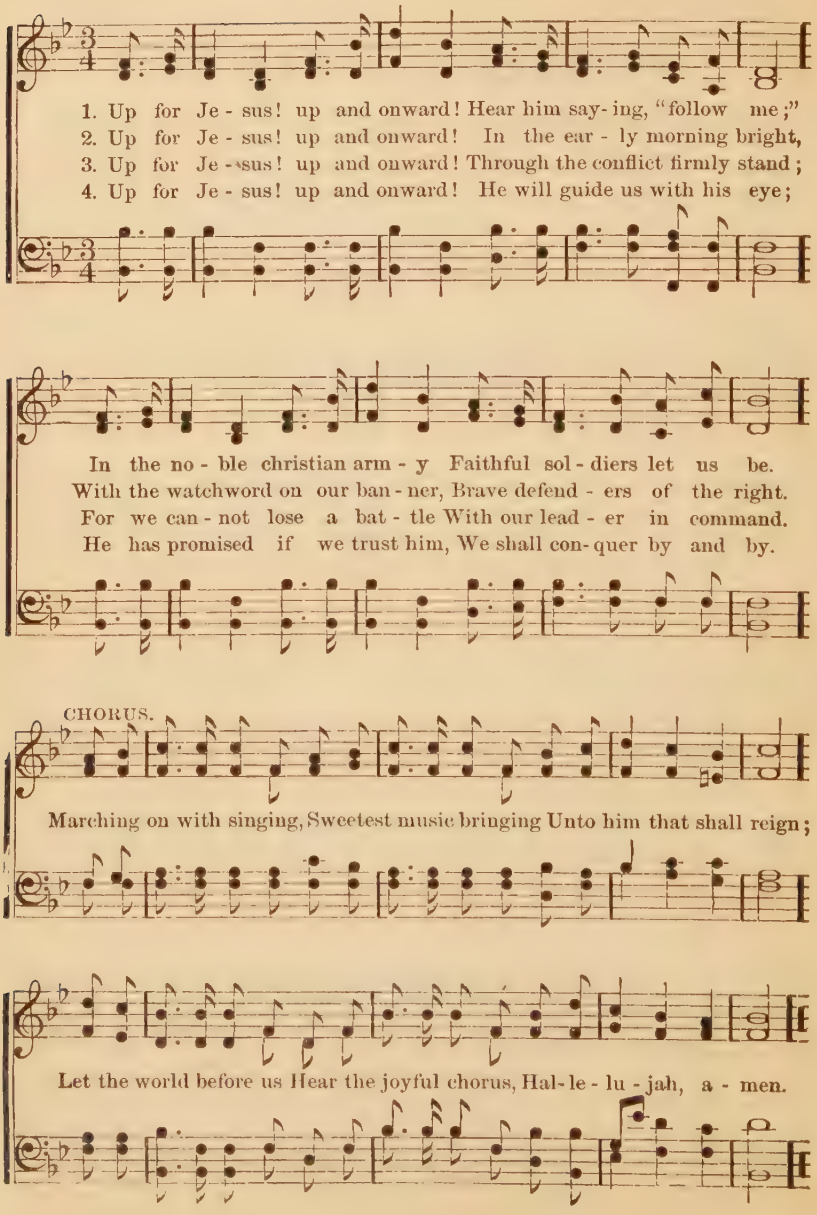
CHORUS.
Sing on; oh, bliss-ful mu - sic! With ev - 'ry note you raise
My heart is filled with rap-ture, My soul is lost in praise
Sing on; oh, bliss-ful mu - sic! With ev - 'ry note you raise
Sing on; bliss - ful, bliss - ful mu - sic,
My heart is filled with rap - ture, My soul is lost in praise.

Up and Onward.

SALLIE MARTIN. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Up for Je - sus! up and onward! Hear him say - ing, "follow me;"
2. Up for Je - sus! up and onward! In the ear - ly morning bright,
3. Up for Je - sus! up and onward! Through the conflict firmly stand;
4. Up for Je - sus! up and onward! He will guide us with his eye;
In the no - ble christian arm - y Faithful sol - diers let us be.
With the watchword on our ban - ner, Brave defend - ers of the right.
For we can - not lose a bat - tle With our lead - er in command.
He has promised if we trust him, We shall con - quer by and by.
CHORUS.
Marching on with singing, Sweetest music bringing Unto him that shall reign;
Let the world before us Hear the joyful chorus, Hal - le - lu - jah, a - men.

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Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell. By per.

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been redeemed, Of my Re-
2. I have a Christ that satis-fies, Since I have been redeemed, To do his
3. I have a Witness bright and clear, Since I have been redeemed, Dispelling
4. I have a joy I can't express, Since I have been redeemed, All thro' his
5. I have a home prepared for me, Since I have been redeemed, Where I shall
CHORUS.
deemer, Saviour King, Since I have been redeemed. Since I . . . have been re-
will my highest prize, Since I have been redeemed.
every doubt and fear, Since I have been redeemed.
blood and righteousness, Since I have been redeemed.
dwell e - ter - nal- ly, Since I have been redeemed. Since I have been redeemed, since
deemed, Since I have been redeemed, I will glory in his name, Since
I have been redeemed,
I . . . . have been redeemed, I will glory in the Saviour's name.
I have been redeemed, since I have been redeemed,

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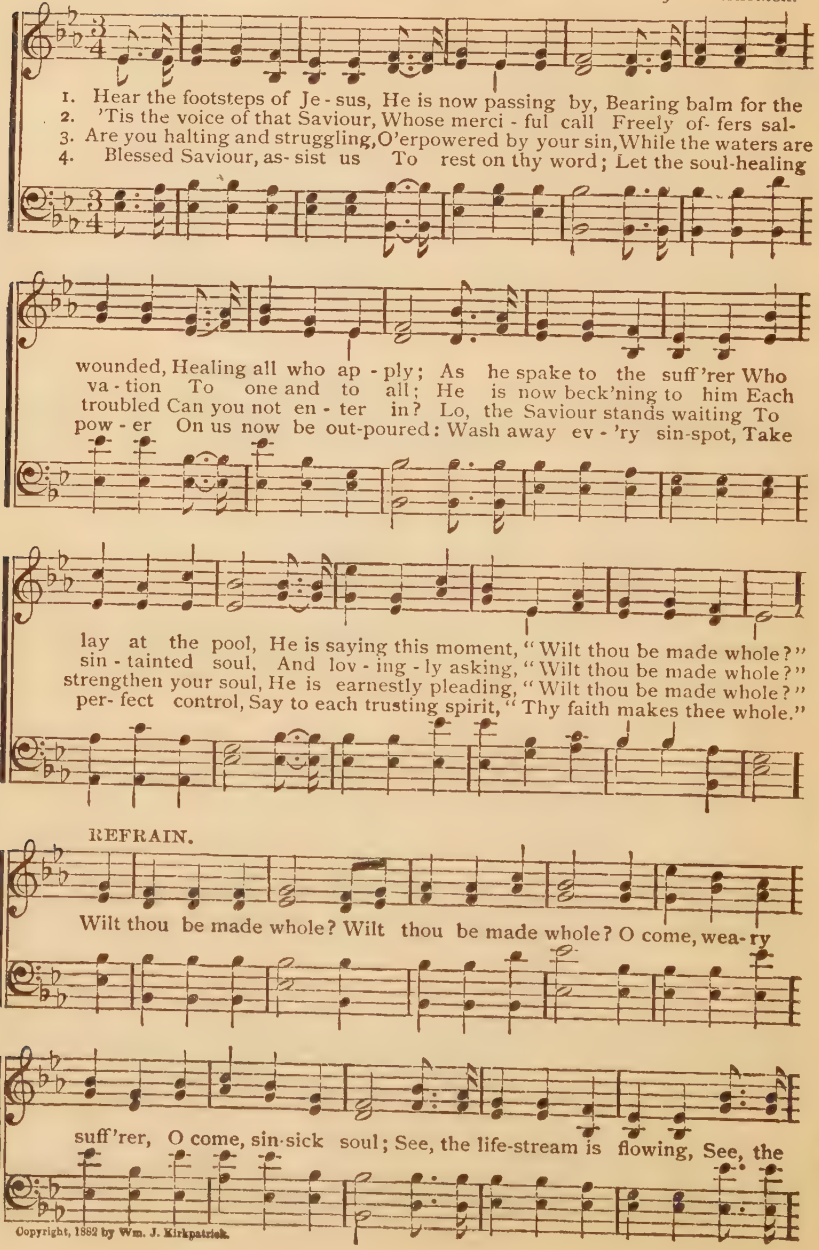
Wilt Thou be Made Whole?

W. J. K. Wm. J Kirkpatrick.


1. Hear the footsteps of Je - sus, He is now passing by, Bearing balm for the
2. 'Tis the voice of that Saviour, Whose merci - ful call Freely of- fers sal-
3. Are you halting and struggling, O'erpowered by your sin, While the waters are
4. Blessed Saviour, as- sist us To rest on thy word; Let the soul-healing
wounded, Healing all who ap - ply; As he spake to the suff'rer Who
va - tion To one and to all; He is now beck'ning to him Each
troubled Can you not en - ter in? Lo, the Saviour stands waiting To
pow - er On us now be out-poured: Wash away ev - 'ry sin-spot, Take
lay at the pool, He is saying this moment, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
sin - tainted soul, And lov - ing - ly asking, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
strengthen your soul, He is earnestly pleading, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
per- fect control, Say to each trusting spirit, "Thy faith makes thee whole."
REFRAIN.
Wilt thou be made whole? Wilt thou be made whole? O come, wea- ry
suff'rer, O come, sin-sick soul; See, the life-stream is flowing, See, the

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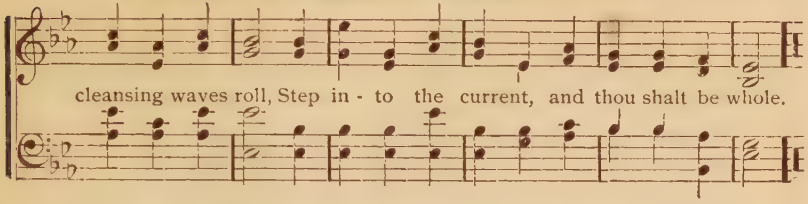
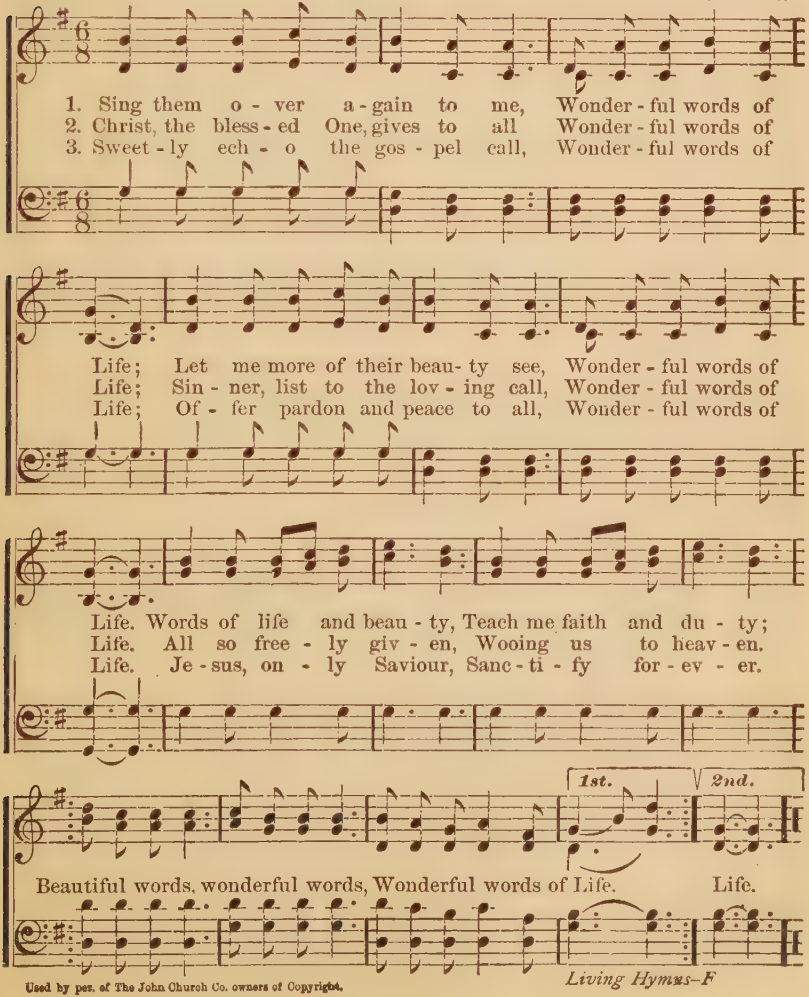


Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Wonder - ful words of
2. Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all Wonder - ful words of
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Wonder - ful words of
Life; Let me more of their beau - ty see, Wonder - ful words of
Life; Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Wonder - ful words of
Life; Of - fer pardon and peace to all, Wonder - ful words of
Life. Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
Life. All so free - ly giv - en, Wooing us to heav - en.
Life. Je - sus, on - ly Saviour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.
1st.
2nd.
Beautiful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life. Life.

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My Shepherd.

Rev. Joseph H. Martin. Ps. xxiii. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. The Lord . . is my shep - - herd, my keep - - er and
2. When-ev - - - er I wan - - der, and leave . . the true
1. The Lord is my shepherd, my keep-er and guide, The Lord is my shepherd, my
2. When-ev-er I wan-der, and leave the true way, When-ev-er I wander, and
guide, . . . My wants . . . he'll sup - ply, . . . and for
way, . . . And like . . . a lost sheep . . from the
keep-er and guide, My wants he'll sup-ply, and for me he'll pro - vide, My
leave the true way, And like a lost sheep from the flock go a - stray, And
me . . . he'll pro - vide; . . . In midst . . of green
flock . . . go a - stray; . . . My soul . . . he re-
wants he'll sup-ply, and for me he'll pro-vide; In midst of green pastures he
like a lost sheep from the flock go a - stray; My soul he restores to the
pas - - - tures he makes . . me to lie, ... Be-
stores . . to the path . . that is right, . . . He-
makes me to lie, In midst of green pas-tures he makes me to lie, Be-
path that is right, My soul he restores to the path that is right, He

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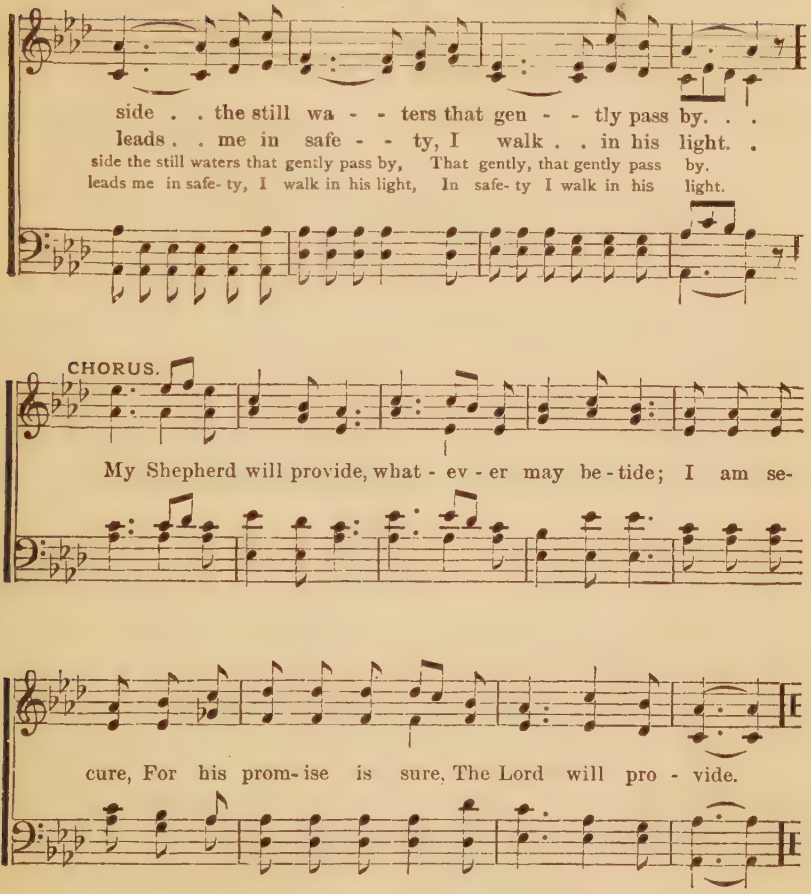
side . . the still wa - - ters that gen - - tly pass by. . .
leads . . me in safe - - ty, I walk . . in his light. .
side the still waters that gently pass by, That gently, that gently pass by.
leads me in safe- ty, I walk in his light, In safe- ty I walk in his light.
CHORUS.
My Shepherd will provide, what - ev - er may be - tide; I am se-
cure, For his prom- ise is sure, The Lord will pro - vide.

3 When called to surrender my faltering breath,
And pass through the vale of the shadow of death,
The presence of Jesus will brighten the tomb,
With hope and with gladness dispelling its gloom,
With gladness dispelling its gloom.

4 For me his free bounty a table has spread;
And blessings unmeasured he pours on my head;
My cup with abundance and joy overflows;
He dries all my tears, and he heals all my woes.
He heals all my woes, all my woes.

5 His goodness and mercy shall crown all my days,
My mouth shall be filled with thanksgiving and praise;
I'll dwell in his temple of glory above,
And sing evermore of his grace and his love.
And sing of his grace and his love.

Only a Beam of Sunshine.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. On - ly a beam of sunshine, But oh, it was warm and bright; The
heart of a wea - ry trav - 'ler Was cheered by its welcome sight.
On - ly a beam of sunshine That fell from the arch a - bove, And
ten- der - ly, soft - ly whispered A message of peace and love.
2. On - ly a beam of sunshine, That in - to a dwelling crept, Where,
o - ver a fad - ing rose - bud, A mother her vig - il kept.
On - ly a beam of sunshine That smiled thro' her falling tears, And
showed her the bow of promise, Forgot - ten perhaps for years.
3. On - ly a word for Je - sus! Oh, speak it in his dear name; To
per - ishing souls a- round you The message of love pro - claim.
Go, like the faithful sunbeam, Your mission of joy ful - fil; Re-
member the Saviour's promise, That he will be with you still.
CHORUS.
On - ly a word for Je - sus, On - ly a whispered prayer

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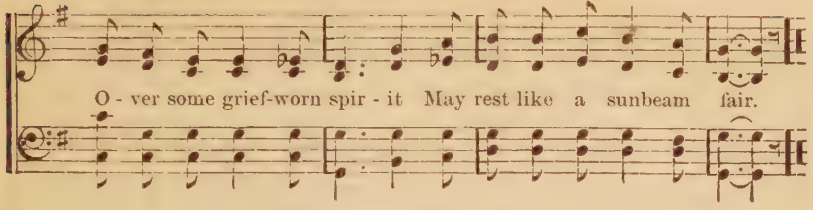
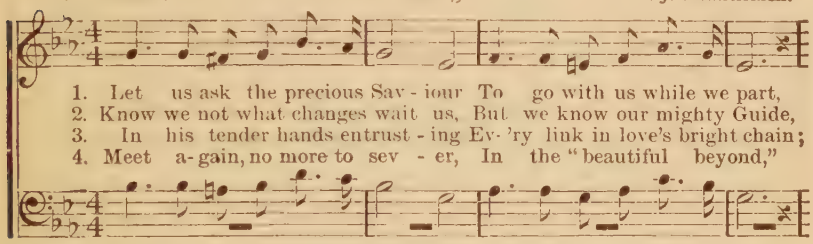
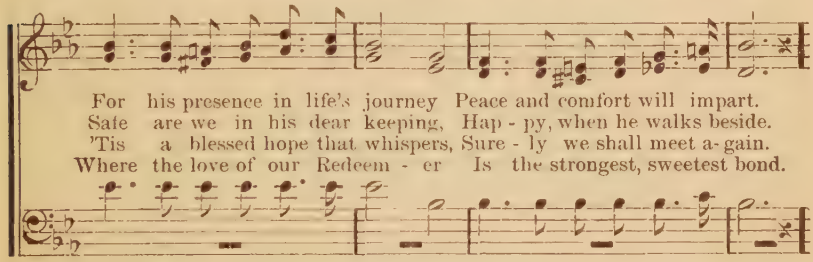
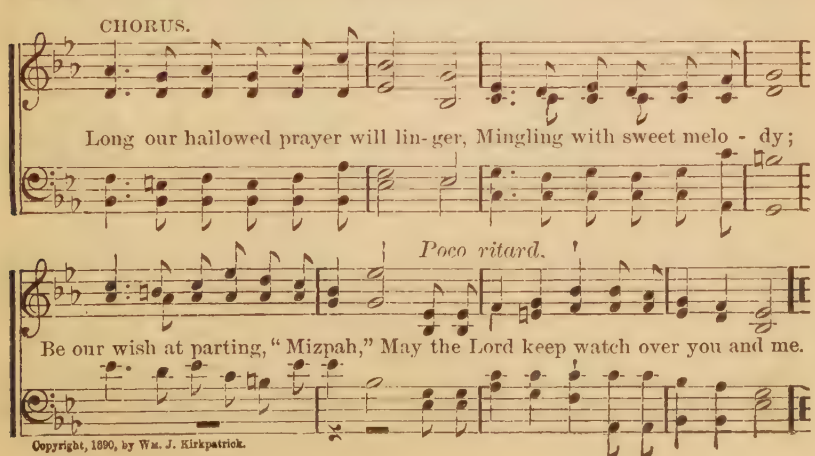


"Mizpah."

"Mizpah; . . The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another."
E. E. Hewitt. Gen. xxxi. 49. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Let us ask the precious Sav - iour To go with us while we part,
2. Know we not what changes wait us, But we know our mighty Guide,
3. In his tender hands entrust - ing Ev-'ry link in love's bright chain;
4. Meet a-gain, no more to sev - er, In the "beautiful beyond,"


For his presence in life's journey Peace and comfort will impart.
Safe are we in his dear keeping, Hap - py, when he walks beside.
'Tis a blessed hope that whispers, Sure - ly we shall meet a-gain.
Where the love of our Redeem - er Is the strongest, sweetest bond.


CHORUS.
Long our hallowed prayer will lin-ger, Mingling with sweet melo - dy;
Poco ritard.
Be our wish at parting, "Mizpah," May the Lord keep watch over you and me.

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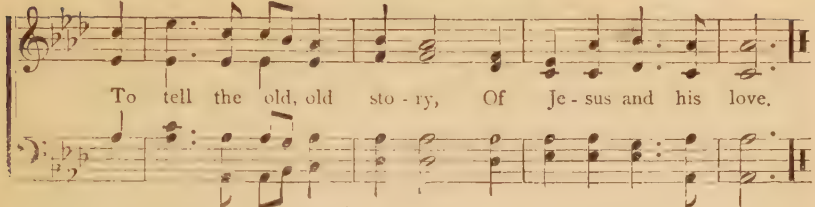
I Love to Tell the Story.

MISS KATE HANKEY. W. G. FISCHER. By per.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove,
2. I love to tell the sto - ry! More won - der- ful it seems
Of Je - sus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love!
Than all the gold- en fan - cies Of all our golden dreams
I love to tell the sto - ry! Be - cause I know it's true;
I love to tell the sto - ry! It did so much for me!
It sat - is - fies my long-ings As no - thing else would do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
CHORUS.
I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,

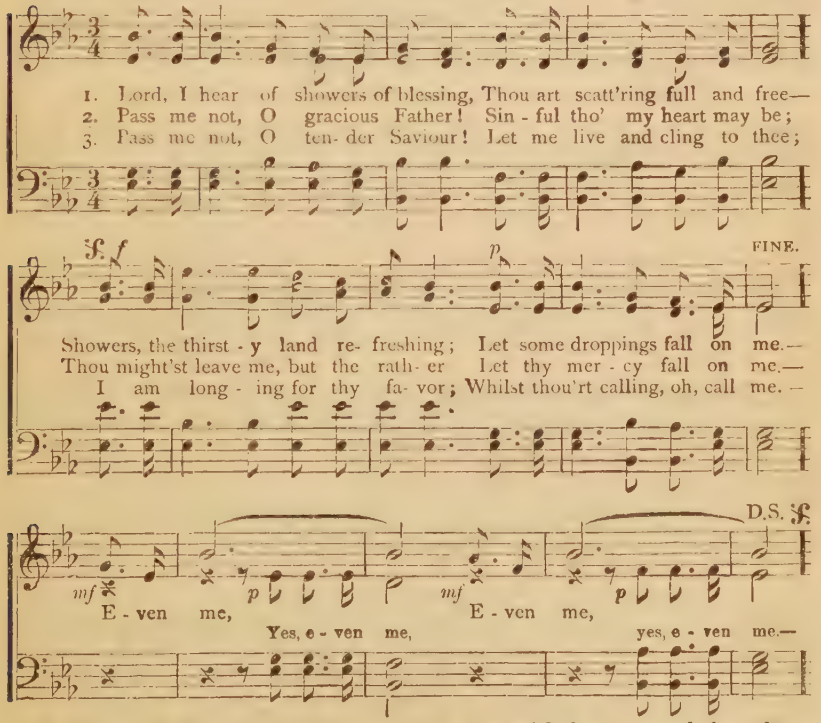


3 I love to tell the story!
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own Holy Word.

4 I love to tell the story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the *New, New Song*,
'Twill be the *Old, Old Story*,
That I have loved so long.

Even Me.

MRS. E. CODNER. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Lord, I hear of showers of blessing, Thou art scatt'ring full and free—
2. Pass me not, O gracious Father! Sin - ful tho' my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O ten- der Saviour! Let me live and cling to thee;
f. p
FINE.
Showers, the thirst - y land re- freshing; Let some droppings fall on me.—
Thou might'st leave me, but the rath- er Let thy mer - cy fall on me.—
I am long - ing for thy fa- vor; Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me.—
D.S.
mf p mf p
E - ven me, E - ven me,
Yes, e - ven me, yes, e - ven me.—

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou can'st make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me,—
Even me, even me. etc.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me,—
Even me, even me, etc.

We are More than Conquerors.

"Stand ye still, and see the salvation of the Lord." 2 Chron. xx. 17.

Mrs. Flora B. Harris. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. What shall separate us From the love that bought us? Shall the pangs of anguish
2. Things to come or present, Whatso'er betide us,—Life nor death shall ever
3. Depths that are beneath us, Heights that are above us, Have no power to sunder
Which the cross hath wrought us? Doubtings and distresses, Fier - y tri - als
From our Lord divide us; Angels, powers, do - min - ions, These shall fall be-
Since he stooped to love us. Prince of our Redemp - tion, Sons to glo - ry
prove us; Yet am I per - suad - ed, None of these shall move us.
fore us; Clothed in his sal - va - tion, With his banner o'er us.
bring - ing, Thou hast made from sin - ners Victors, crowned and singing.
CHORUS.
We are more than conquerors, More, yea, more; We are more than conquerors,
More, yea, more, more, yea, more;
More, yea, more; We are more than conquerors, We are more than
More, yea, more, more, yea, more;

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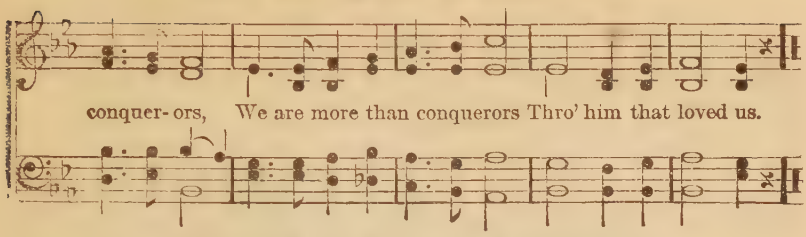
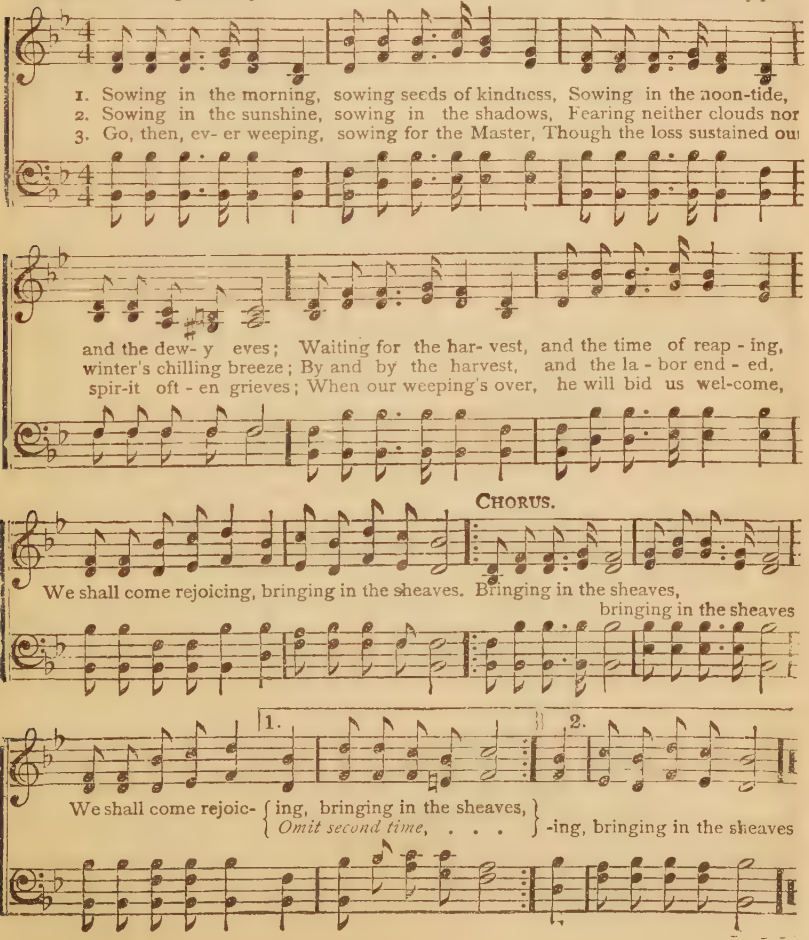


Bringing in the Sheaves.

"The harvest is the end of the world."—Matt. xiii. 39.

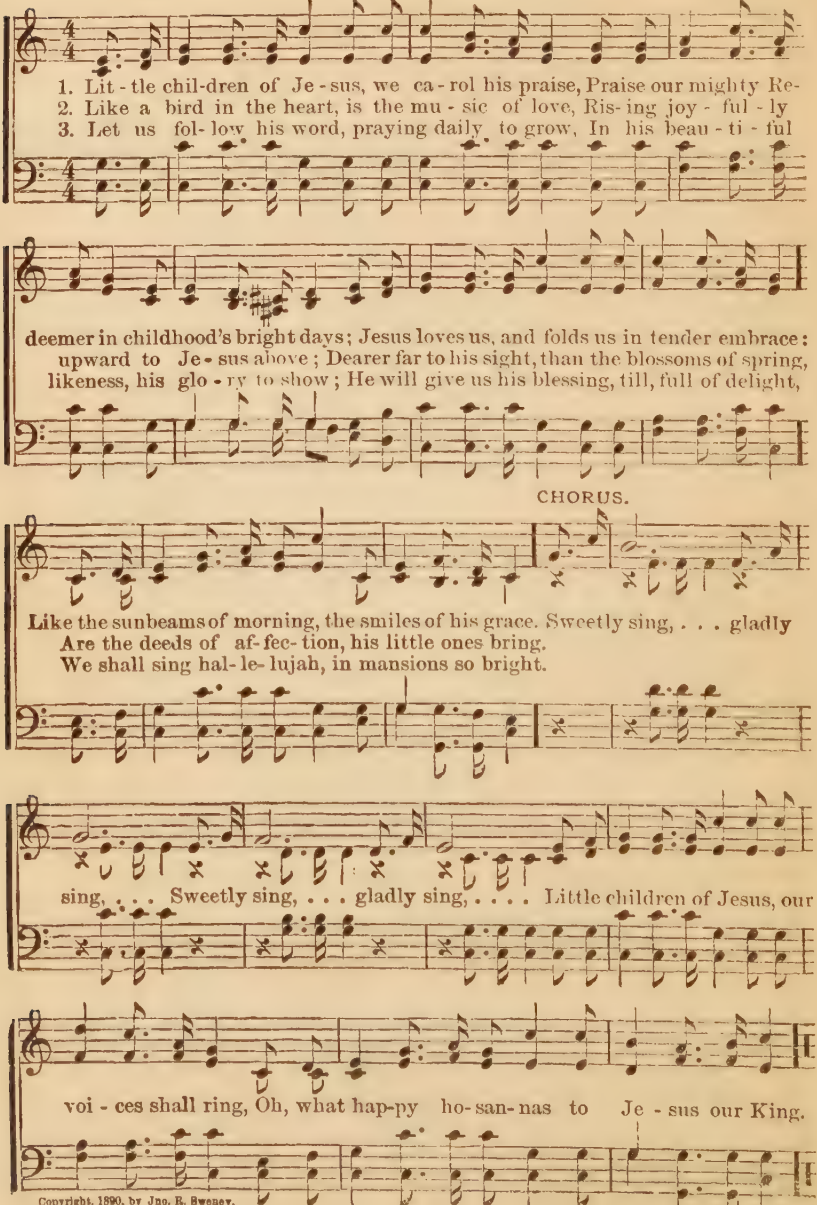
Words from "Songs of Glory." GEO. A. MINOR. By per.


1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noon-tide,
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go, then, ev- er weeping, sowing for the Master, Though the loss sustained ou
and the dew- y eves; Waiting for the har- vest, and the time of reap - ing,
winter's chilling breeze; By and by the harvest, and the la - bor end - ed,
spir-it oft - en grieves; When our weeping's over, he will bid us wel-come,
CHORUS.
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,
bringing in the sheaves
1.
2.
We shall come rejoic- { ing, bringing in the sheaves,
Omit second time, . . . }
-ing, bringing in the sheaves

Little Children of Jesus.

LIDIE E. HEWITT.

JOSEPHINE H. SWENEY.
(11 years of age.)


1. Lit - tle chil-dren of Je - sus, we ca - rol his praise, Praise our mighty Re-
2. Like a bird in the heart, is the mu - sic of love, Ris-ing joy - ful - ly
3. Let us fol- low his word, praying daily to grow, In his beau - ti - ful
deemer in childhood's bright days; Jesus loves us, and folds us in tender embrace:
upward to Je - sus above; Dearer far to his sight, than the blossoms of spring,
likeness, his glo - ry to show; He will give us his blessing, till, full of delight,
CHORUS.
Like the sunbeams of morning, the smiles of his grace. Sweetly sing, . . . gladly
Are the deeds of af-fec-tion, his little ones bring.
We shall sing hal-le-lujah, in mansions so bright.
sing, . . . Sweetly sing, . . . gladly sing, ... Little children of Jesus, our
voi - ces shall ring, Oh, what hap-py ho-san-nas to Je - sus our King.

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A Blessing in Prayer.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. There is rest, sweet rest, at the Master's feet, There is favor now at the
2. There is grace to help in our time of need, For our friend above is a
3. When our songs are glad with the joy of life, When our hearts are sad with its
4. There is perfect peace though the wild waves roll; There are gifts of love for the
mer - cy seat, For a - ton - ing blood has been sprinkled there; There is
friend in- deed, We may cast on him ev- 'ry grief and care; There is
ills and strife, When the powers of sin would the soul ensnare, There is
seek - ing soul; Till we praise the Lord in his home so fair, There is
REFRAIN.
always a blessing, a blessing in prayer. There's a blessing in prayer, in be -
lieving prayer; When our Saviour's name to the throne we bear, Then a Father's
love will receive us there; There is always a blessing, a blessing in prayer.

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Home at Last.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Melody by M Lindsay.
Arr. by W. J. K.

1. Hark the song of ho - ly rap - ture, Hear it break from yonder strand,
2. Oh, the long and sweet re-un - ion, Where the bells of time shall cease,
3. Look beyond, the skies are clear- ing; See, the mist dis-solves a - way;
Where our friends for us are wait- ing, In the gold - en, sum-mer land;
Oh, the greet- ing, endless greet-ing, On the ver- nal heights of peace;
Soon our eyes will catch the dawning Of a bright, ce - les - tial day;
They have reach'd the port of glo - ry, O'er the Jor-dan they have passed,
Where the hop- ing and des-pond- ing Of the wea - ry heart are past,
Soon the shadows will be lift - ed That around us now are cast.
And with mil-,lions they are shout- ing, Home at last, home at last:
And we en - ter life e - ter- nal,—Home at last, home at last:
And re - joic - ing we shall gath - er Home at last, home at last:
And with mil- lions they are shout-ing, Home at last, home at last.
And we en - ter life e - ter- nal,—Home at last, home at last.
And re - joic - ing we shall gath - er Home at last, home at last.

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Is my Name written There?

M. A. K. FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neither sil - ver nor gold; I would make sure of
2. Lord, my sins they are ma-ny, Like the sands of the sea, But thy blood, Oh, my
3. Oh! that beau-ti - ful cit - y, With its mansions of light, With its glo - ri - fied
heaven, I would en - ter the fold. In the book of thy kingdom, With its
Sa-viour! Is suf - fi-cient for me; For thy promise is written, In bright
be - ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e- vil thing cometh, To de -
pa - ges so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav- iour, Is my name written there?
let - ters that glow, "Though your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."
spoil what is fair; Where the angels are watching,—Is my name written there?
CHORUS.
Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?
In the book of thy king - dom, Is my name writ - ten there?

Oh, to be over Yonder.

"In thy presence is fulness of joy."
Ps. xvi. 11.

Miss Florence C. Armstrong. Geo. C. Stebbins.

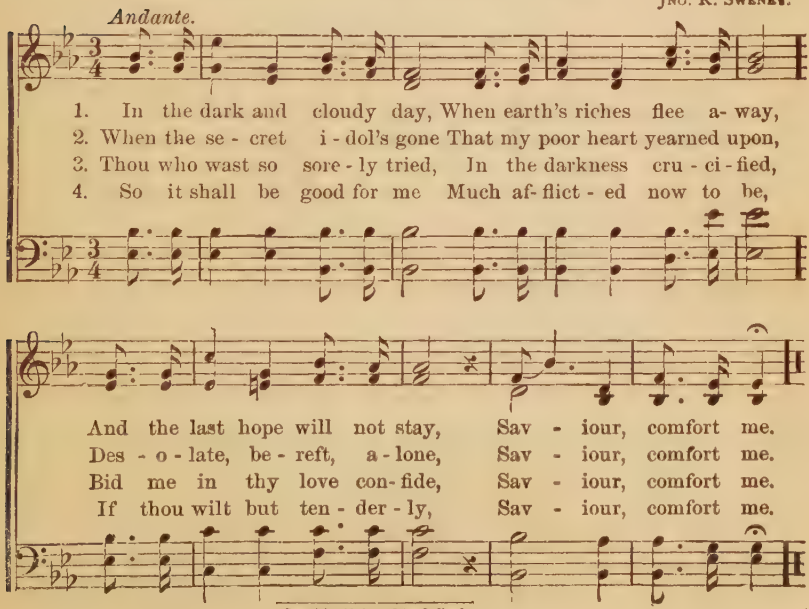
1. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! In that land of won - der,
2. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! My yearning heart grows fond - er
3. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! A - las! I sigh and won - der
4. Oh, when shall I be dwell - ing Where an - gel voic - es, swell - ing
5. Oh, I shall soon be yon - der, Tho' lone - ly here I wan - der,
Where the an - gel voic - es min - gle, And the an - gel harp-ers ring;
Of look-ing to the east, to see The blessed day-star bring
Why clings my poor, weak, sin - ful heart To an - y earth-ly thing;
In triumphant hal - le - lu - jahs, Make the vaulted heavens ring?
Yearning for the welcome sum - mer—Longing for the bird's fleet wing;
To be free from pain and sor - row, And the anxious, dread to-mor - row,
Some tid - ings of the wak - ing, The cloudless, pure day breaking;
Each tie of earth must sev - er, And pass a-way for - ev - er;
Where the pearly gates are gleaming, And the morning-star is beam - ing?
The midnight may be drea - ry, And the heart be worn and wea - ry,
To rest in light and sunshine In the presence of the King.
My heart is yearning—yearning For the com - ing of the King.
But there's no more separ - a - tion In the presence of the King.
Oh, when shall I be yon - der, In the presence of the King?
But there's no more shadow yon - der In the presence of the King.

By per. of Geo. C. Stebbins, owner of copyright.

Oh, ... to be o - ver yon - der, In . . . . that land of won-der,
Oh, to be o - - ver yon-der, yon-der, In that land, that land of wonder,
There . . . to be for - ev - er In the presence of the King.
There to be for - - ev - er

Saviour, Comfort Me.

JNO. R. SWENEY.


Andante.
1. In the dark and cloudy day, When earth's riches flee a- way,
2. When the se - cret i - dol's gone That my poor heart yearned upon,
3. Thou who wast so sore - ly tried, In the darkness cru - ci - fied,
4. So it shall be good for me Much af- flict - ed now to be,
And the last hope will not stay, Sav - iour, comfort me.
Des - o - late, be - reft, a - lone, Sav - iour, comfort me.
Bid me in thy love con- fide, Sav - iour, comfort me.
If thou wilt but ten - der - ly, Sav - iour, comfort me.

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Church Rallying Song.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Awake! awake! the Master now is call-ing us, A-rise! a-rise! and,
2. A cry for light from dying ones in heathen lands: It comes, it comes, a-
3. O Church of God, extend thy kind, maternal arms To save the lost on
4. Look up! look up! the promised day is drawing near, When all shall hail, shall
trusting in his word, Go forth, go forth! proclaim the year of ju-bi-lee, And
cross the ocean's foam; Then haste, oh, haste to spread the words of truth abroad, For-
mountains dark and cold, Reach out thy hand with loving smile to rescue them, And
hail the Saviour King, When peace and joy shall fold their wings in ev'ry clime, And
CHORUS.
take the cross, the blessed cross, of Christ our Lord. On, on, swell the
get-ting not the starving poor at home, dear home.
bring them to the shelter of the Saviour's fold.
"Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah," o'er the earth shall ring. On, on, on,
cho-rus; On, on, the morning star is shin-ing o'er us;
swell the cho-rus, On, on, on,

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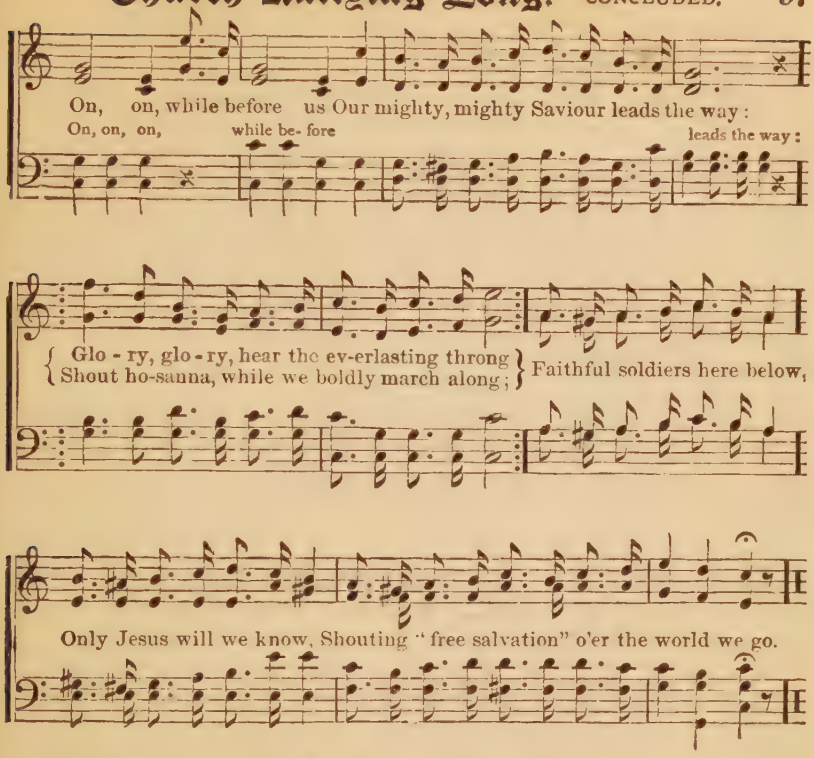
On, on, while before us Our mighty, mighty Saviour leads the way:
On, on, on, while be- fore leads the way:
Glo - ry, glo - ry, hear the ev-erlasting throng
Shout ho-sanna, while we boldly march along;
Faithful soldiers here below,
Only Jesus will we know, Shouting "free salvation" o'er the world we go.

F. J. C. **Christmas Carol.—Awake! awake!** Tune above

1 Awake! awake! our festive day is dawning now,
Awake! awake! and hail its golden light;
Rejoice! rejoice! behold the Sun of Righteousness
Arising in its beauty o'er a long, long night.

Uho.—Come, come, join the chorus,
Come, come, the angel hosts are bending o'er us;
Come, come, join the chorus,—
All glory be to God, to God above,
Oh, the rapture of the bright angelic form,
Oh, the rapture while the anthem rolls along.
Hark! the merry, merry bells,
Everywhere their music swells;
Hark! the merry chiming of the grand old bells.

2 Good news, good news resounding o'er the earth again,
Good news, good news: behold a Saviour born;
Make room, make room in every heart to welcome him,
And shout aloud, hosanna! on his birthday morn.

4 He comes, he comes, the captive's cruel chain to break,
He comes, he comes to give his people rest;
Break forth, break forth, his mighty, mighty love proclaim;
In him shall every nation, every clime be blessed.

From "Hood's Carols," by per.

Awake, O Heart of Mine.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "Awake, awake, utter a song."—Judges 5: 12. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Awake, a - wake, O heart of mine, Sing praise to God a - bove;
2. Redeemed by him, my Lord and King, Who saves me day by day;
3. O love, unchang - ing and sublime! Not all the hosts a - bove
Take up the song of end- less years, And shout redeem- ing love;
My life and all its ransomed powers Could ne'er his love re- pay;
Can reach the height or sound the depth Of God's e - ter- nal love;
Redeemed by him who bore my sins, When on the cross he died;
And yet his mer - cy condescends My hum - ble gift to own,
This wondrous love enfolds the world, It fills the realms above;
Redeemed and purchased with his blood, Redeemed and sanc - ti - fied.
And thro' the rich - es of his grace, He brings me near his throne.
'Tis boundless as eter - ni- ty, 'Tis God, and God is love.
CHORUS.
Awake, awake, . . . O heart of mine, . . . Sing praise, sing

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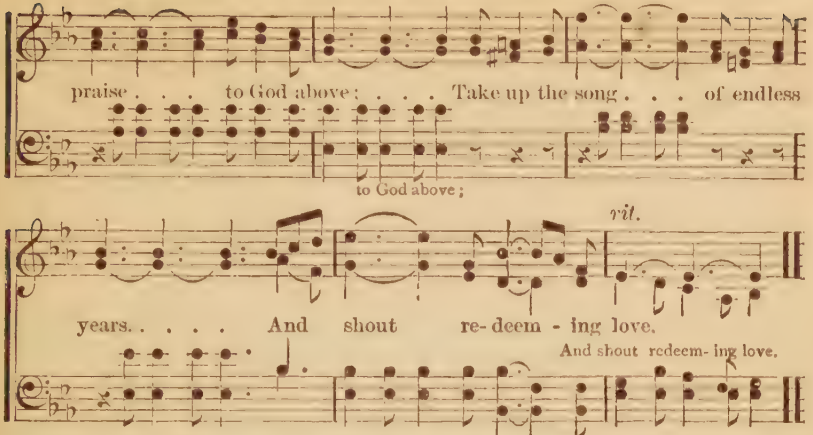

Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. "I will glorify thy name forevermore." Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so wondrously saved from sin, Je - sus so sweetly a-
3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin! I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the
8:
sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap- plied; Glo - ry to his
bides within; There at the cross where he took me in; Glo - ry to his
entered in; There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo - ry to his
Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo - ry to his
D.S.—There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to his
Fine. CHORUS.
D.S.
name. Glo - ry to his name, Glo - ry to his name;

The Whole Wide World.

Rev. J. Demster Hammond

Wm. J Kirkpatrick.

1. The whole wide world for Jesus, This shall our watchword be, Upon the highest
2 The whole wide world for Jesus, Inspires us with the thought That ev'ry son of
3. The whole wide world for Jesus, The marching order sound, Go ye and preach the
4. The whole wide world for Jesus, In the Father's home above Are many wondrous
mountain, Down by the widest sea. The whole wide world for Je - sus, To
Adam Hath by the blood been bought. The whole wide world for Jesus, O
gos - pel Wherev - er man is found. The whole wide world for Je - sus, Our
mansions, Mansions of light and love. The whole wide world for Je - sus, Ride
him all men shall bow, In ci - ty or on prairie, The world for Jesus now.
faint not by the way! The cross shall surely conquer In this our glorious day.
banner is unfurled, We bat - tle now for Jesus, And faith demands the world.
forth, O conquering king, Thro' all the mighty nations, The world to glory bring.
CHORUS.
The whole wide world, the whole wide world, Proclaim the gos - pel
tid - ings thro' the whole wide world, Lift up the cross for Je - sus, His

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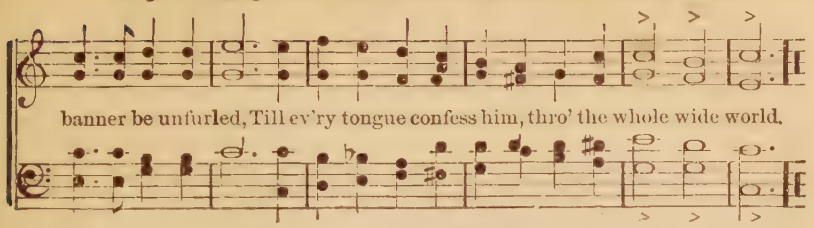

Eternity!—Where?

A young man was working alone in a large room in which was a big clock, the loud ticking of which seemed to frame itself into the words, "Eternity!—where?" Unable to endure any longer the reflections thus awakened, he arose and stopped the clock; but the question, "Eternity!—where?" still so haunted him, that he threw down his work, and hurrying home, determined that he would not allow anything to engage his thoughts till he could satisfactorily answer that searching question, "Eternity!—where?"

JNO. R SWENEY.

1. "E - ter - nity!—where?" It floats in the air; Amid clam - or or
2. "E - ter - nity!—where?" Oh! Eternity!—where? With redeemed ones in
3. "E - ter - nity!—where?" Oh! how can you share The world's giddy
4. "E - ter - nity!—where?" Oh! friend, have a care; Soon God will no
5. "E - ter - nity!—where?" Oh! Eter - nity!—where? Friend, sleep not, nor
si - lence it ev - er is there! The ques - tion so solemn—"E-
glo - ry? or fiends in de - spair? With one or the oth - er—"E-
pleasures, or heed - less - ly dare Do aught till you set - tle—"E-
long - er his judgment for - bear; This day may de - cide your "E-
take in the world an - y share, Till you answer this question—"E-
rit. e dim.
ter - nity!—where?" The question so solemn—"E - ter - nity!—where?"
ter - nity!—where?" With one or the oth - er—"E - ter - nity!—where?"
ter - nity!—where?" Do aught till you settle—"E - ter - nity!—where?"
ter - nity!—where?" This day may decide your "E - ter - nity!—where?"
ter - nity!—where?" Till you answer this question—"Eternity!—where?"

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Passing Homeward.

FRANK GOULD. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Passing homeward, O how gladly Comes the life-boat to the land,
2. Passing homeward, O the prospect Of a morrow clear and bright,
3. See the faithful Christian warriors, Passing homeward to their rest,
With its freight of souls re-joicing, As they reach the shining strand!
Where from lips that say "good morning," We shall nev-er hear "good night."
With the blessed name of Je-sus On their ban-ner's waving crest.
Passing homeward, passing homeward, Lo, from ev-'ry clime they come,
Where the patient, si-lent worker With his humble sheaves will stand,
Passing homeward, O how joy-ful, Passing homeward one by one!
While the choral bells of E-den Ring their happy welcome home.
And receive a crown of jewels, At the dear Re-deemer's hand.
In the upper fold they gather, Trials ended, la-bor done.
CHORUS.
Passing home to Jesus, our Saviour, Passing home from sorrow and
Passing home
Passing home

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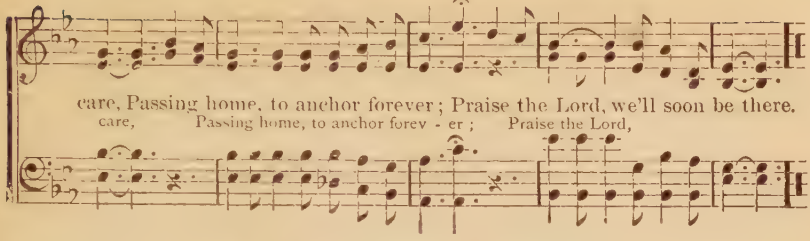
care, Passing home, to anchor forever; Praise the Lord, we'll soon be there.
care, Passing home, to anchor forev - er; Praise the Lord,

The Prodigal Child.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates. "I will arise, and go to my father." W. H. Doane.

1. Come home! come home! You are weary at heart, For the way has been
2. Come home! come home! For we watch and we wait, And we stand at the
dark, And so lonely and wild. O prod - i- gal child! Come
gate, While the shadows are piled. O prod - i- gal child! Come
CHORUS.
rit.
home! oh, come home! Come home! Come, oh come home!
Come, oh come home, come home!
Come home, come home!

3 Come home! come home!
From the sorrow and blame,
From the sin and the shame,
And the tempter that smiled,
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh come home!

4 Come home! come home!
There is bread and to spare,
And a warm welcome there,
Then, to friends reconciled,
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh come home.

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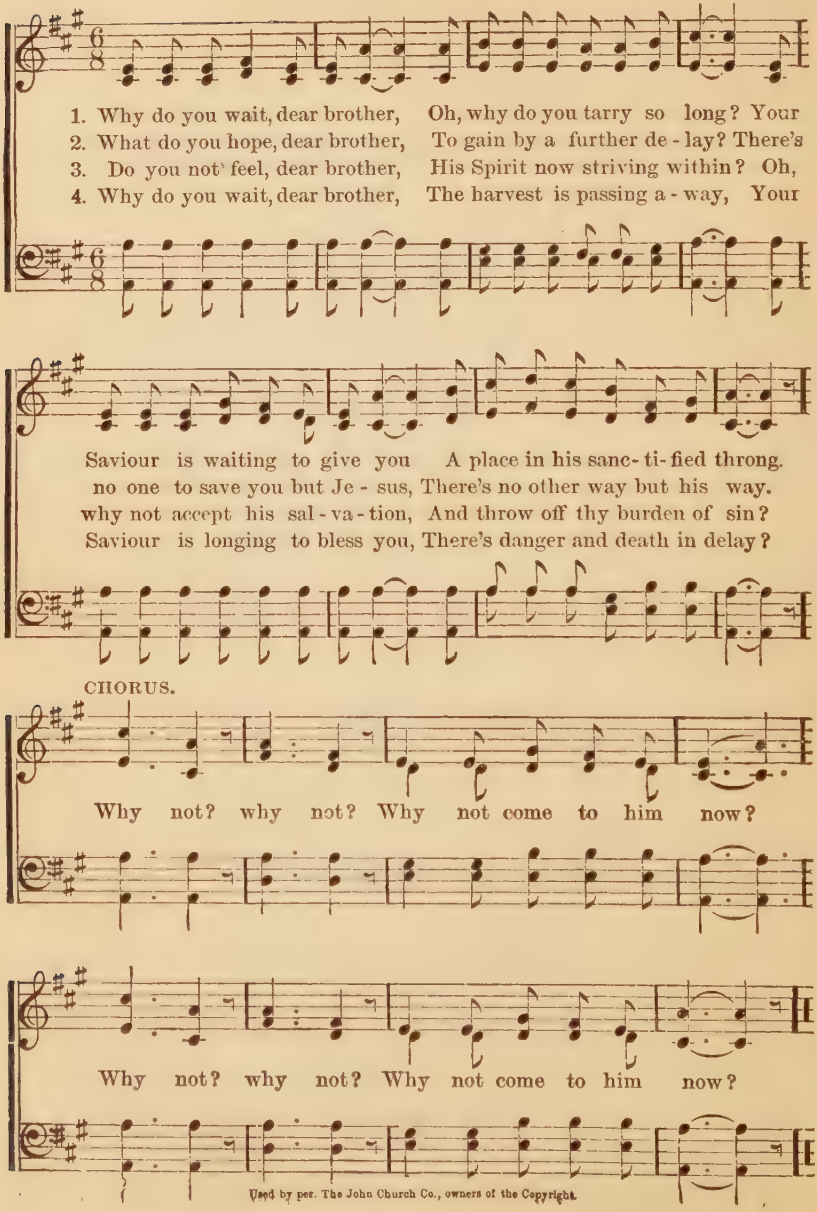
Why do You Wait?

G. F. R. "Arise, he calleth thee."—Mark x. 49. Geo. F. Root.


1. Why do you wait, dear brother, Oh, why do you tarry so long? Your
2. What do you hope, dear brother, To gain by a further de-lay? There's
3. Do you not feel, dear brother, His Spirit now striving within? Oh,
4. Why do you wait, dear brother, The harvest is passing a-way, Your
Saviour is waiting to give you A place in his sanc-ti-fied throng.
no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no other way but his way.
why not accept his sal-va-tion, And throw off thy burden of sin?
Saviour is longing to bless you, There's danger and death in delay?
CHORUS.
Why not? why not? Why not come to him now?
Why not? why not? Why not come to him now?

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Casting Your Care Upon Him.

JAMES L. BLACK. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Child of God, be not discouraged, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord;
2. O'er the dark and troubled waters, Tho' you oft may stem the tide,
3. Child of God, no power can harm you, Naught of ill your soul molest,
4. Soon your eyes wi'h joy will see him, Soon your feet will press the shore,
With a cheer - ful, lov - ing spir - it Read and trust his gracious word.
Not a - lone you brave the temptest,—He is there your Friend and Guide.
Casting all your care on Je - sus, In his arms you safe - ly rest.
Where the saints redeemed are waiting, And the storms of life are o'er.
CHORUS.
Cast-ing all . . . . . your care upon him, ... When your
Cast - ing all your care upon him, Cast - ing all your care upon him, When your
skies . . . with clouds are dim, . . . You will find . . . the promise
skies with clouds are dim, When your skies with clouds are dim, You will find the promise
true, ... Je - sus careth, Je - sus car - eth still for you. . . . .
true, the promise true, careth for you.

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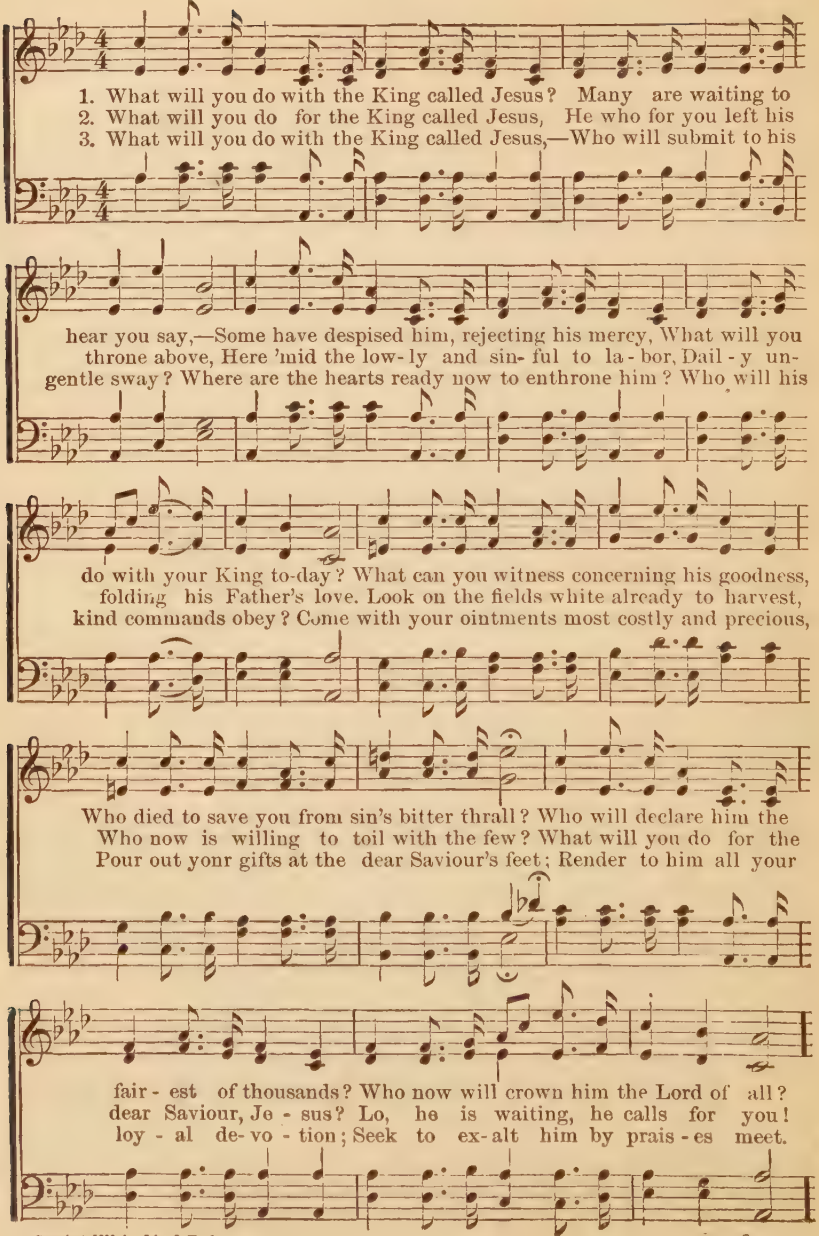
What will You do?

F. G. Burroughs. Adam Geibel.


1. What will you do with the King called Jesus? Many are waiting to
2. What will you do for the King called Jesus, He who for you left his
3. What will you do with the King called Jesus,—Who will submit to his
hear you say,—Some have despised him, rejecting his mercy, What will you
throne above, Here 'mid the low-ly and sin-ful to la-bor, Dail-y un-
gentle sway? Where are the hearts ready now to enthrone him? Who will his
do with your King to-day? What can you witness concerning his goodness,
folding his Father's love. Look on the fields white already to harvest,
kind commands obey? Come with your ointments most costly and precious,
Who died to save you from sin's bitter thrall? Who will declare him the
Who now is willing to toil with the few? What will you do for the
Pour out your gifts at the dear Saviour's feet; Render to him all your
fair-est of thousands? Who now will crown him the Lord of all?
dear Saviour, Je-sus? Lo, he is waiting, he calls for you!
loy-al de-vo-tion; Seek to ex-alt him by prais-es meet.

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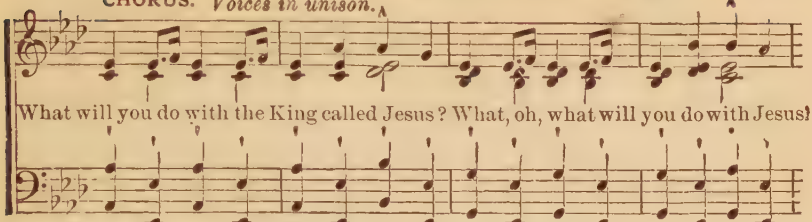
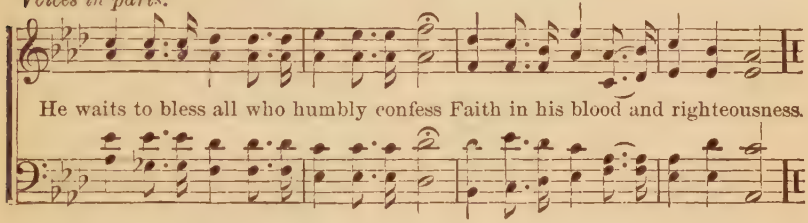
CHORUS. *Voices in unison.*

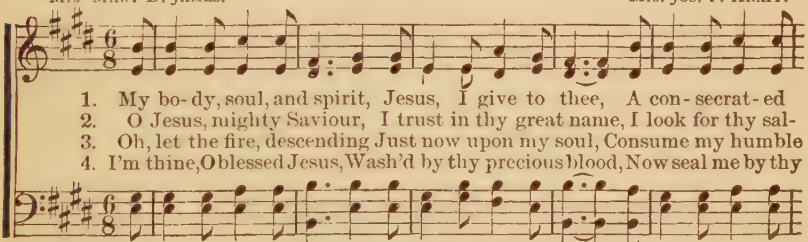


Voices in parts.

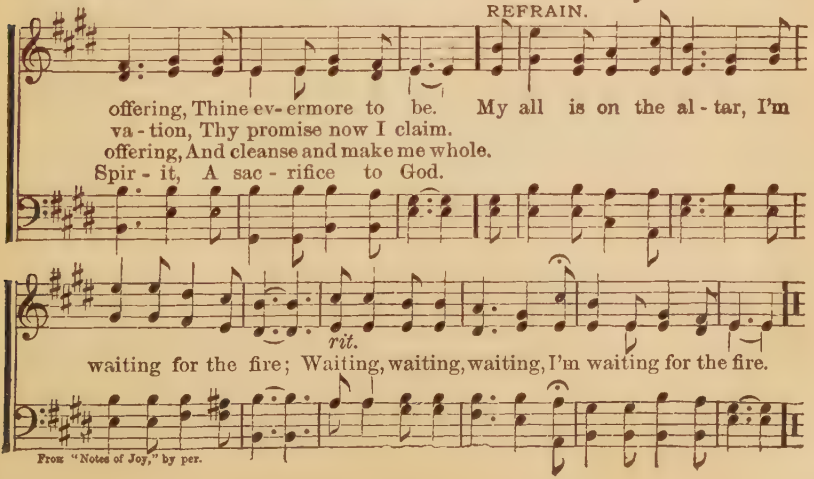


Consecration.

Mrs Mary D. James. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.


1. My bo-dy, soul, and spirit, Jesus, I give to thee, A con-secrat-ed
2. O Jesus, mighty Saviour, I trust in thy great name, I look for thy sal-
3. Oh, let the fire, descending Just now upon my soul, Consume my humble
4. I'm thine, O blessed Jesus, Wash'd by thy precious blood, Now seal me by thy

REFRAIN.

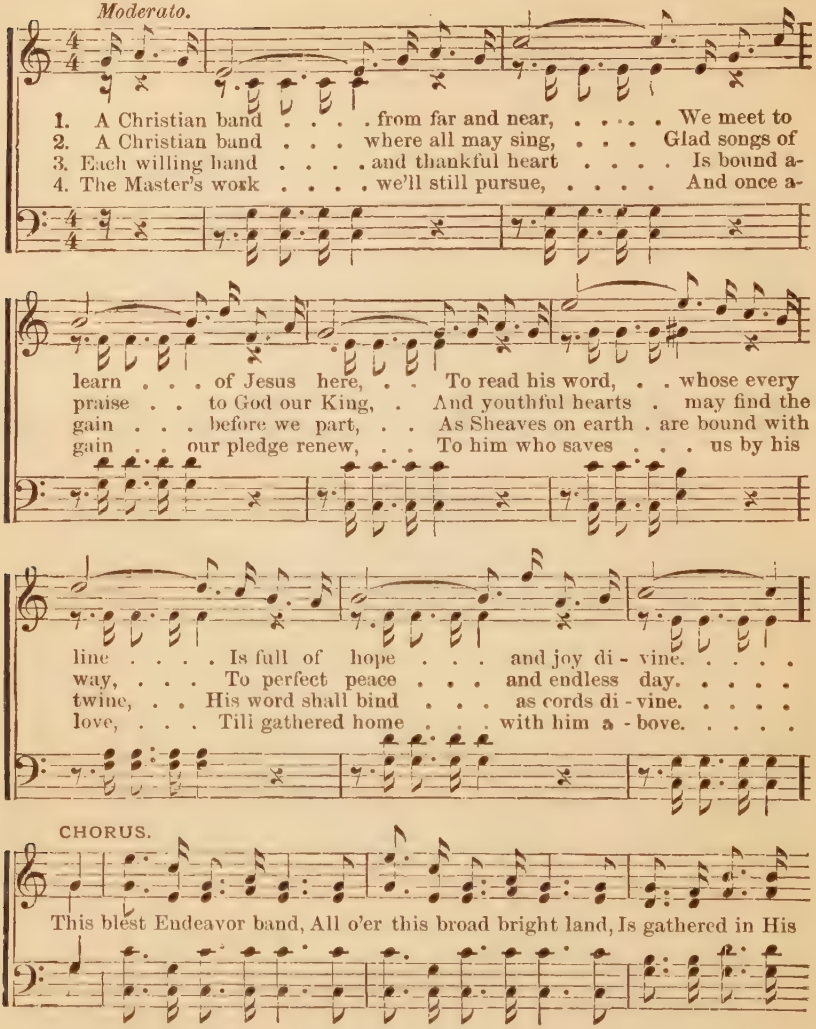

offering, Thine ev-ermore to be. My all is on the al-tar, I'm
va-tion, Thy promise now I claim.
offering, And cleanse and make me whole.
Spir-it, A sac-rifice to God.
rit.
waiting for the fire; Waiting, waiting, waiting, I'm waiting for the fire.

From "Notes of Joy," by per.

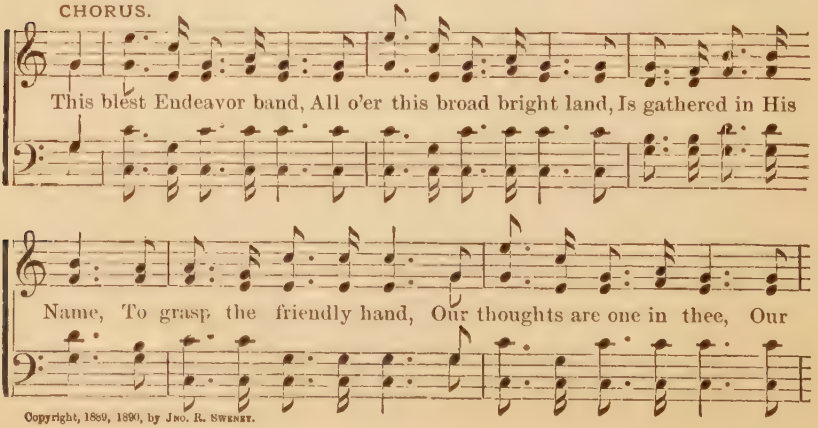
The Endeavor Band.

L. F. Lindsay. Jno. R. Sweney.

Moderato.


1. A Christian band . . . . from far and near, ... We meet to
2. A Christian band . . . where all may sing, . . . Glad songs of
3. Each willing hand . . . . and thankful heart . . . . Is bound a-
4. The Master's work . . . . we'll still pursue, ... And once a-
learn . . . of Jesus here, . . To read his word, . . whose every
praise . . to God our King, . . And youthful hearts . may find the
gain . . . before we part, . . As Sheaves on earth . are bound with
gain . . our pledge renew, . . To him who saves . . . us by his
line . . . . Is full of hope . . . and joy di - vine. . . . .
way, . . . To perfect peace . . . and endless day. . . . .
twine, . . His word shall bind . . . as cords di - vine. . . . .
love, . . . Till gathered home . . . with him a - bove. . . . .

CHORUS.


This blest Endeavor band, All o'er this broad bright land, Is gathered in His
Name, To grasp the friendly hand, Our thoughts are one in thee, Our

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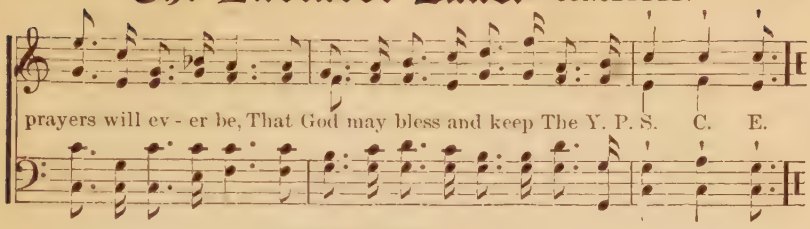


Our Sunday School. *Music above.*

1 Our Sunday-school, how sweet, how dear
To meet and learn of Jesus here;
To read his word, whose ev'ry line
Is full of hope and joy divine.

CHO.—Our blessed Sunday-school,
Our bright and happy home,
Within thy peaceful dome
We love, we love to come;
Our thoughts will cling to thee,
And still our prayer will be,
That God may bless and keep our
Sunday-school.

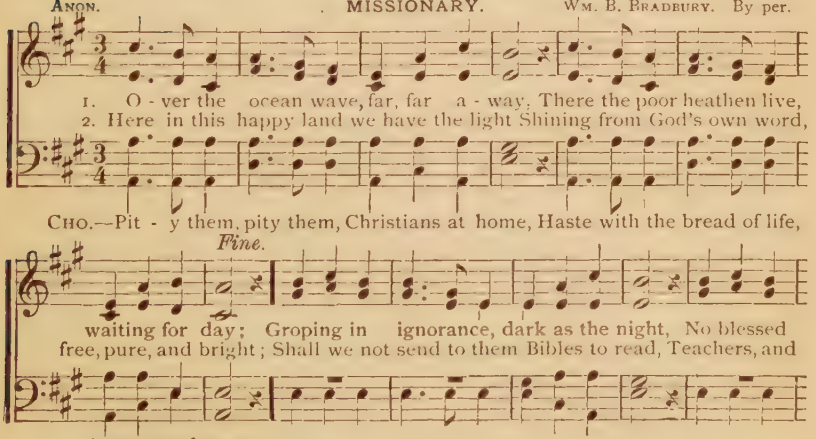
2 Our Sunday school, where all may sing
Glad songs of praise to God our King,
And youthful hearts may find the way
To perfect peace and endless day.

3 Our school is like a garden fair,
Where plants are trained with tender care
To bloom for him, the Lord of all,
Whose loving smiles like sunbeams fall.

4 Our Sunday-school, whose golden hours
From Eden bring refreshing showers,
In thee on earth we learn to live,
For thee our thanks to God we give.

Over the Ocean Wave.

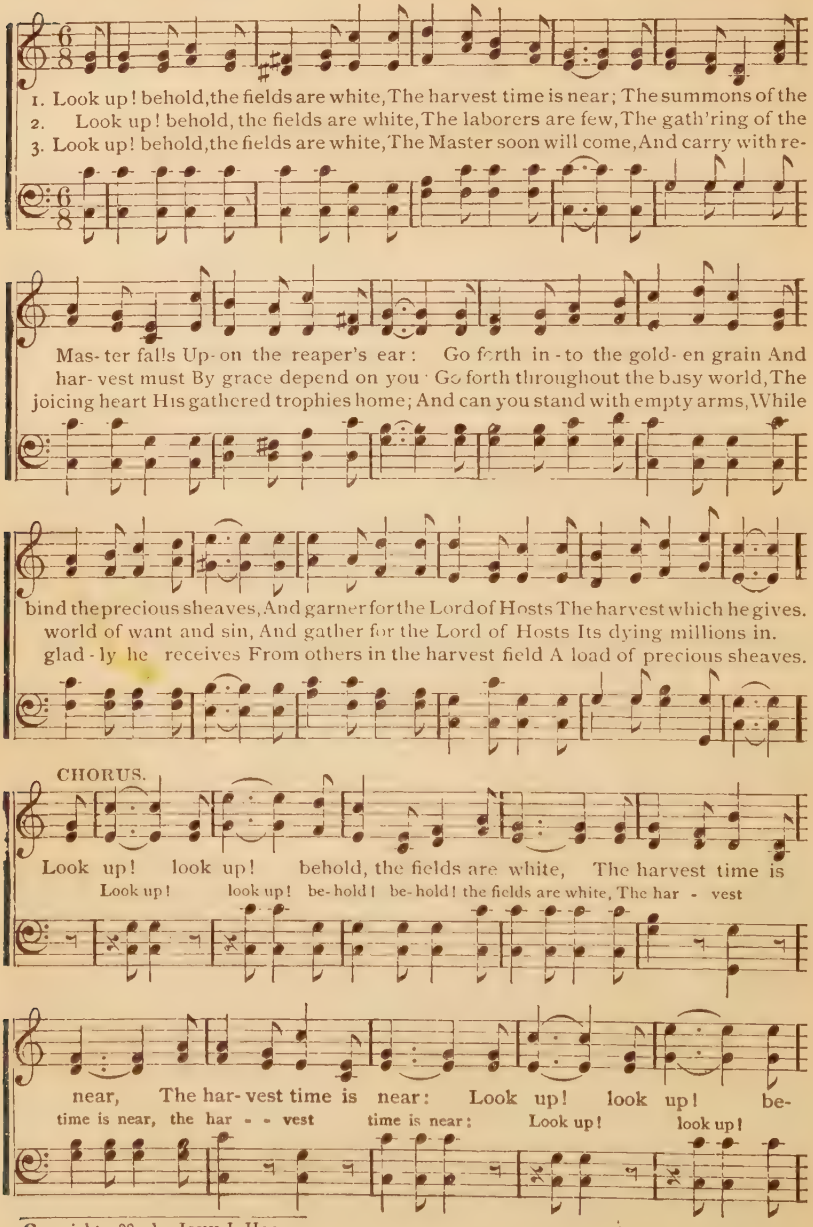
ANON. MISSIONARY. WM. B. BRADBURY. By per.


1. O - ver the ocean wave, far, far a - way, There the poor heathen live,
2. Here in this happy land we have the light Shining from God's own word,
CHO.—Pit - y them, pity them, Christians at home, Haste with the bread of life,
Fine.
waiting for day; Groping in ignorance, dark as the night, No blessed
free, pure, and bright; Shall we not send to them Bibles to read, Teachers, and
hasten, and come.
D. C.
Bi- ble to give them the light.
preachers, and all that they need?

3 Then, while the mission ships glad tidings bring,
List! as that heathen band joyfully sing,
"Over the ocean wave, oh, see them come,
Bringing the bread of life, guiding us home."

Behold, the Fields are White.

Rev. M. Lowrie Hofford. Jno. R. Swenet.


1. Look up! behold, the fields are white, The harvest time is near; The summons of the
2. Look up! behold, the fields are white, The laborers are few, The gath'ring of the
3. Look up! behold, the fields are white, The Master soon will come, And carry with re-
Mas-ter falls Up-on the reaper's ear: Go forth in-to the gold-en grain And
har-vest must By grace depend on you · Go forth throughout the busy world, The
joicing heart His gathered trophies home; And can you stand with empty arms, While
bind the precious sheaves, And garner for the Lord of Hosts The harvest which he gives.
world of want and sin, And gather for the Lord of Hosts Its dying millions in.
glad-ly he receives From others in the harvest field A load of precious sheaves.
CHORUS.
Look up! look up! behold, the fields are white, The harvest time is
Look up! look up! be-hold! be-hold! the fields are white, The har - vest
near, The har-vest time is near: Look up! look up! be-
time is near, the har - - vest time is near: Look up! look up!

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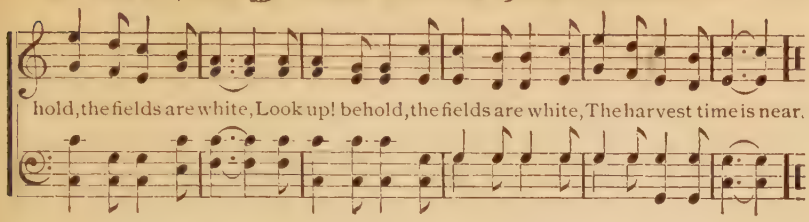
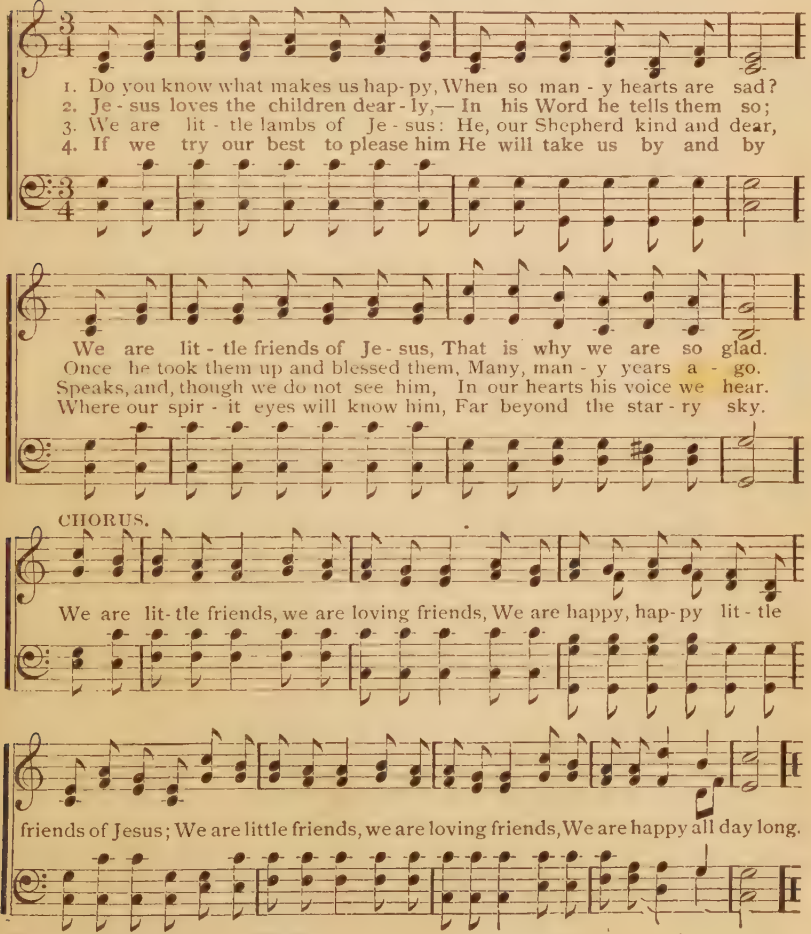


Little Friends of Jesus.

S MARTIN. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Do you know what makes us hap-py, When so man-y hearts are sad?
2. Je-sus loves the children dear-ly,— In his Word he tells them so;
3. We are lit-tle lambs of Je-sus: He, our Shepherd kind and dear,
4. If we try our best to please him He will take us by and by
We are lit-tle friends of Je-sus, That is why we are so glad.
Once he took them up and blessed them, Many, man-y years a-go.
Speaks, and, though we do not see him, In our hearts his voice we hear.
Where our spir-it eyes will know him, Far beyond the star-ry sky.
CHORUS.
We are lit-tle friends, we are loving friends, We are happy, hap-py lit-tle
friends of Jesus; We are little friends, we are loving friends, We are happy all day long.

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Sing the Dear Name Softly.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Only Jesus, blessed Jesus, Lifts the heavy burden from the soul;
2. Only Jesus, blessed Jesus, Gives the peace that naught can take away;
3. Only Jesus, blessed Jesus, Died himself that I might "never die;"
Only Jesus, blessed Jesus, Speaks the word that makes the wounded whole.
On-ly Je-sus, blessed Jesus, Turns the night of sorrow into day.
On-ly Je-sus, blessed Jesus, Lives again, that I may live on high.
CHORUS.
Sing the dear name softly, sweetly, tenderly; While souls are kindling with the flame;
Sing the dear name softly, sweetly, tenderly, Dear name of Jesus, precious name!

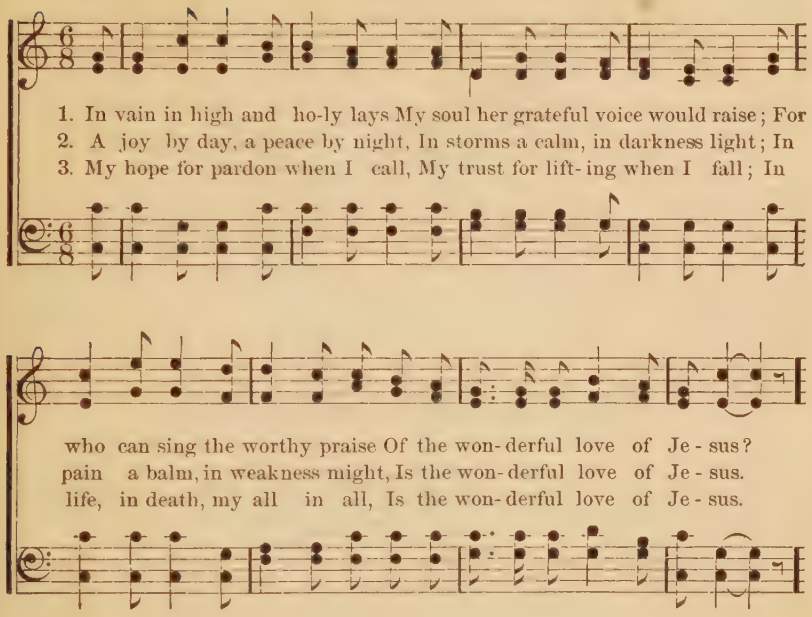
4 Only Jesus, blessed Jesus; [heart;
Let him write that name upon my
Only Jesus, blessed Jesus;
From his service never to depart.

5 Only Jesus, blessed Jesus; [ring;
With his praise, the heavenly arches
Only Jesus, blessed Jesus;
In his beauty I shall see the King.

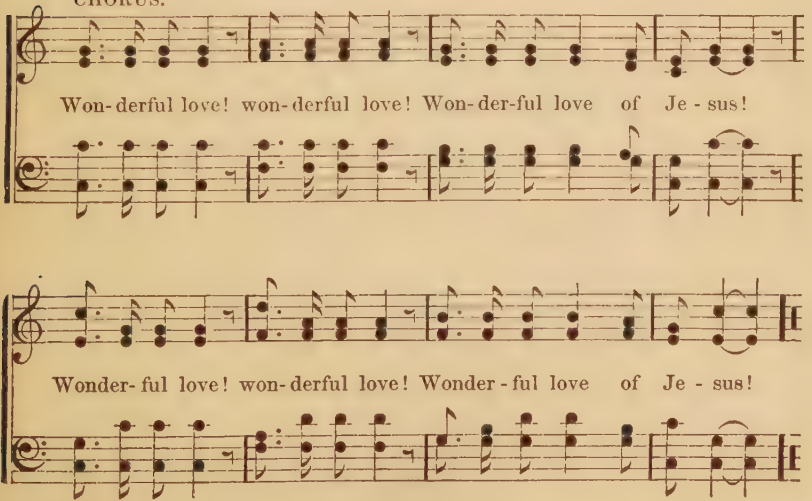
Copyright, 1890, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

"The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."
Eph. iii. 19.

E. D. Mund. E. S. Lorenz.


1. In vain in high and ho-ly lays My soul her grateful voice would raise; For
2. A joy by day, a peace by night, In storms a calm, in darkness light; In
3. My hope for pardon when I call, My trust for lift-ing when I fall; In
who can sing the worthy praise Of the won-derful love of Je-sus?
pain a balm, in weakness might, Is the won-derful love of Je-sus.
life, in death, my all in all, Is the won-derful love of Je-sus.

CHORUS.



From "Holy Voices," by per.

Scripture Response.

Lento. Ps. cxix. 11, 12. E. D. Beale.

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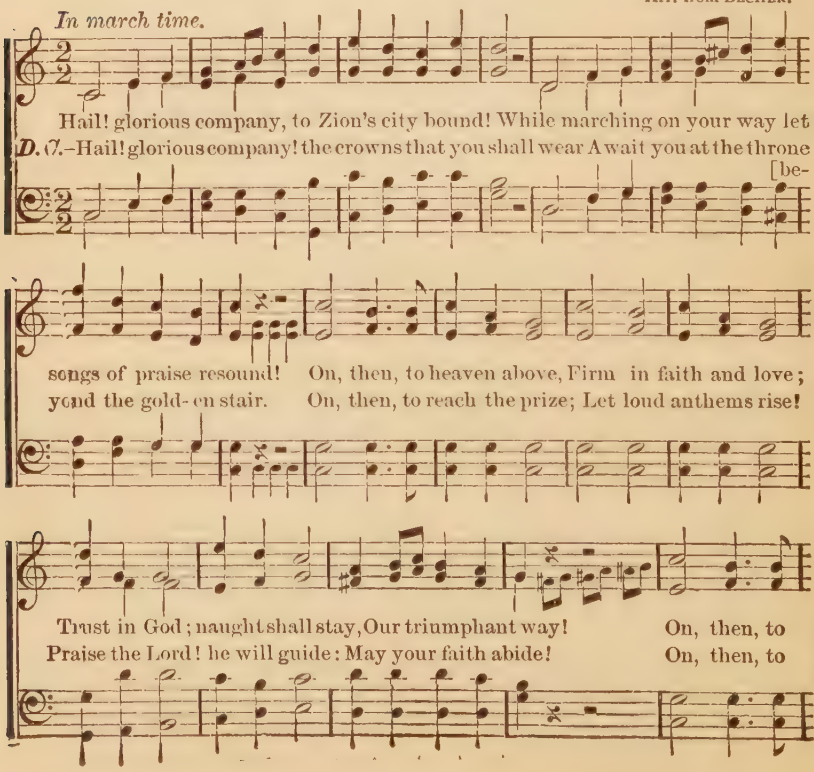
Hail, Glorious Company.

Arr. from Becher.


In march time.
Hail! glorious company, to Zion's city bound! While marching on your way let
D. C.–Hail! glorious company! the crowns that you shall wear Await you at the throne
songs of praise resound! On, then, to heaven above, Firm in faith and love;
yond the gold - en stair. On, then, to reach the prize; Let loud anthems rise!
Trust in God; naught shall stay, Our triumphant way! On, then, to
Praise the Lord! he will guide: May your faith abide! On, then, to

heav'n above, Firm in faith and love; Trust in God, naught shall stay our glorious way.
p
Rest and peace in - vite us; Joy and love a - wait us.
f
Thus in hap-py com-pa - ny, Press we on to our home, Press we on our
Fine. Key F.
joy-ful way to heaven our home.
Jesus waits to welcome all Who obey his
There the weary soul shall rest In the love of
D. C. al Fine.
Key C.
gen-tle call; Who be-lieve he'll re-ceive In his heavenly home.
Je - sus blest, And a-dore ev - er-more Christ the Lord and King.

Jesus Saves.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
By his death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Bear the news to ev' - ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, E - cho back, ye o - cean caves,
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deepest caves,
Onward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

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Rev. J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.

1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of his word, What a glory he
2. Not a shadow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But his smile quickly
3. Not a burden we bear, Not a sorrow we share, But our toil he doth
sheds on our way! While we do his good will, He a-bides with us
drives it a-way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a
CHORUS.
still, And with all who will trust and o-bey. Trust and o-bey, For there's
tear Can a-bide while we trust and o-bey.
cross, But is blest if we trust and o-bey.
no oth-er way To be hap-py in Je-sus But to trust and o-bey.

4 But we never can prove
The delights of his love
Until all on the altar we lay,
For the favor he shows,
And the joy he bestows,
Are for all who will trust and obey.

5 Then in fellowship sweet
We will sit at his feet,
Or we'll walk by his side in the way;
What he says we will do,
Where he sends we will go,
Never fear, only trust and obey.

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The Summer Land.

FANNY J. CROSBY. ADAM GEIBEL.

inst. inst.

1. To the summer-land of beauty we are going, going,
2. In the summer-land of beauty they are singing, singing,
3. From the summer-land of beauty they are calling, calling,

going, Where the o-cean-tide of love is brightly flowing,
singing, And the mel-o-dy that sweetly there is ringing,
calling, And their voices in the dewy night are falling,

Gently through the sunny, sunny vales; There to wake far away from
There, there to wake,
Waft-ed in a vision oft we hear; Home at last they have gone be-
Safe, safe at home,
Fall-ing on the weary, weary soul; Look be-yond, soon will dawn the
Look, look beyond,

sor - - row, Every sor - - row, every sor - - row; There to
there, there to wake, there, there to wake, there, there to wake;
fore . . us, Gone be-fore . . us, gone be-fore . . us; Hark the
safe, safe at home, safe, safe at home, safe, safe at home;
morn - - ing, Blissful morn - ing, blissful morn - ing; Ho-ly
look, look beyond, look, look beyond, look, look beyond;

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hail joy's eternal mor - row When the toils of earth shall cease, There to
There, there to hail, there, there to hail,
song, listen to the cho - rus, "Praise the Lord the King of kings: Saved by
Hark, hark the song hark, hark the song,
light soon the sky adorn - ing We shall meet with joyful eyes; We shall
Pure holy light, pure ho - ly light,
dwell by the crystal riv - er, Blessed riv - er, blessed riv - er,
There, there to dwell, there, there to dwell, there, there to dwell, there, there to dwell,
grace; glory! halle - lu - jah! Halle - lu - jah! halle - lu - jah!
Saved, saved by grace, saved, saved by grace, saved, saved by grace, saved, saved by grace,
meet by the crystal riv - er, Shining riv - er, shining riv - er;
Yes, we shall meet, yes, we shall meet, yes, we shall meet, yes, we shall meet,
With the Lord happy and for- ev - er, When the toils of earth shall cease.
Dwell with the Lord, dwell with the Lord,
Crowned with love; glory! halle - lu - jah! Praise the mighty King of kings."
Crowned, crowned with love, crowned, crowned with love,
On its banks meet no more to sev - er, Look beyond with joyful eyes.
There on its banks, there on its banks,

119 F. J. C. The Prince of Peace. Tune above.

1 'Twas a night of long ago when all were
sleeping, sleeping, sleeping, [keeping,
When the lonely silent stars a watch were
Softly o'er the dreaming, dreaming earth;
Floods of light bursting forth in glory,
(Pure floods of light, pure floods of light, etc.,)
Brightest glory, brightest glory,
Harp and voice told the joyful story
(Sweet harp and voice, sweet harp and voice,)
Of his birth the Prince of Peace.

Cho.—He has come; hail the lovely stranger,
(Yes, he has come, yes, he has come, etc.,)
Lovely stranger, lovely stranger;
Lo, the babe cradled in a manger
(O blessed babe, O blessed babe,)
Is the King and Prince of Peace.

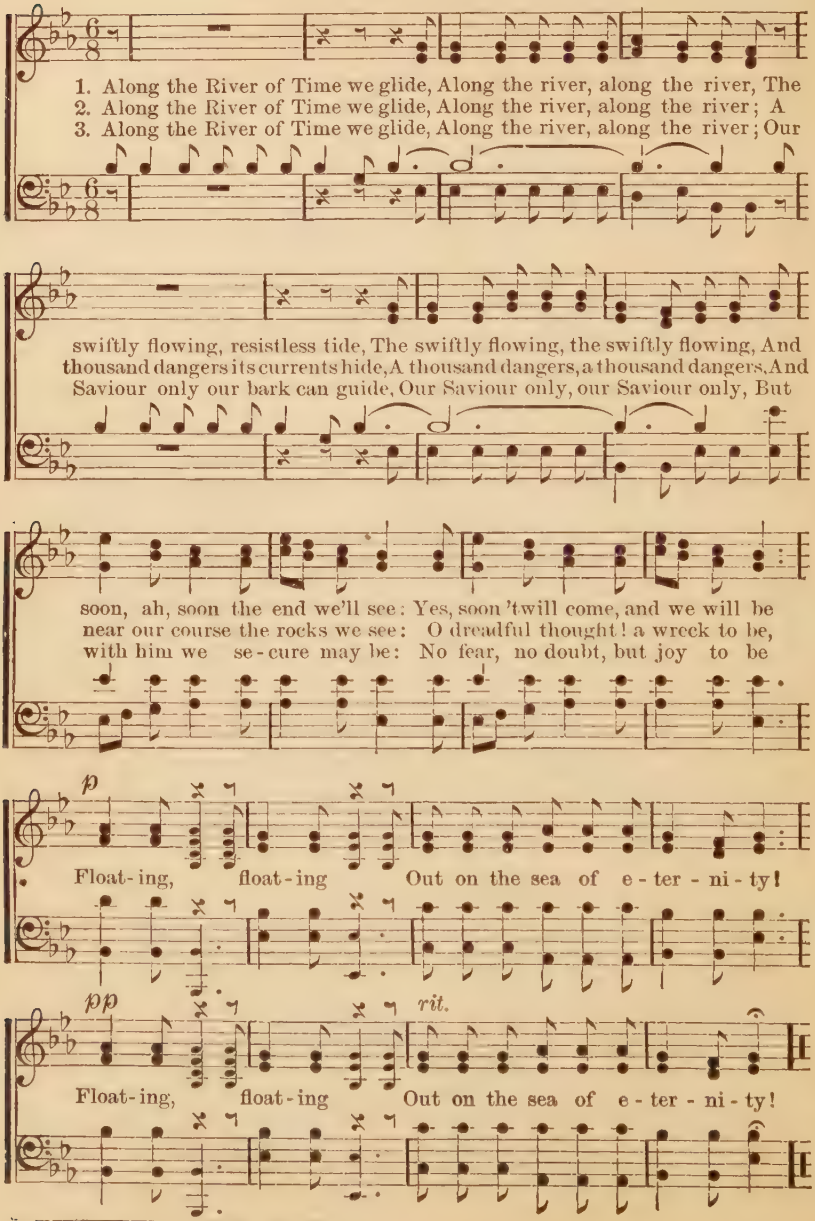
2 See the rosy blushing morn again is
breaking, breaking, breaking,
And the melody of song again is waking
Music in the hearts of all to-day;
Praise the Lord, come with happy voices,
(Praise, praise the Lord, praise, praise the Lord,)
Happy voices, happy voices,
Praise the Lord, how the world rejoices,
(Praise, praise the Lord, praise, praise the Lord,)
At his birth the Prince of Peace.

3 Hark the merry silver bells are sweetly
ringing, ringing, ringing,
And the multitude of angels now are singing
Glory in the highest evermore;
Sing aloud, glory! hallelujah!
(Sing, sing aloud, sing, sing aloud, etc.,)
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Sing aloud, glory! hallelujah!
(Sing, sing aloud, sing, sing aloud,)
At his birth the Prince of Peace.

From "Hood's Carols for—" —Christmas, No. 6," by per.

Along the River of Time.

G. F. R. "Remember how short time is."—Ps. lxxxix. 47. Geo. F. Root.


1. Along the River of Time we glide, Along the river, along the river, The
2. Along the River of Time we glide, Along the river, along the river; A
3. Along the River of Time we glide, Along the river, along the river; Our
swiftly flowing, resistless tide, The swiftly flowing, the swiftly flowing, And
thousand dangers its currents hide, A thousand dangers, a thousand dangers, And
Saviour only our bark can guide, Our Saviour only, our Saviour only, But
soon, ah, soon the end we'll see: Yes, soon 'twill come, and we will be
near our course the rocks we see: O dreadful thought! a wreck to be,
with him we se-cure may be: No fear, no doubt, but joy to be
p
Float-ing, float-ing Out on the sea of e-ter-ni-ty!
pp
rit.
Float-ing, float-ing Out on the sea of e-ter-ni-ty!

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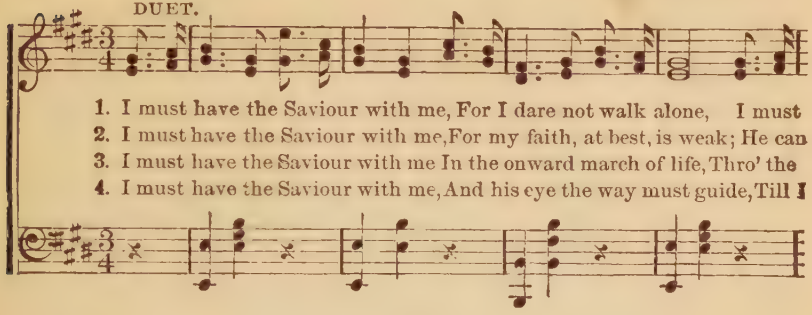
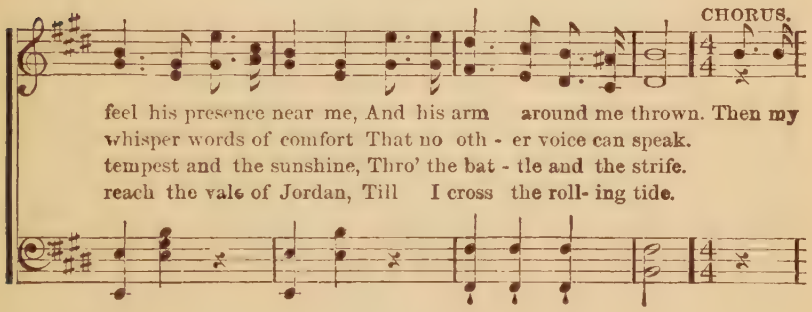
The Saviour with me.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.


1. I must have the Saviour with me, For I dare not walk alone, I must
2. I must have the Saviour with me, For my faith, at best, is weak; He can
3. I must have the Saviour with me In the onward march of life, Thro' the
4. I must have the Saviour with me, And his eye the way must guide, Till I

CHORUS.


feel his presence near me, And his arm around me thrown. Then my
whisper words of comfort That no oth - er voice can speak.
tempest and the sunshine, Thro' the bat - tle and the strife.
reach the vale of Jordan, Till I cross the roll- ing tide.

soul shall fear no ill, Let him lead me where he will,
Then my soul shall fear no ill, fear no ill,
Let him lead me where he will, where he will,

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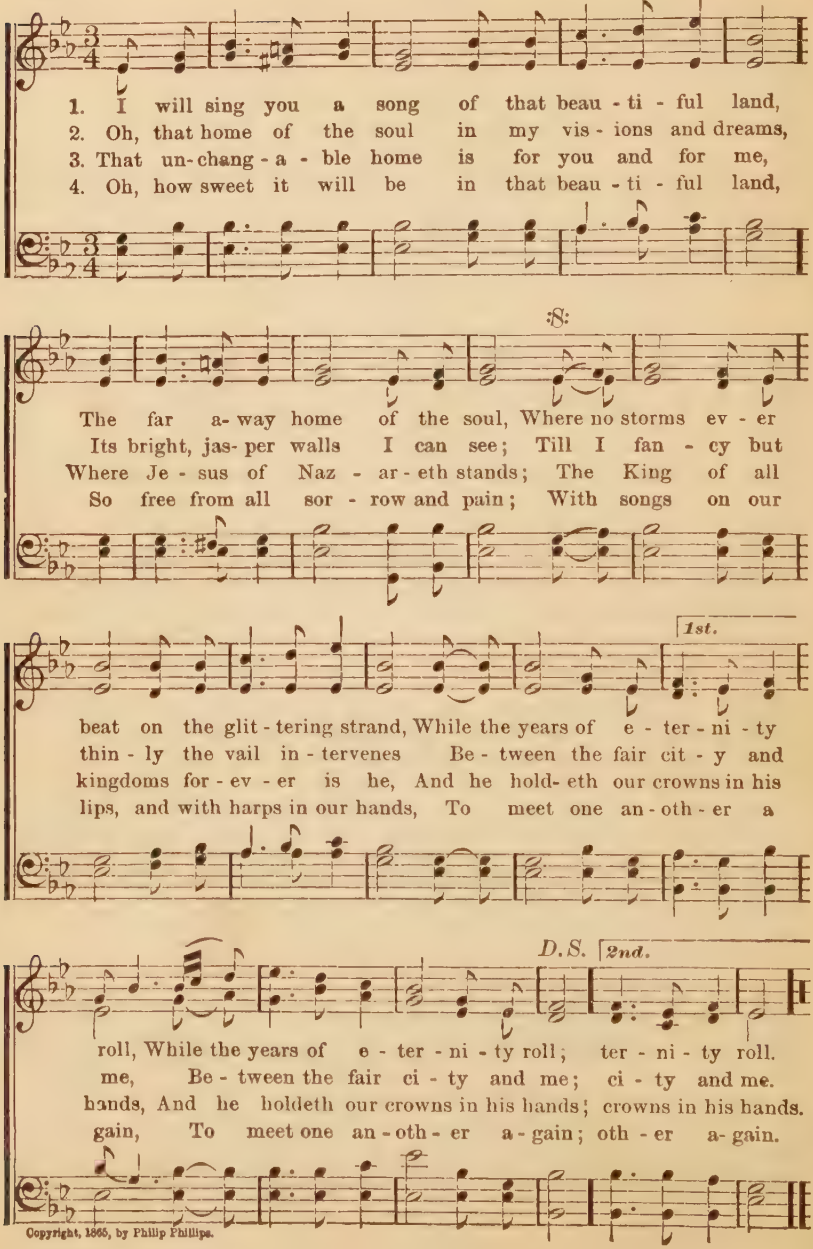
Home of the Soul.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates. Philip Phillips. By per.


1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land,
2. Oh, that home of the soul in my vis - ions and dreams,
3. That un-chang - a - ble home is for you and for me,
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land,
:S:
The far a- way home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er
Its bright, jas- per walls I can see; Till I fan - cy but
Where Je - sus of Naz - ar - eth stands; The King of all
So free from all sor - row and pain; With songs on our
1st.
beat on the glit - tering strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty
thin - ly the vail in - tervenes Be - tween the fair cit - y and
kingdoms for - ev - er is he, And he hold- eth our crowns in his
lips, and with harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a
D.S. 2nd.
roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; ter - ni - ty roll.
me, Be - tween the fair ci - ty and me; ci - ty and me.
hands, And he holdeth our crowns in his hands; crowns in his hands.
gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain; oth - er a- gain.

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Great is the Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Great is the Lord, the Prince of life and glory,—Great is the Lord, and
2. Great was the love that from his throne of splendor Brought him to earth for
3. Great is the Lord, the hope of our salvation,—Strong is the tower where-
4. Wake, ev'ry heart; let ev'-ry voice a-dore him; Now let the world with
won-der-ful his name; Shout, shout again the soul re-deem-ing sto-ry,
sin-ful man to die; Oh, for a gift a-maz-ing and so ten-der
on the faithful stand; Oh, clap your hands with holy ex-ult-a-tion,
hal-le-lu-jahs ring; Sceptres and crowns in dust shall fall be-fore him,
CHORUS.
Mercy for all through him proclaim. Great is the Lord, great is the Lord,
Glo-ry to God, to God on high.
Come with a song at his command.
Je-sus a-lone shall reign our King.
Hail him, hail him, sound his name a-far; He is the light that
shin-eth in the dark-ness, He is the Bright and Morn-ing-Star.

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Mrs. E. J. Bugbee.

Church of God, Awake.

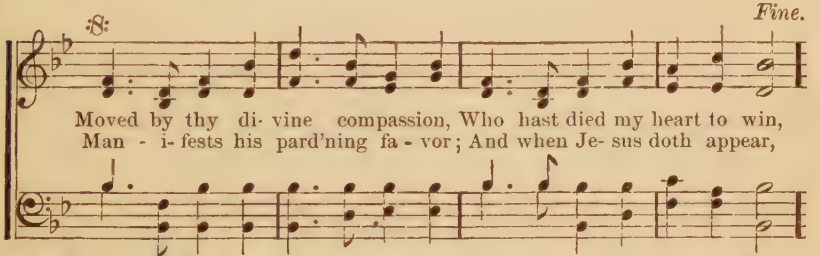
T. C. O'Kane.

1. Church of God, whose conq'ring banners Float along the glorious years,
2. In your costly temples praying, "Let thy kingdom come," ye pray,
3. Grace and glo- ry he hath sent you, Cast your lines in places fair,
4. Shake the earth and rend the heaven, Wake thy sleeping children, Lord,
Gath'ring harvest rich and gold - en, Sowed in pov - er- ty and tears:
Are but words of i - dle meaning, If with these ye turn a - way;
Scatter blessing *now* he bids you, O'er his green earth ev'rywhere;
Till the measure full and e - ven Has been rendered at thy word;
Onward press, the cross is bending Far toward the morning skies,
Boundless wealth to you is giv - en, From his hand who owns it all,
Till the millions in the twilight Of the far - off Orient land,
Then from out her night of sorrow Shall the earth redeemed arise,
Speedy dawn of light portending;—Church of God, awake, a - rise!
And his eye beholds in heaven What ye render back for all.
In the gracious morning splendor Of the gospel light shall stand.
And the fair millen- nial morrow Dawn with o - pal- tint - ed skies.
CHORUS.
Church of God, awake! arise! Christ, your Head and Master, cries,
Church of God, a - wake! arise! Christ, your Head and Master, cries,

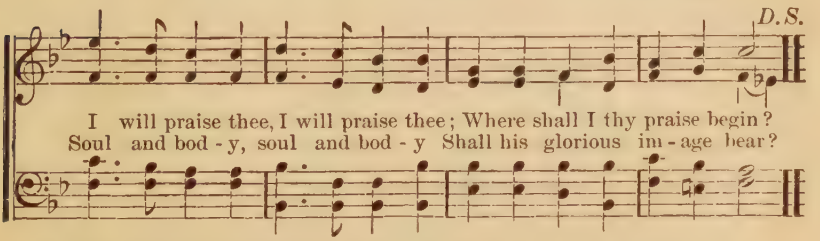
By permission.

I will Praise Thee.

T. Olivers. C. C. Converse. By per.


:S:
Fine.
Moved by thy di- vine compassion, Who hast died my heart to win,
Man - i- fests his pard'ning fa - vor; And when Je- sus doth appear,

D. S.—I will praise thee, I will praise thee; Where shall I thy praise begin?
Soul and bod - y, soul and bod - y Shall his glorious im - age bear.


D. S.
I will praise thee, I will praise thee; Where shall I thy praise begin?
Soul and bod - y, soul and bod - y Shall his glorious im - age bear?

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them will still be vying—
Glory! glory to the Lamb!
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wondering at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah,
Love and praise to Christ belong!

Living for Jesus.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Liv - - ing for Je - - sus, liv - - ing for Je - sus,
2. Liv - - ing for Je - - sus, liv - - ing for Je - sus,
3. Liv - - ing for Je - - sus, liv - - ing for Je - sus,
Living for Je - sus, liv - ing for Je - sus, Living for Je - sus, for Je - sus,
Trac - - ing his steps . . . by the way, ...
All . . . of my will . . . . to re - sign, ...
Led . . . by his Spir - - - it each day, ...
Tracing his steps, tracing his steps, Tracing his steps by the way,
All of my will, all of my will, All of my will to re - sign,
Led by his Spir - it, led by his Spir - it, Led by his Spir - it each day,
Fol - - low - ing ful - - ly, serv - - ing him tru - - ly,
Rear - - ing his ban - ner, bear - - ing his bur - den,
Kept . . . by his power . . . watch - - ful each hour, . . .
Following ful - ly, follow - ing ful - ly, serving him tru - ly, serving him tru - ly,
Rearing his ban - ner, rearing his banner, bearing his burden, bearing his burden,
Kept by his power, kept by his power, watchful each hour, watchful each hour,
Fine.
Near - - er to heav - - en each day. . . . . .
On - - - ly to fol - - - low be mine. . . . . .
Prompt . . to ob - serve . . . and o - bey. . . . . .
Near - er to heaven, near - er to heaven, Near - er to heav - en each day.
On - ly to fol - low, on - ly to fol - low, On - ly to fol - low be mine.
Prompt to ob - serve, prompt to ob - serve, Prompt to observe and o - bey.

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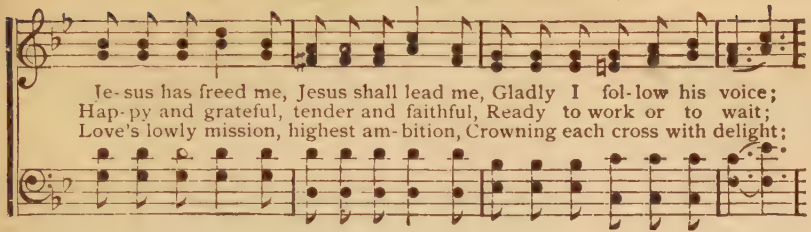
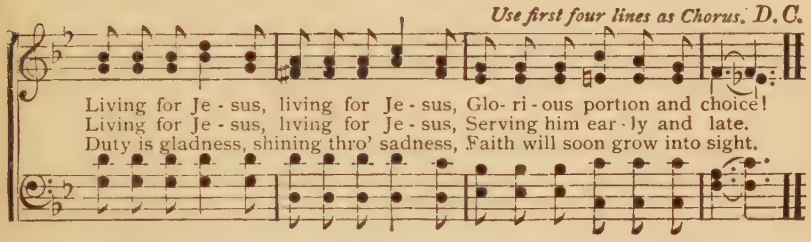
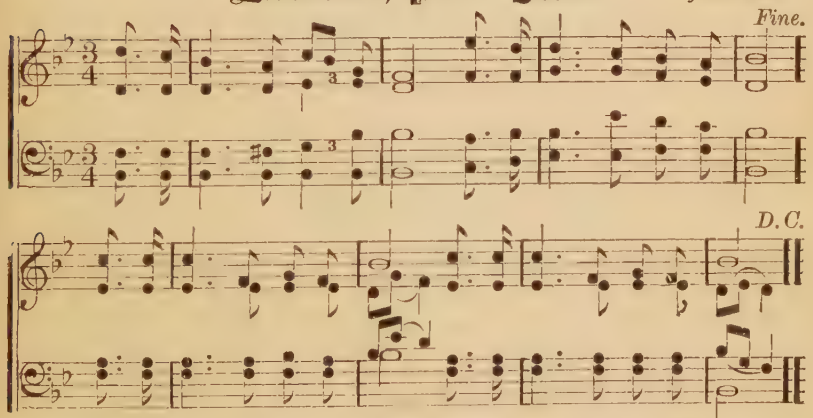

Je-sus has freed me, Jesus shall lead me, Gladly I fol-low his voice;
Hap-py and grateful, tender and faithful, Ready to work or to wait;
Love's lowly mission, highest am-bition, Crowning each cross with delight;


Use first four lines as Chorus. D.C.
Living for Je-sus, living for Je-sus, Glo-ri-ous portion and choice!
Living for Je-sus, living for Je-sus, Serving him ear-ly and late.
Duty is gladness, shining thro' sadness, Faith will soon grow into sight.

Saviour, Pilot Me.

J. E. Gould.



1 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass came from thee:
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

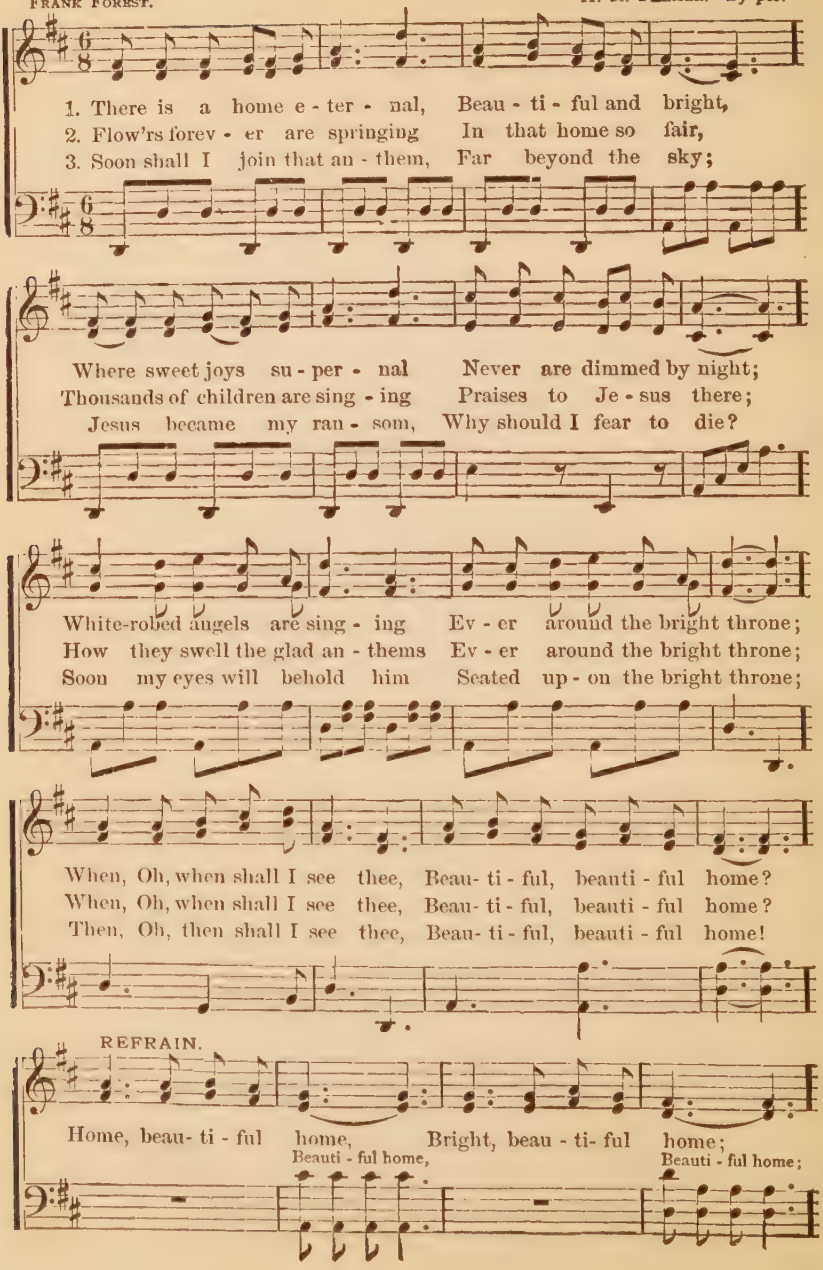
2 When the Apostles' fragile bark
Struggled with the billows dark,
On the stormy Galilee,
Thou did'st walk across the sea;
And when they beheld thy form,
Safe they glided through the storm.

3 As a mother stills her child
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey thy will
When thou say'st to them "Be still."
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

4 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on thy breast,
May I hear thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

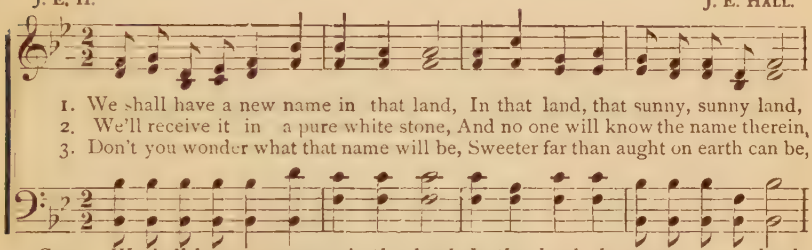
Beautiful Home.

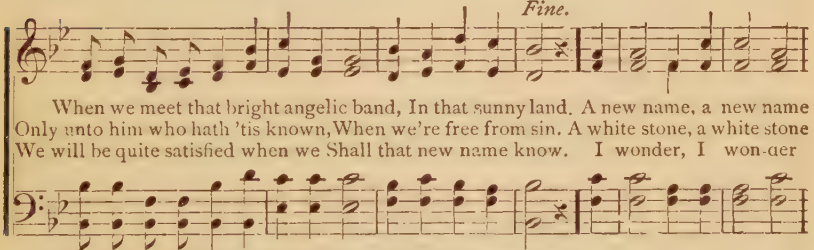
FRANK FOREST. H. R. PALMER. By per.

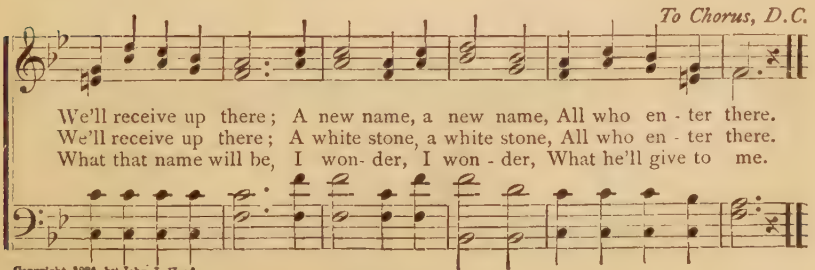

1. There is a home e - ter - nal, Beau - ti - ful and bright,
2. Flow'rs forev - er are springing In that home so fair,
3. Soon shall I join that an - them, Far beyond the sky;
Where sweet joys su - per - nal Never are dimmed by night;
Thousands of children are sing - ing Praises to Je - sus there;
Jesus became my ran - som, Why should I fear to die?
White-robed angels are sing - ing Ev - er around the bright throne;
How they swell the glad an - thems Ev - er around the bright throne;
Soon my eyes will behold him Seated up - on the bright throne;
When, Oh, when shall I see thee, Beau- ti - ful, beauti - ful home?
When, Oh, when shall I see thee, Beau- ti - ful, beauti - ful home?
Then, Oh, then shall I see thee, Beau- ti - ful, beauti - ful home!
REFRAIN.
Home, beau- ti - ful home, Bright, beau - ti- ful home;
Beauti - ful home,
Beauti - ful home;

The New Name.

J. E. H. J. E. Hall.


1. We shall have a new name in that land, In that land, that sunny, sunny land,
2. We'll receive it in a pure white stone, And no one will know the name therein,
3. Don't you wonder what that name will be, Sweeter far than aught on earth can be,
Cho.— We shall have a new name in that land, In that land, that sunny, sunny land,


Fine.
When we meet that bright angelic band, In that sunny land. A new name, a new name
Only unto him who hath 'tis known, When we're free from sin. A white stone, a white stone
We will be quite satisfied when we Shall that new name know. I wonder, I won-der
When we meet that bright angelic band, In that sunny land.


To Chorus, D.C.
We'll receive up there; A new name, a new name, All who en - ter there.
We'll receive up there; A white stone, a white stone, All who en - ter there.
What that name will be, I won- der, I won - der, What he'll give to me.

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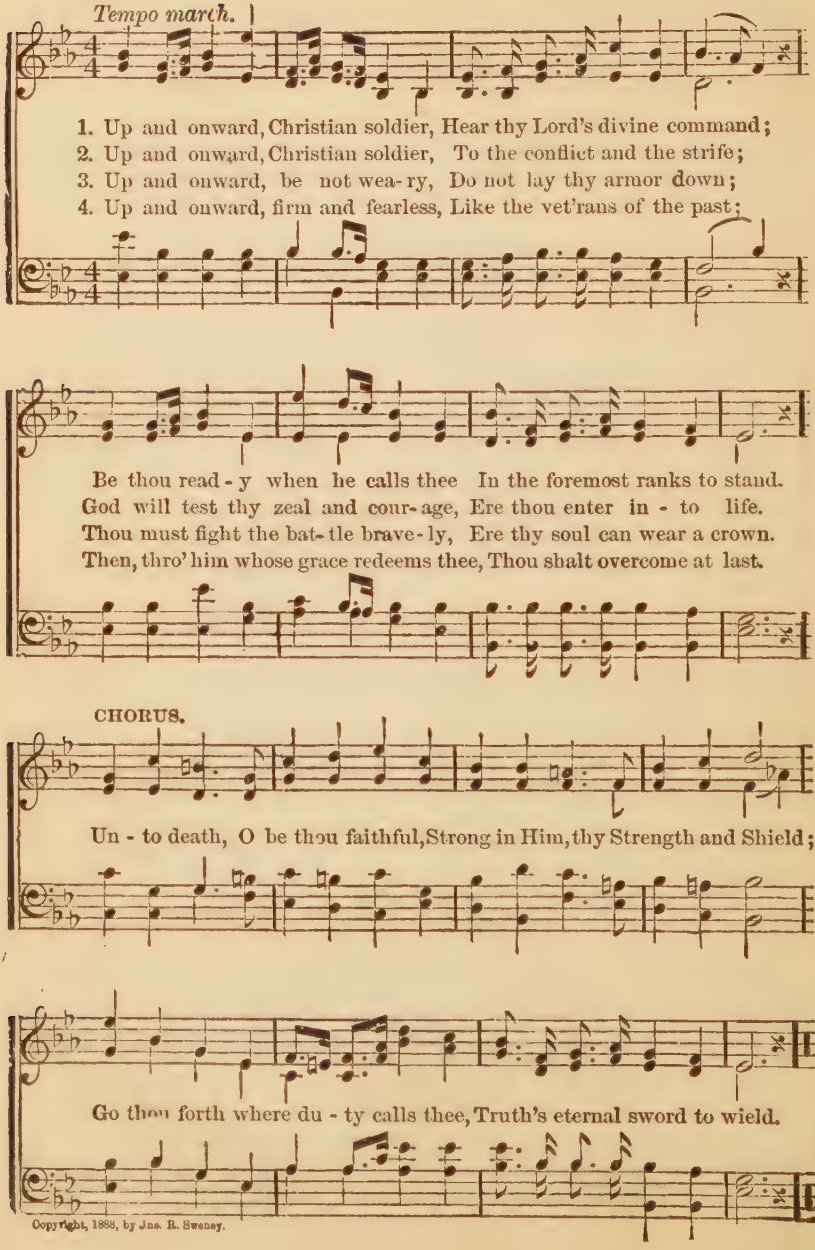
Faithful Unto Death.

SALLIE MARTIN. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Tempo march.


1. Up and onward, Christian soldier, Hear thy Lord's divine command;
2. Up and onward, Christian soldier, To the conflict and the strife;
3. Up and onward, be not wea-ry, Do not lay thy armor down;
4. Up and onward, firm and fearless, Like the vet'rans of the past;
Be thou read-y when he calls thee In the foremost ranks to stand.
God will test thy zeal and cour-age, Ere thou enter in-to life.
Thou must fight the bat-tle brave-ly, Ere thy soul can wear a crown.
Then, thro' him whose grace redeems thee, Thou shalt overcome at last.
CHORUS.
Un-to death, O be thou faithful, Strong in Him, thy Strength and Shield;
Go thou forth where du-ty calls thee, Truth's eternal sword to wield.

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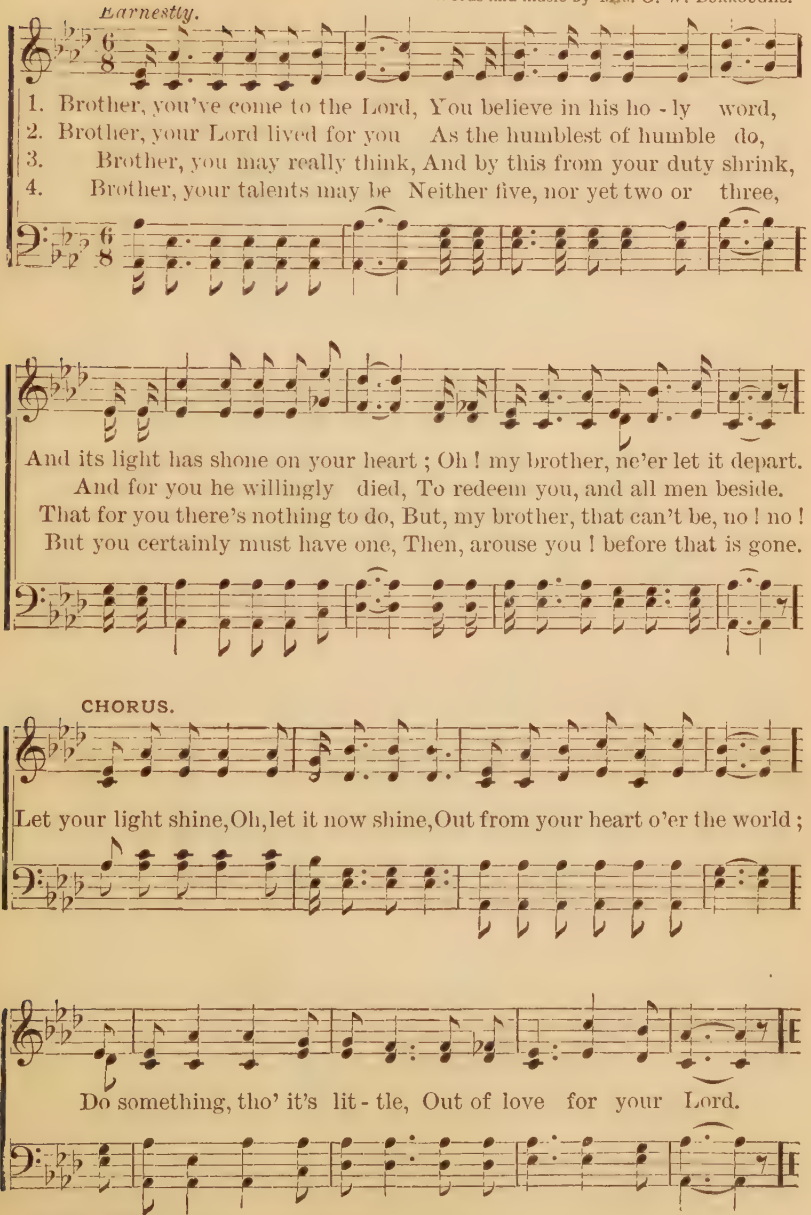
Let Your Light Shine.

Words and music by Mrs. G. W. Burroughs.


Earnestly.
1. Brother, you've come to the Lord, You believe in his ho - ly word,
2. Brother, your Lord lived for you As the humblest of humble do,
3. Brother, you may really think, And by this from your duty shrink,
4. Brother, your talents may be Neither five, nor yet two or three,
And its light has shone on your heart ; Oh ! my brother, ne'er let it depart.
And for you he willingly died, To redeem you, and all men beside.
That for you there's nothing to do, But, my brother, that can't be, no ! no !
But you certainly must have one, Then, arouse you ! before that is gone.
CHORUS.
Let your light shine, Oh, let it now shine, Out from your heart o'er the world ;
Do something, tho' it's lit - tle, Out of love for your Lord.

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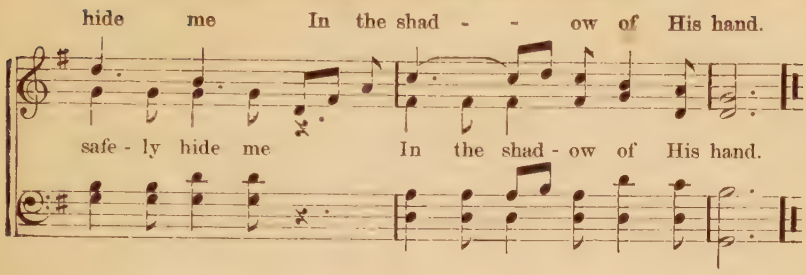
He will Hide Me.

"In the shadow of his hand hath he hid me."—Isa. 49: 2.

M. E. Servoss. James McGranahan, by per.

1. When the storms of life are rag - ing, Tempests wild on sea and land,
2. Though He may send some affliction, 'Twill but make me long for home;
3. En - e - mies may strive to in - jure, Sa - tan all his arts em - ploy;
4. So, while here the cross I'm bearing, Meeting storms and bil-lows wild,
I will seek a place of ref - uge In the shad - ow of God's hand.
For in love and not in an - ger, All His chast - en - ings will come.
He will turn what seems to harm me In - to ev - er- last-ing joy.
Je- sus for my soul is car - ing, Naught can harm His Father's child.
CHORUS.
He will hide me, He will hide me, Where no
He will hide me, He will hide me,
harm . . . . . can e'er be - tide me; He will hide me, safe-ly
Where no harm can e'er be - tide me; He will hide me,



In the Hour of Trial.

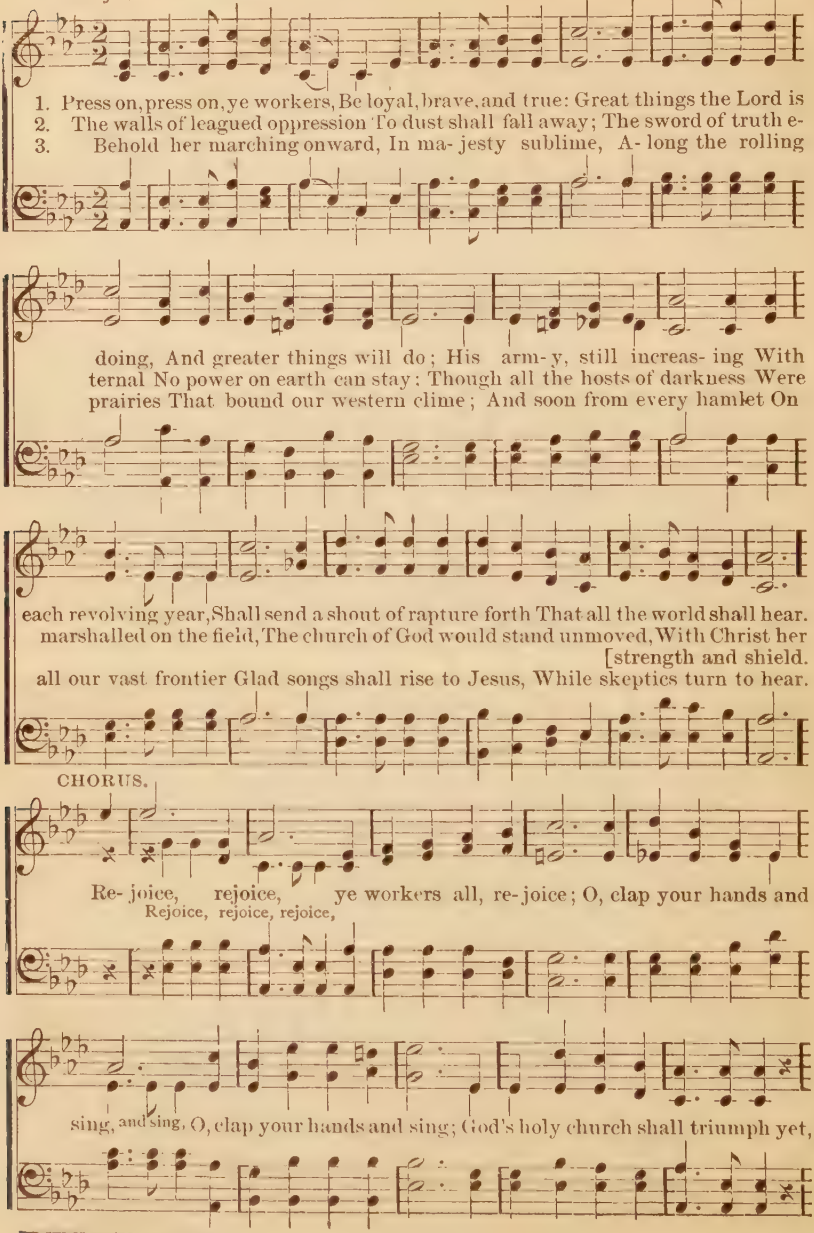
"I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not."

JAMES MONTGOMERY. SPENCER LANE.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je-sus, plead for me; Lest by base de-ni - al
2. With forbidden pleasures Would this vain world charm; Or its sordid treasures
3. Should Thy mercy send me Sorrow, toil, and woe; Or should pain attend me
4. When my last hour cometh, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust returneth
I depart from Thee, When Thou see'st me waver, With a look re -
Spread to work me harm; Bring to my remembrance Sad Geth-sem-a -
On my path be - low: Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy hand to
To the dust a - gain; On Thy truth re-ly - ing, Through that mortal
call, Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf-fer me to fall.
ne, Or, in dark- er semblance, Cross-crowned Calvary.
see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.
strife, Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter- nal life.
A- men.

God's Holy Church Shall Triumph.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R SWENEY.


1. Press on, press on, ye workers, Be loyal, brave, and true: Great things the Lord is
2. The walls of leagued oppression To dust shall fall away; The sword of truth e-
3. Behold her marching onward, In ma- jesty sublime, A- long the rolling
doing, And greater things will do; His arm- y, still increas- ing With
ternal No power on earth can stay: Though all the hosts of darkness Were
prairies That bound our western clime; And soon from every hamlet On
each revolving year, Shall send a shout of rapture forth That all the world shall hear.
marshalled on the field, The church of God would stand unmoved, With Christ her
[strength and shield.
all our vast frontier Glad songs shall rise to Jesus, While skeptics turn to hear.
CHORUS.
Re- joice, rejoice, ye workers all, re- joice; O, clap your hands and
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice,
sing, and sing, O, clap your hands and sing; God's holy church shall triumph yet,

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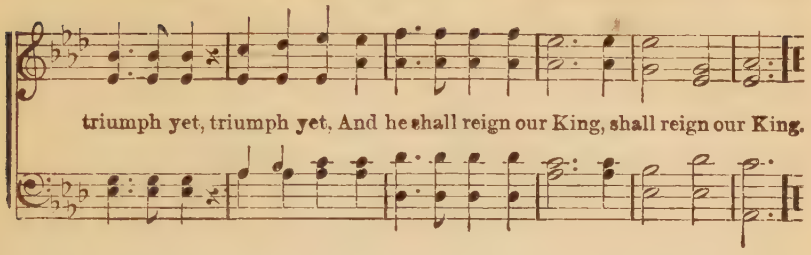


Light after Darkness.

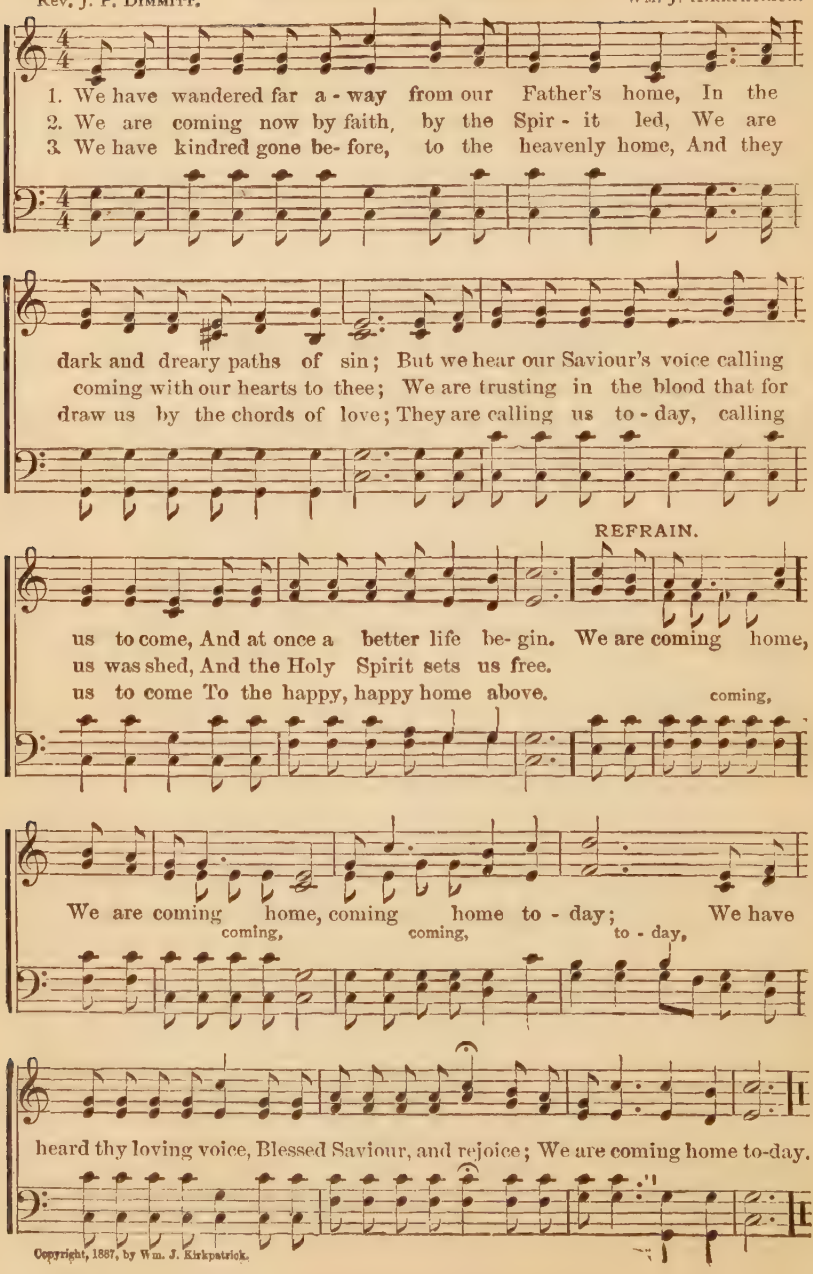
JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.
1. Light af - ter dark - ness, Gain af - ter loss, Strength af - ter
2. Sheaves af - ter sow - ing, Sun af - ter rain, Sight af - ter
3. Near af - ter dis - tant, Gleam af - ter gloom, Love af - ter
weak - ness, Crown af - ter cross, Sweet af - ter bit - ter,
mys - tery, Peace af - ter pain, Joy af - ter sor - row,
loneliness, Life af - ter tomb; Af - ter long a - go - ny,
Song af - ter fears, Home af - ter wan - der - ing, Praise af- ter tears.
Calm af - ter blast, Rest af - ter wea - riness,—Sweet rest at last.
Rap-ture of bliss; Right was the path - way Leading to this!

From "Goodly Pearls," by per.

Coming Home.

Rev. J. P. Dimmitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. We have wandered far a - way from our Father's home, In the
2. We are coming now by faith, by the Spir - it led, We are
3. We have kindred gone be- fore, to the heavenly home, And they
dark and dreary paths of sin; But we hear our Saviour's voice calling
coming with our hearts to thee; We are trusting in the blood that for
draw us by the chords of love; They are calling us to - day, calling
REFRAIN.
us to come, And at once a better life be- gin. We are coming home,
us was shed, And the Holy Spirit sets us free.
us to come To the happy, happy home above.
coming,
We are coming home, coming home to - day; We have
coming, coming, to - day,
heard thy loving voice, Blessed Saviour, and rejoice; We are coming home to-day.

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Joy in Heaven.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Moderato.

rit.

There is joy, there is joy, There is joy in heaven:

Andante.

1. A ransomed soul re - turns, The path of sin for - sak - ing,
2. A weep - ing sin - ner kneels, The chains of death are brok - en,
3. No news of pain or care, The jas - per sea o'er-reaching,
4. O then to God re - turn,—Come back and be for - giv - en,

And while his sad heart mourns, The harps of God are wak - ing.
And soon his glad heart feels The Saviour's welcome spok - en.
But sweet is echoed there The contrite heart's beseech - ing.
And soon thy heart shall learn To know the joy of heav - en.

CHORUS.

{All the golden bells are ringing,
{All the angel choirs are singing,} All the lov- ing an - gels say,

"There is joy in heav'n to-day, There is joy, there is joy, joy, joy to-day."

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I Will Bless the Lord.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I will bless the Lord at all times For his goodness unto me, For the
2. I will bless the Lord, my Father, For his kindness day by day, For his
3. I will bless the Lord, my Saviour, For he died to ransom me, That he
4. I will bless the Ho - ly Spir - it, That my soul is sancti - fied, For his
CHORUS.
joys of his sal - va - tion, For his love so full and free. I will
lov - ing arms a - round me, For his sunshine on my way.
lives and reigns for - ev - er, And his glo - ry I shall see.
prom - ise and his pres - ence, Ev - 'ry day my lov - ing guide.
bless the Lord, bless the Lord, bless the Lord at all times, And praise him, praise him,
Praise him o'er and o'er, I will bless the Lord, bless the Lord, bless the Lord at
all times! Till I strike my harp in Zion With his saints forev - er-more.

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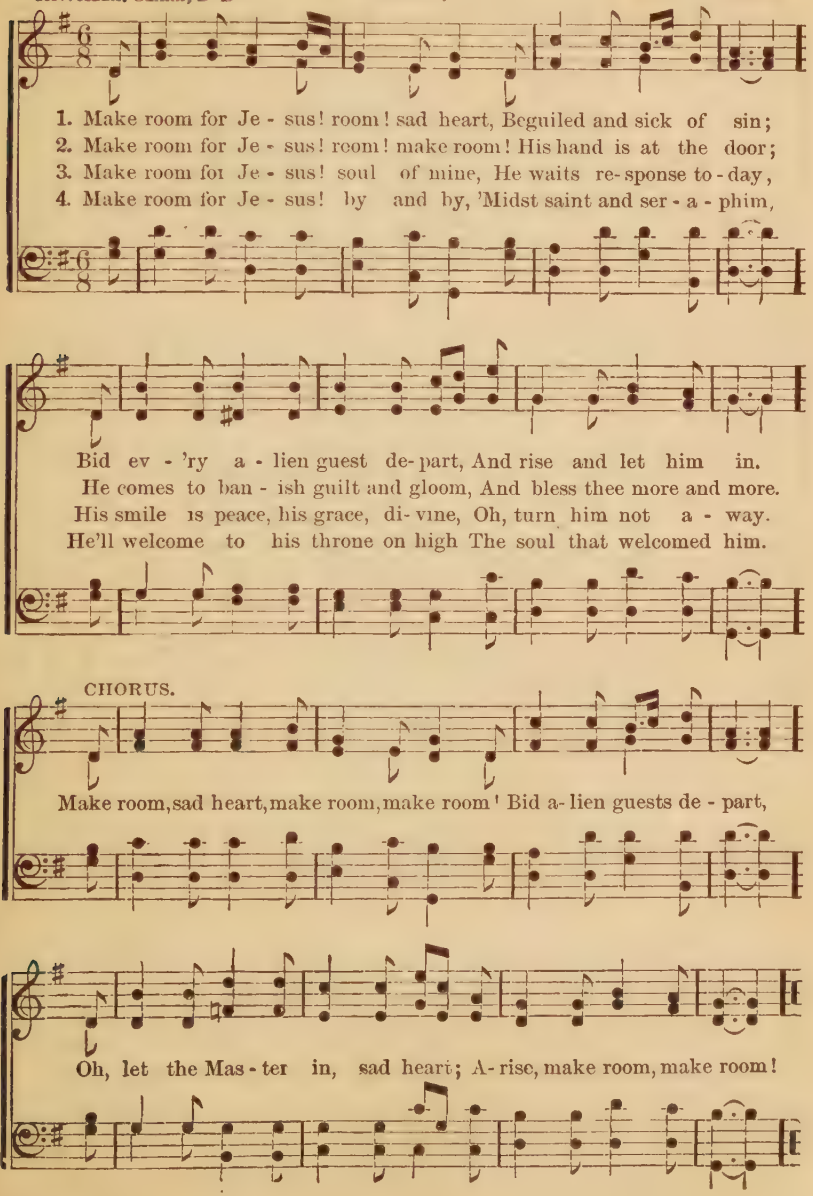
Make Room for Jesus.

"There was no room for them at the inn."
Luke ii. 7.

Rev. Alex. Clark, D D

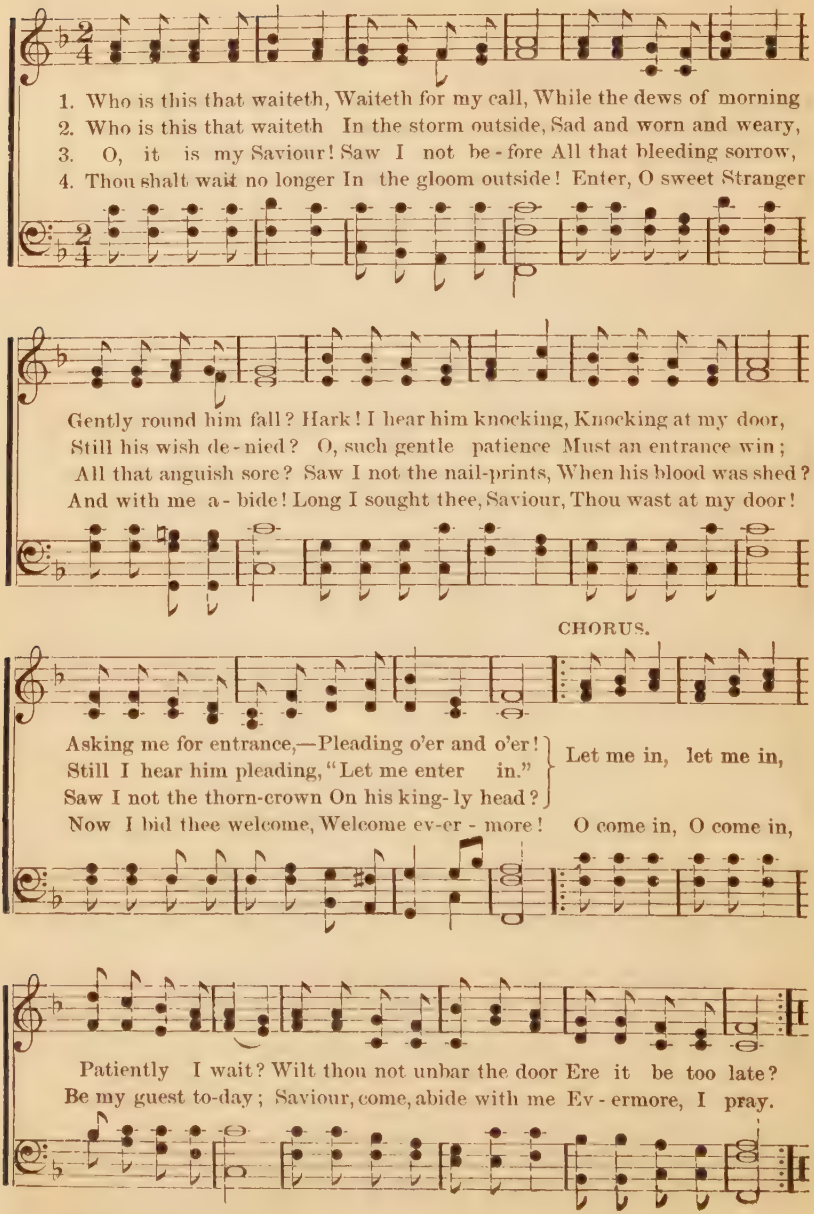
Wm. G Fischer.


1. Make room for Je - sus! room! sad heart, Beguiled and sick of sin;
2. Make room for Je - sus! room! make room! His hand is at the door;
3. Make room for Je - sus! soul of mine, He waits re-sponse to-day,
4. Make room for Je - sus! by and by, 'Midst saint and ser - a - phim,
Bid ev - 'ry a - lien guest de-part, And rise and let him in.
He comes to ban - ish guilt and gloom, And bless thee more and more.
His smile is peace, his grace, di-vine, Oh, turn him not a - way.
He'll welcome to his throne on high The soul that welcomed him.
CHORUS.
Make room, sad heart, make room, make room! Bid a-lien guests de - part,
Oh, let the Mas - ter in, sad heart; A-rise, make room, make room!

By permission.

The Waiting Guest.

Mrs. R. N. Turner. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Who is this that waiteth, Waiteth for my call, While the dews of morning
2. Who is this that waiteth In the storm outside, Sad and worn and weary,
3. O, it is my Saviour! Saw I not be-fore All that bleeding sorrow,
4. Thou shalt wait no longer In the gloom outside! Enter, O sweet Stranger
Gently round him fall? Hark! I hear him knocking, Knocking at my door,
Still his wish de-nied? O, such gentle patience Must an entrance win;
All that anguish sore? Saw I not the nail-prints, When his blood was shed?
And with me a-bide! Long I sought thee, Saviour, Thou wast at my door!
CHORUS.
Asking me for entrance,—Pleading o'er and o'er!
Still I hear him pleading, "Let me enter in."
Saw I not the thorn-crown On his king-ly head?
Let me in, let me in,
Now I bid thee welcome, Welcome ev-er-more!
O come in, O come in,
Patiently I wait? Wilt thou not unbar the door Ere it be too late?
Be my guest to-day; Saviour, come, abide with me Ev-ermore, I pray.

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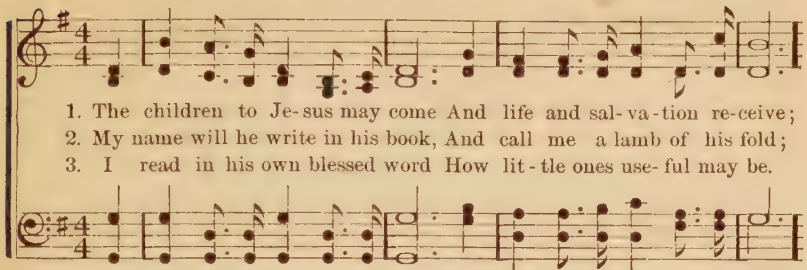
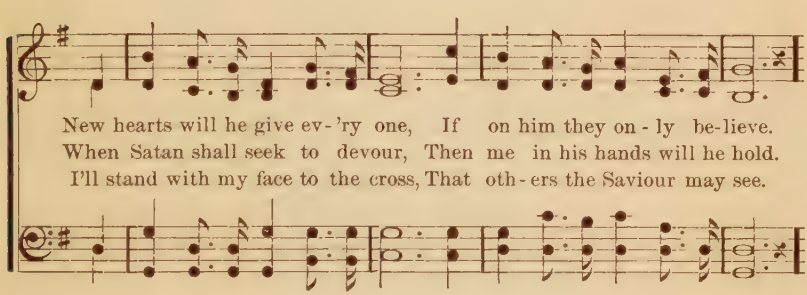
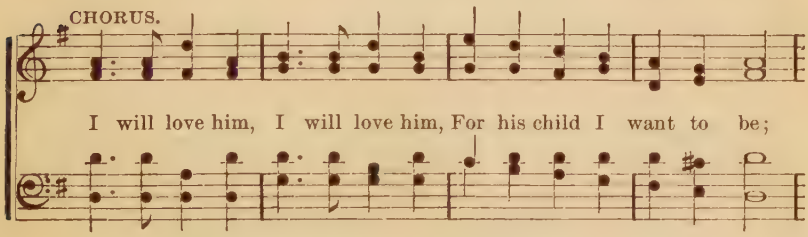
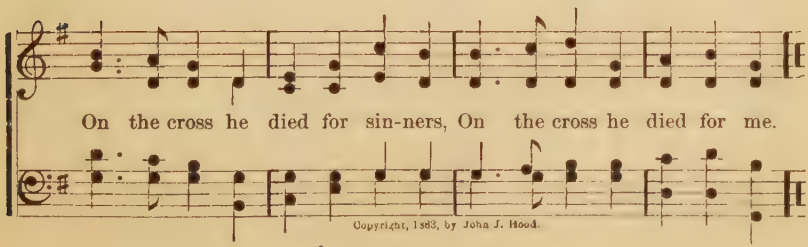
His Child I want to be.

Rev. C. H. YATMAN. FOR PRIMARY CLASS. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. The children to Je-sus may come And life and sal-va-tion re-ceive;
2. My name will he write in his book, And call me a lamb of his fold;
3. I read in his own blessed word How lit-tle ones use-ful may be.


New hearts will he give ev-'ry one, If on him they on-ly be-lieve.
When Satan shall seek to devour, Then me in his hands will he hold.
I'll stand with my face to the cross, That oth-ers the Saviour may see.





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One more Day.

FRANK GOULD. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. One more day its twilight brings, One more day its shadow
2. One more day of conflict passed, One more vic - t'ry gained at
3. One more day of reaping o'er, One more sheaf to crown our
4. Saviour, when as now we rest, Leaning, trust - ing on thy
flings; One sweet hour of grate-ful prayer, Call- ing to
last; One sweet hour in praise to spend While at a
store; One sweet hour to bathe the soul Here in the
breast, We shall cross the nar - row sea, Still may we
CHORUS.
rest . . from toil and care. One day near - - er the land of
throne . . of grace we bend.
streams . . of joy that roll.
sing, . . inspired by thee:—
song, One day near - - er the white-robed throng; There at the
gate they watch and wait For a meeting that shall last forever.
they watch and wait,

Copyright, 1884, by John J. Hood.

P. B. P. Bilhorn.

1. Glo - ry to Je - sus who died on the tree, Paid the great price that my
2. Once in my heart there was sin and despair, Now the dear Saviour him-
3. Come, then, ye wea - ry, who long to be free, Come to the Saviour, he
soul might be free; Now I can sing hal - le - lu - jah to God,
self dwelleth there, And from his pres - ence comes peace to my soul,
wait - eth for thee; Then with the ransomed this song you can sing,
CHORUS.
Glo - ry! he saves, he saves. Glo - ry! he saves, glo - ry! he saves,
Saves a poor sin - ner like me; Glo - ry! he saves,
glo - ry! he saves, Saves a poor sin - ner like me. like me.

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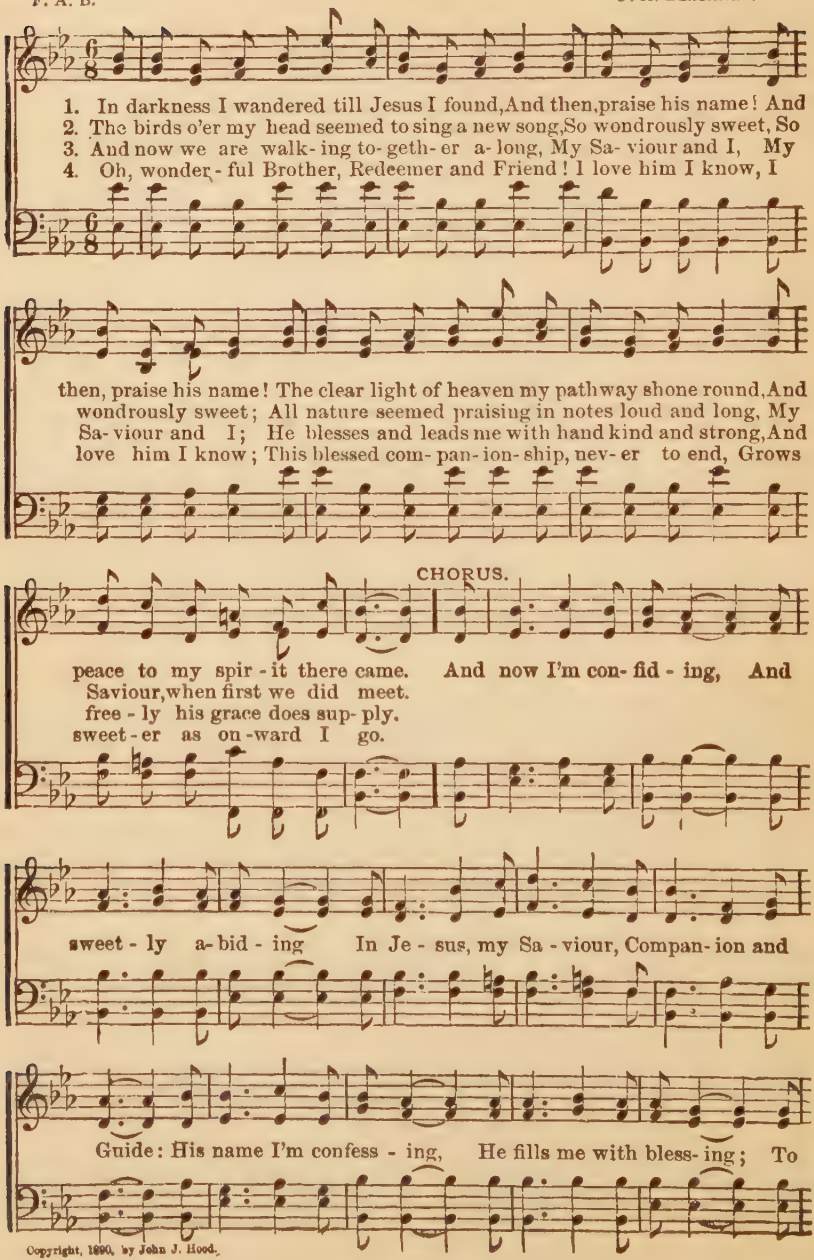
The Clear Light of Heaven.

F. A. B. F. A. BLACKMER.


1. In darkness I wandered till Jesus I found, And then, praise his name! And
2. The birds o'er my head seemed to sing a new song, So wondrously sweet, So
3. And now we are walk-ing to-geth-er a-long, My Sa-viour and I, My
4. Oh, wonder-ful Brother, Redeemer and Friend! I love him I know, I
then, praise his name! The clear light of heaven my pathway shone round, And
wondrously sweet; All nature seemed praising in notes loud and long, My
Sa-viour and I; He blesses and leads me with hand kind and strong, And
love him I know; This blessed com-pan-ion-ship, nev-er to end, Grows
CHORUS.
peace to my spir-it there came. And now I'm con-fid-ing, And
Saviour, when first we did meet.
free-ly his grace does sup-ply.
sweet-er as on-ward I go.
sweet-ly a-bid-ing In Je-sus, my Sa-viour, Compan-ion and
Guide: His name I'm confess-ing, He fills me with bless-ing; To

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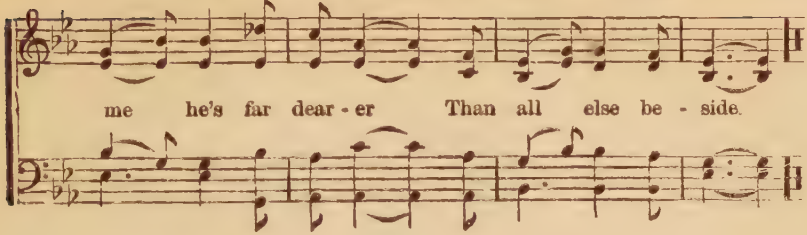
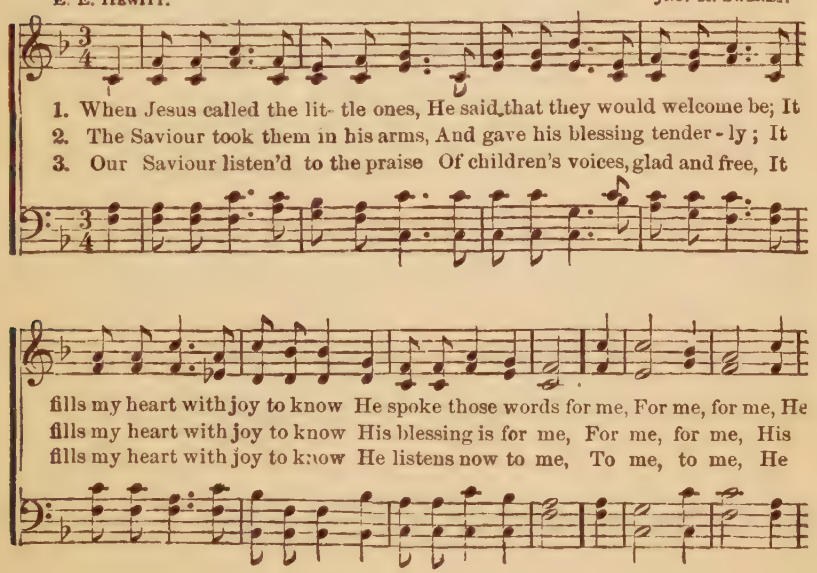


It Fills My Heart with Joy.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. When Jesus called the lit- tle ones, He said that they would welcome be; It
2. The Saviour took them in his arms, And gave his blessing tender - ly; It
3. Our Saviour listen'd to the praise Of children's voices, glad and free, It
fills my heart with joy to know He spoke those words for me, For me, for me, He
fills my heart with joy to know His blessing is for me, For me, for me, His
fills my heart with joy to know He listens now to me, To me, to me, He
[me.
spoke those words for me, It fills my heart with joy to know. He spoke those words for
bless- ing is for me, It fills my heart with joy to know, His blessing is for me.
listens now to me, It fills my heart with joy to know, He listens now to me.

Copyright, 1890, by Jno R. Sweney.

Only Believe.

EMMA M. JOHNSTON. Mark v. 36. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, why should we wres - tle with fears And doubts, which the
2. His word is as - sur - ance com - plete; Thy sins and thine
3. How ea - sy the terms of his grace: 'Tis on - ly to
Spir - it must grieve? And why should we languish in sor - row and tears,
i - dols now leave; Come, pleading his promise, and fall at his feet,
ask and re - ceive; The seal of his fav - or, the smile of his face,
CHORUS.
When there's nothing to do but be - lieve. Be - lieve, be-
Then you've nothing to do but be - lieve.
Are for those who will on - ly be - lieve. Be - lieve, be - lieve,
lieve, On - ly on Je - sus be - lieve; Sal - va - tion is
be - lieve,
wait - ing for you and for me, There is nothing to do but be - lieve.

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Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. "He is faithful that hath promised."—Heb. x. 23. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

1. Blessed as - surance, Jesus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of
2. Perfect sub-mis-sion, perfect de - light, Visions of rap - ture
3. Perfect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am
glory di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of his
burst on my sight, Angels descend- ing, bring from a - bove Echoes of
happy and blest, Watching and waiting, looking a - bove, Filled with his
CHORUS.
Spir - it, washed in his blood. This is my sto - ry, this is my
mer - cy, whispers of love.
goodness, lost in his love.
song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my
sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long.

Copyright, 1873, by Joseph F. Knapp.

Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. E. O. Excell.

1. There's a stranger at the door, Let him in,
2. O-pen now to him your heart, Let him in,
3. Hear you now his lov-ing voice? Let him in,
4. Now admit the heavenly Guest, Let him in,
Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in,
He has been there oft be - fore, Let him in;
If you wait he will de - part, Let him in;
Now, oh, now make him your choice, Let him in,
He will make for you a feast, Let him in,
Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in,
Let him in ere he is gone, Let him in the Ho - ly One,
Let him in, he is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend,
He is stand-ing at the door, Joy to you he will re - store,
He will speak your sins for-given, And when earth ties all are riven,
Je-sus Christ, the Father's Son, Let him in.
He will keep you to the end, Let him in.
And his name you will a - dore, Let him in.
He will take you home to heaven, Let him in.
Let the Saviour in. let the Saviour in.

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Cast thy Burden on the Lord.

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."
1 Peter v. 7.

W. J. K. — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Wea-ry pil-grim on life's pathway, Struggling on beneath thy load,
2. Are thy tir-ed feet unstead-y? Does thy lamp no light af-ford?
3. Are the ties of friendship severed? Hushed the voices fond-ly heard?
Hear these words of con-so-la-tion,—"Cast thy bur-den on the Lord."
Is thy cross too great and hea-vy? Cast thy bur-den on the Lord.
Breaks thy heart with weight of anguish, Cast thy bur-den on the Lord.
CHORUS.
f
p
cres.
Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, And he will
p
ad lib.
strengthen thee, sustain and comfort thee; Cast thy bur-den on the Lord.

4 Does thy heart with faintness falter?
Does thy mind forget his word?
Does thy strength succumb to weakness?
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

5 He will hold thee up from falling,
He will guide thy steps aright;
He will strengthen each endeavor;
He will keep thee by his might.

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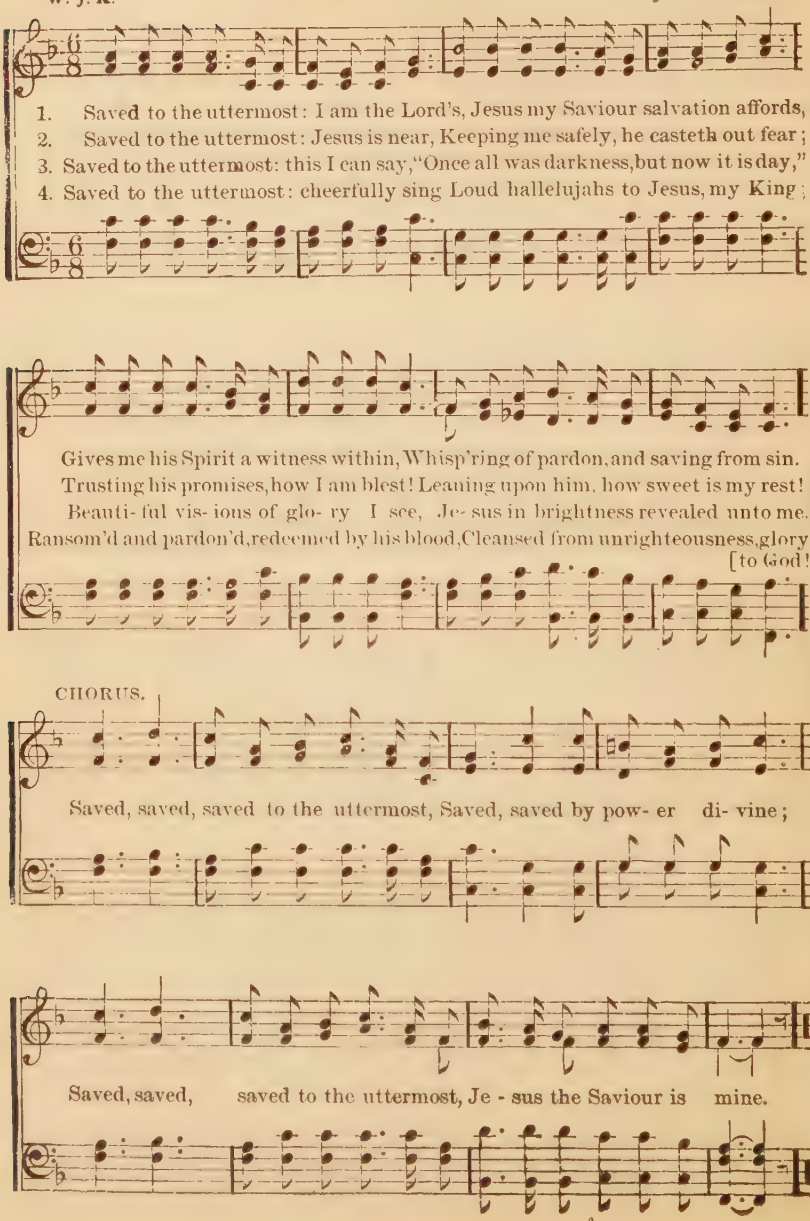
Saved to the Uttermost.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Saved to the uttermost: I am the Lord's, Jesus my Saviour salvation affords,
2. Saved to the uttermost: Jesus is near, Keeping me safely, he casteth out fear;
3. Saved to the uttermost: this I can say, "Once all was darkness, but now it is day,"
4. Saved to the uttermost: cheerfully sing Loud hallelujahs to Jesus, my King;
Gives me his Spirit a witness within, Whisp'ring of pardon, and saving from sin.
Trusting his promises, how I am blest! Leaning upon him, how sweet is my rest!
Beauti- ful vis- ions of glo- ry I see, Je- sus in brightness revealed unto me.
Ransom'd and pardon'd, redeemed by his blood, Cleansed from unrighteousness, glory [to God!
CHORUS.
Saved, saved, saved to the uttermost, Saved, saved by pow- er di- vine;
Saved, saved, saved to the uttermost, Je - sus the Saviour is mine.

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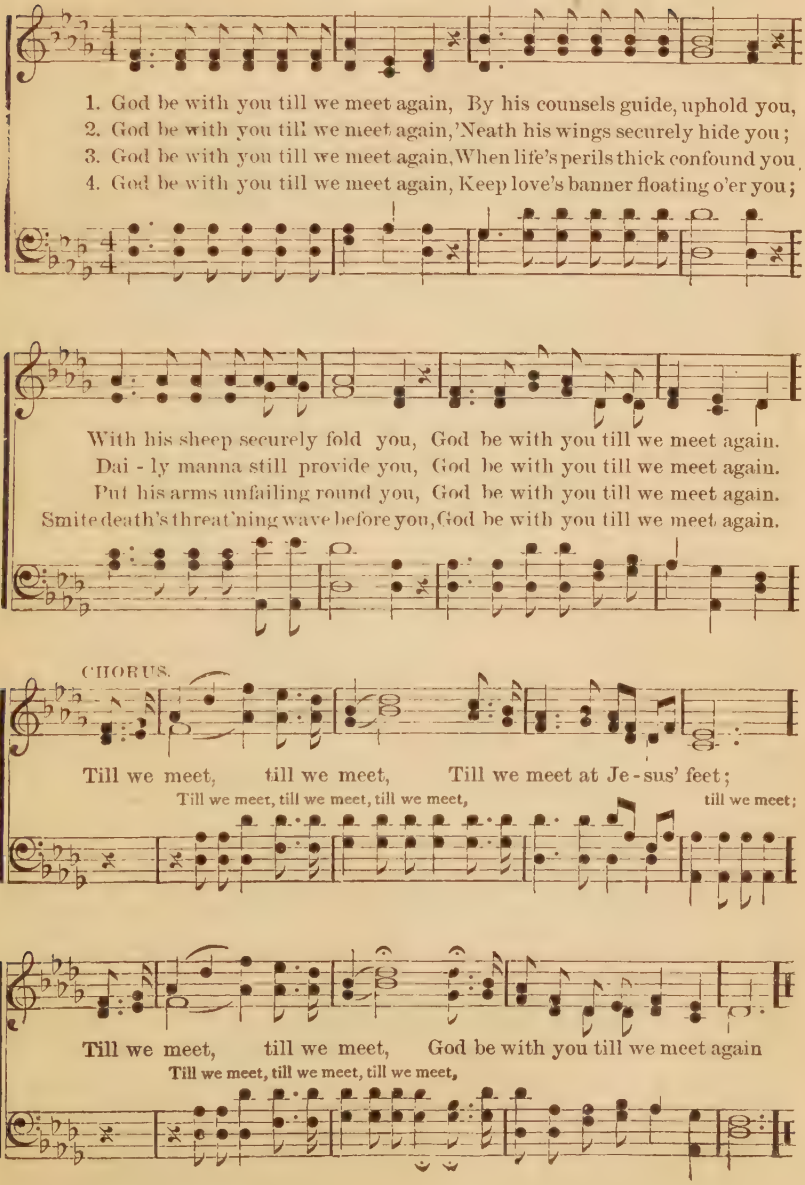
God be with You.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."
Rom. xvi. 20.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. W. G. Tomer.


1. God be with you till we meet again, By his counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath his wings securely hide you;
3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
With his sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet again.
Dai - ly manna still provide you, God be with you till we meet again.
Put his arms unfailing round you, God be with you till we meet again.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.
CHORUS.
Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, till we meet;
Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

From "Gospel Bells," by per.

Christ is All.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious." 1 Peter ii. 7. W. A. Williams.

Effective as a Solo. *Ad lib.*

1. I entered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there,
2. I stood beside a dy-ing bed, Where lay a child with aching head,
3. I saw the mar - tyr at the stake, The flames could not his courage shake,
4. I saw the gos - pel her-ald go,— To Afric's sand and Greenland's snow,
Yet peace and joy withal; I asked the lonely mother whence Her helpless
Wait-ing for Jesus' call; I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as May, And as his
Nor death his soul appal, I asked him whence his strength was given, He looked tri-
To save from Satan's thrall, Nor home nor life he counted dear, 'Midst wants and
CHORUS.
widowhood's defense, She told me "Christ was all." Christ is all, all in
spir-it passed a-way, He whispered, "Christ is all."
umphant-ly to heaven, And answered, "Christ is all."
per-ils owned no fear, He felt that "Christ is all."
1st time.
2d time.
all, Yes, Christ is all in all: Yes, Christ is all in all.

5 I dreamed that hoary time had fled,
And earth and sea gave up their dead,
A fire dissolved this ball,
I saw the church's ransomed throng,
I heard the burden of their song,
'Twas "Christ is all in all."

6 Then come to Christ, oh, come to-day,
The Father, Son, and Spirit say;
The Bride repeats the call,
For he will cleanse your guilty stains,
His love will soothe your weary pains,
For "Christ is all in all."

By permission

Keep Thy Faith Steady.

MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Keep thy faith steady, my brother, Shedding its beauti - ful ray,
2. Keep thy faith steady, my brother, Firm as a rock let it be;
3. Keep thy faith steady, my brother, Looking to Je - sus a - lone;
4. Keep thy faith steady, my brother, Souls by its light may be won;
Clear as the brow of the morn - ing, Bright as the eye of the day.
Pray, and believe when thou prayest, Love hath an answer for thee.
Then will the blessing thou seekest Drop like the dew from his throne.
Trust till thy journey is o - ver, Trust till thy life-work is done.
CHORUS.
Tran - - quil-ly shin - ing, nev - - er de-clin - ing,
Tranquil - ly, tran - quil - ly shin - ing, nev - er, no, nev - er de - clin - ing,
Keep . . . thy faith stead - - y, and wait, oh, wait on the Lord.
Keep thy faith steady, keep thy faith steady,

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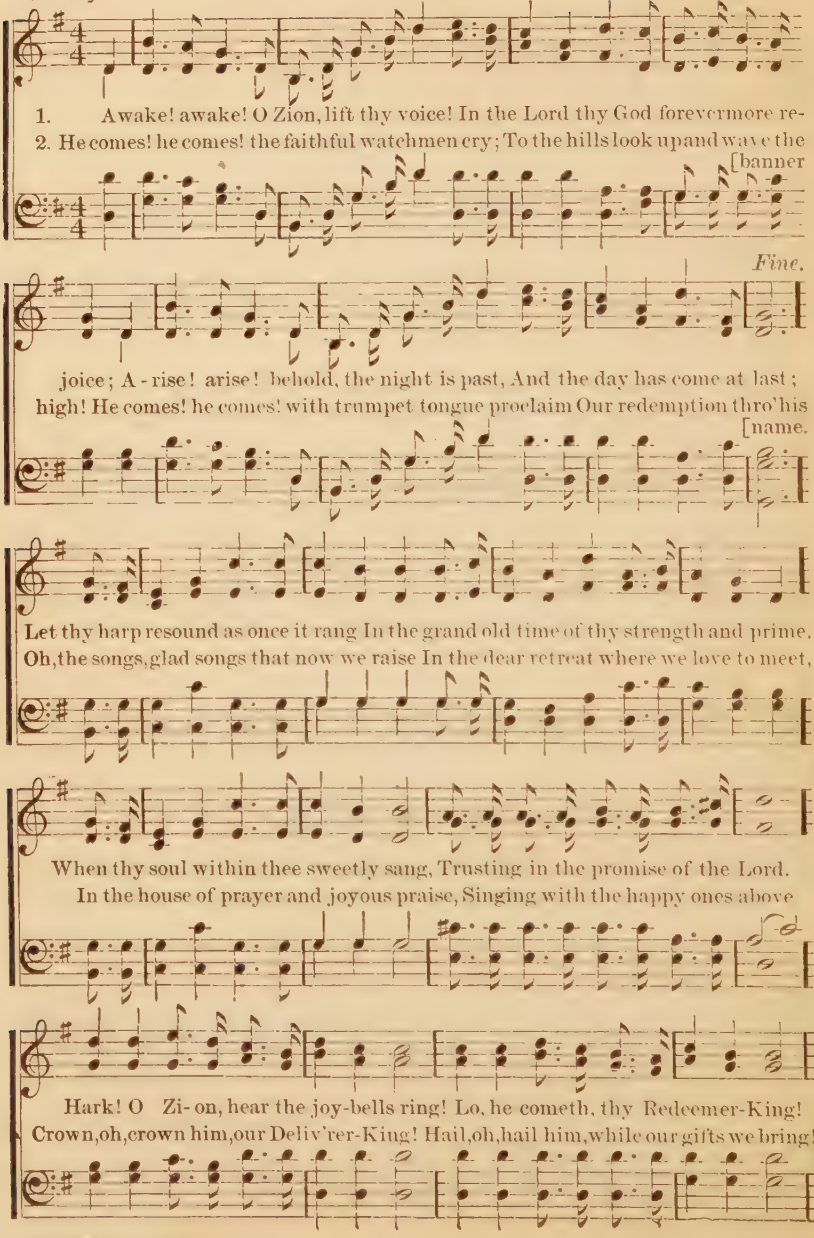
He Comes.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Awake! awake! O Zion, lift thy voice! In the Lord thy God forevermore re-
2. He comes! he comes! the faithful watchmen cry; To the hills look up and wave the [banner
Fine.
joice; A - rise! arise! behold, the night is past, And the day has come at last;
high! He comes! he comes! with trumpet tongue proclaim Our redemption thro' his [name.
Let thy harp resound as once it rang In the grand old time of thy strength and prime.
Oh, the songs, glad songs that now we raise In the dear retreat where we love to meet,
When thy soul within thee sweetly sang, Trusting in the promise of the Lord.
In the house of prayer and joyous praise, Singing with the happy ones above
Hark! O Zi- on, hear the joy-bells ring! Lo, he cometh, thy Redeemer-King!
Crown, oh, crown him, our Deliv'rer-King! Hail, oh, hail him, while our gifts we bring!

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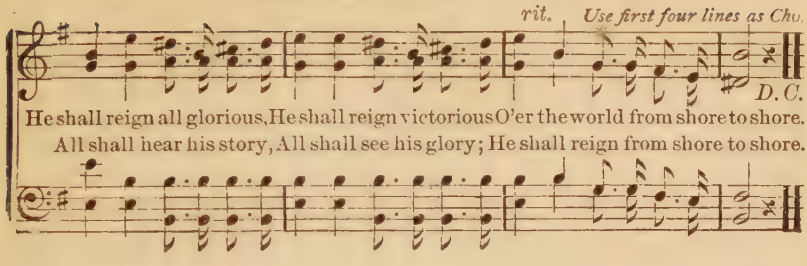
rit.
Use first four lines as Cho.
D.C.
He shall reign all glorious, He shall reign victorious O'er the world from shore to shore.
All shall hear his story, All shall see his glory; He shall reign from shore to shore.

By Grace I Will.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Will you go to Je - sus now, dear friend? He is calling you to-day;
Will you seek the bright and better land, By "the true and living way?
2. Would you know the Saviour's boundless love, And his mercy rich and free?
Will you seek the saving, cleansing blood, That was shed for you and me.
REFRAIN.
I will, I will! by the grace of God, I will; I will go to Jesus now; I will
heed the gospel call, For the promise is for all; I will go to Je- sus now.

3 Will you consecrate your life to him,
To be ever his alone?
And your loving service freely yield,
To the King upon his throne,

4 Will you follow where the Master leads,
Choosing only his renown,
Will you daily bear the cross for him,
Till he bids you wear the crown?

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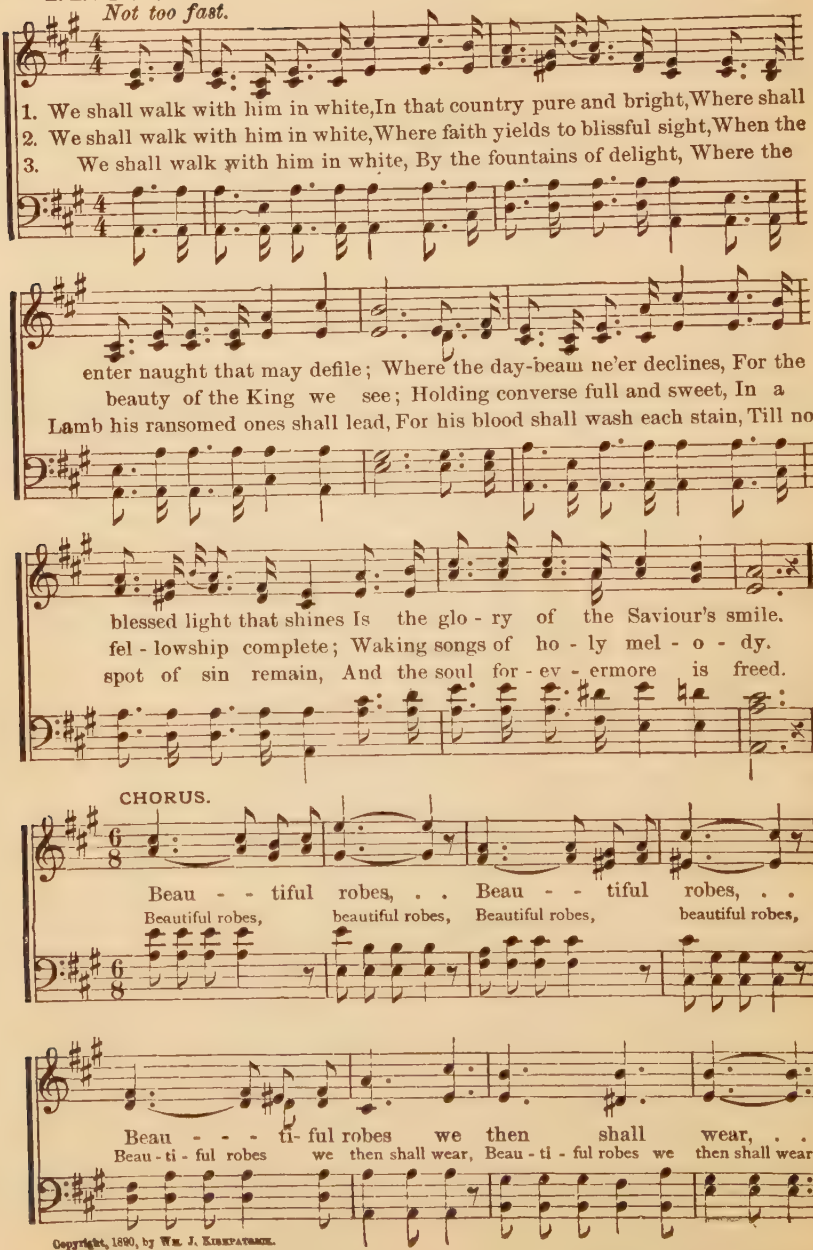
Beautiful Robes.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Not too fast.


1. We shall walk with him in white, In that country pure and bright, Where shall
2. We shall walk with him in white, Where faith yields to blissful sight, When the
3. We shall walk with him in white, By the fountains of delight, Where the
enter naught that may defile; Where the day-beam ne'er declines, For the
beauty of the King we see; Holding converse full and sweet, In a
Lamb his ransomed ones shall lead, For his blood shall wash each stain, Till no
blessed light that shines Is the glo - ry of the Saviour's smile.
fel - lowship complete; Waking songs of ho - ly mel - o - dy.
spot of sin remain, And the soul for - ev - ermore is freed.
CHORUS.
Beau - - tiful robes, . . Beau - - tiful robes, . .
Beautiful robes, beautiful robes, Beautiful robes, beautiful robes,
Beau - - - ti- ful robes we then shall wear, . .
Beau - ti - ful robes we then shall wear, Beau - ti - ful robes we then shall wear,

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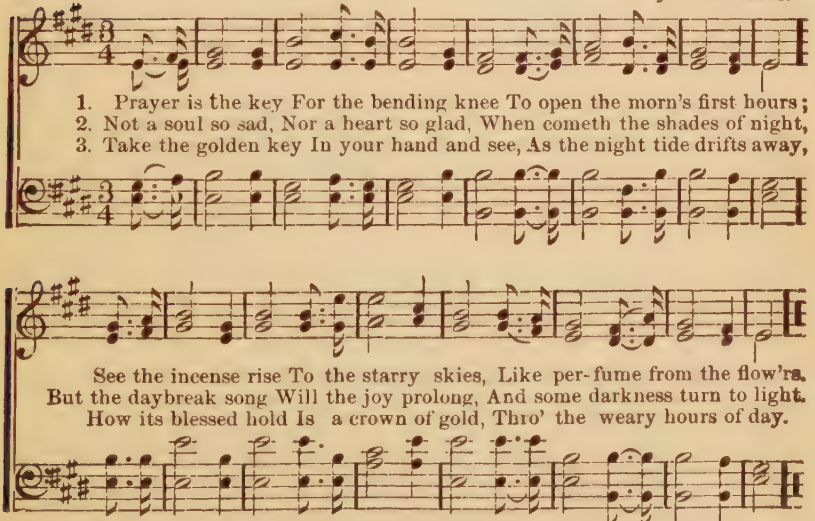
Gar - - ments of light, . . . Love - - ly and bright, . .
Garments of light, . . Garments of light, Lovely and bright, . . Lovely and bright,
Walking with Je - sus in white, Beau - ti - ful robes we shall wear.

The Golden Key.

"Prayer is the key to unlock the door, and the bolt to shut in the night."

JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Prayer is the key For the bending knee To open the morn's first hours;
2. Not a soul so sad, Nor a heart so glad, When cometh the shades of night,
3. Take the golden key In your hand and see, As the night tide drifts away,
See the incense rise To the starry skies, Like per-fume from the flow'rs.
But the daybreak song Will the joy prolong, And some darkness turn to light.
How its blessed hold Is a crown of gold, Thro' the weary hours of day.

4 When the shadows fall,
And the vesper call
Is sobbing its low refrain,
'Tis a garland sweet
To the toil dent feet,
And an antidote for pain

5 Soon the year's dark door
Shall be shut no more:
Life's tears shall be wiped away,
As the pearl gates swing,
And the gold harps ring,
And the sun unsheathe for aye.

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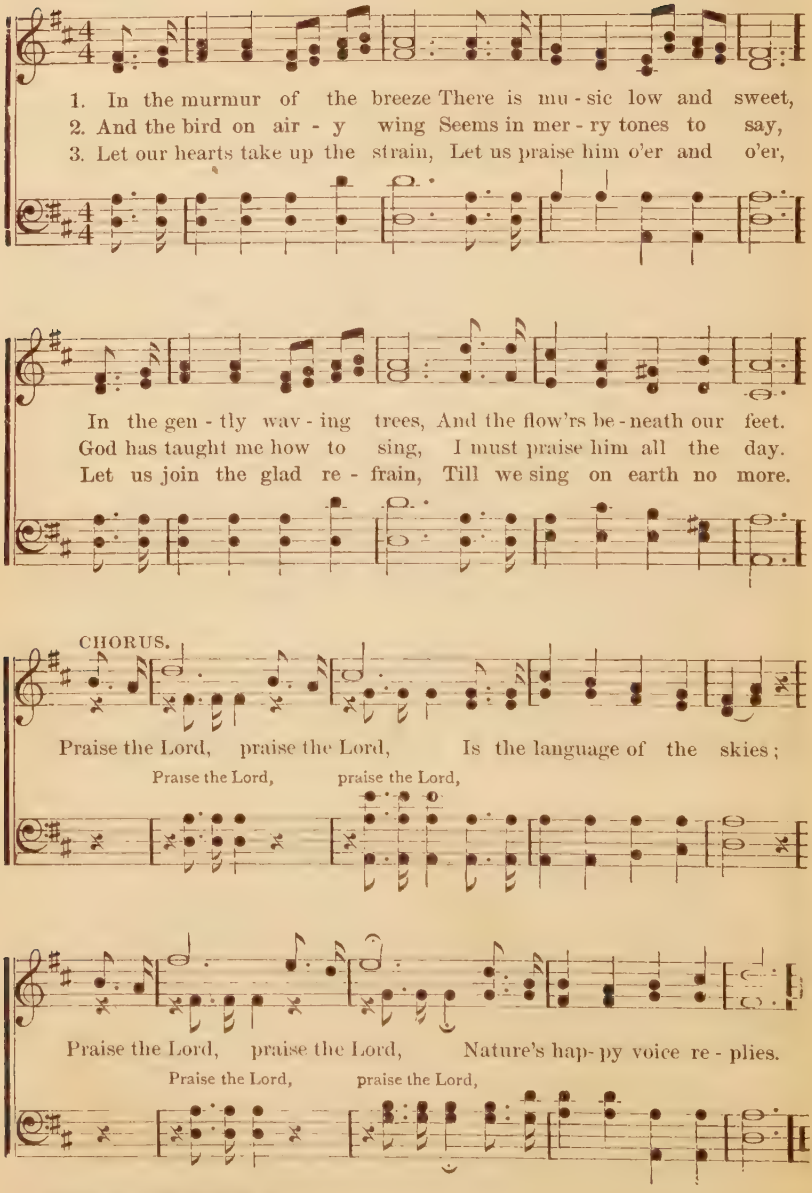
Nature's Praise.

JENNIE GARNETT. ADAM GEIBEL.


1. In the murmur of the breeze There is mu - sic low and sweet,
2. And the bird on air - y wing Seems in mer - ry tones to say,
3. Let our hearts take up the strain, Let us praise him o'er and o'er,
In the gen - tly wav - ing trees, And the flow'rs be - neath our feet.
God has taught me how to sing, I must praise him all the day.
Let us join the glad re - frain, Till we sing on earth no more.
CHORUS.
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Is the language of the skies;
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Nature's hap - py voice re - plies.
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,

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Always Abounding.

"Always abounding in the work of the Lord."—1 Cor. xv. 58.

E. A. Barnes. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Be earnest, my brothers, in word and in deed, Be active in reaping and
2. Be ready, my brothers, his call to o-bey, In seeking the erring and
3. Be zealous, my brothers, the light to extend, And unto all nations the
sow- ing the seed; And thus in the vineyard, with Je- sus to lead, Be
show- ing the way; And thus as his servants, remem - ber, we pray, Be
gos - pel to send; And thus, till the harvest in glo - ry shall end, Be
REFRAIN.
always abounding in the work of the Lord. Be always abounding in the
work of the Lord, Be always abounding in the work of the Lord; Be earnest be
active, re- lying on his word, Be always abounding in the work of the Lord.

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The Haven of Rest.

H. L. Gilmour. Geo. D. Moore.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So
2. I yield - ed my - self to his ten - der embrace, And
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
4. How pre - cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like
5. Oh, come to the Sav - iour, he pa - tient- ly waits To
f.
burdened with sin, and dis - trest. Till I heard a sweet voice saying,
faith taking hold of the word, My fetters fell off, and I
been the OLD STORY so blest Of Jesus, who'll save who-so-
John the be- lov - ed and blest, On Jesus' strong arm, where no
save by his power di - vine; Come, anchor your soul in the
D. S.—The tempest may sweep o'er the
Fine.
make me your choice; And I entered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
anchored my soul; The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.
ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
tem - pest can harm,— Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
ha - ven of rest, And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."
wild, stormy deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.
CHORUS.
D. S.
I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

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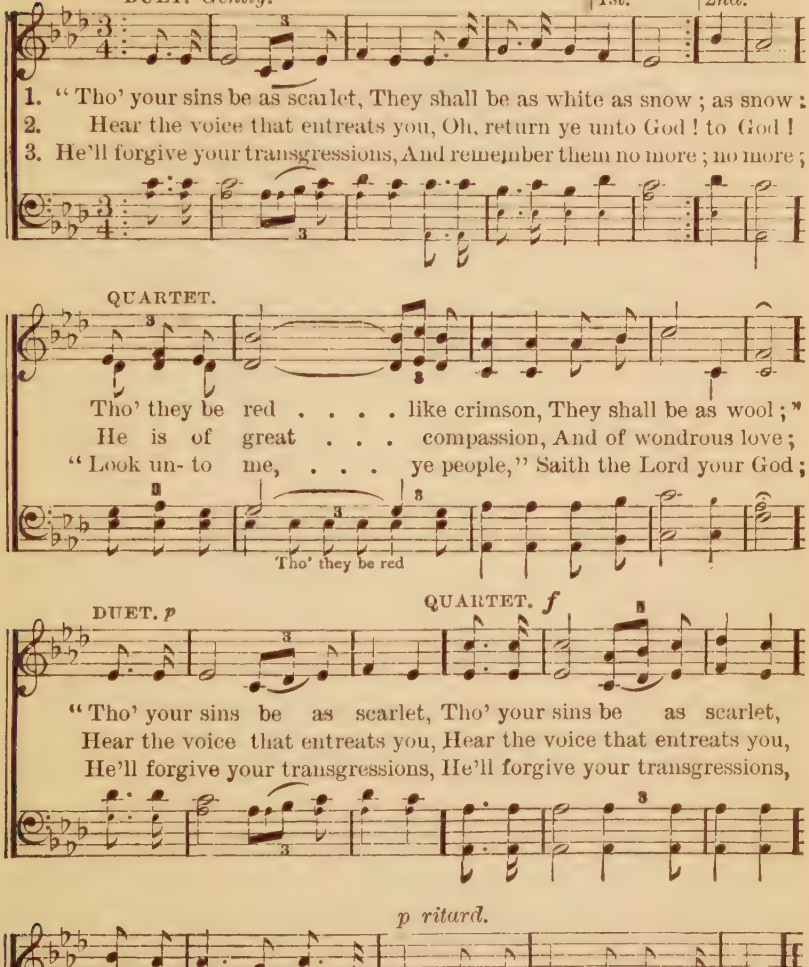
"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isaiah i. 18.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. By per.


DUET. Gently.
1st.
2nd.
1. "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, They shall be as white as snow; as snow:
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, return ye unto God! to God!
3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;
QUARTET.
Tho' they be red . . . . like crimson, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great . . . compassion, And of wondrous love;
"Look un- to me, . . . ye people," Saith the Lord your God;
Tho' they be red
DUET. p
QUARTET. f
"Tho' your sins be as scarlet, Tho' your sins be as scarlet,
Hear the voice that entreats you, Hear the voice that entreats you,
He'll forgive your transgressions, He'll forgive your transgressions,
p ritard.
They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
Oh, return ye un - to God! Oh, return ye un - to God!
And remem - ber them no more, And remem - ber them no more.

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The Haven of Rest.

H. L. Gilmour. Geo. D. Moore.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So
2. I yield - ed my - self to his ten - der embrace, And
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
4. How pre - cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like
5. Oh, come to the Sav - iour, he pa - tient- ly waits To
burdened with sin, and dis - trest, Till I heard a sweet voice saying,
faith taking hold of the word, My fetters fell off, and I
been the OLD STORY so blest Of Jesus, who'll save who-so-
John the be- lov - ed and blest, On Jesus' strong arm, where no
save by his power di - vine; Come, anchor your soul in the
D. S.—The tempest may sweep o'er the
make me your choice; And I entered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
anchored my soul; The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.
ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
tem - pest can harm,— Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
ha - ven of rest, And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."
wild, stormy deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.
CHORUS.
I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

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Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isaiah i. 18.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. By per.

DUET. *Gently.* 1st. 2nd.

1. "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, return ye unto God! to God!
3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red . . . . like crimson, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great . . . . compassion, And of wondrous love;
"Look un- to me, ... ye people," Saith the Lord your God;

Tho' they be red

DUET. *p* QUARTET. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scarlet, Tho' your sins be as scarlet,
Hear the voice that entreats you, Hear the voice that entreats you,
He'll forgive your transgressions, He'll forgive your transgressions,

p ritard.

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
Oh, return ye un - to God! Oh, return ye un - to God!
And remem - ber them no more, And remem - ber them no more.

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Leading Souls to Jesus.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. Jno. R. Swenet.

1. Leading souls to Jesus who are sad and lost, Who upon life's waters have been
2. Leading souls to Jesus, telling them the way Out of nature's darkness into
3. Leading souls to Jesus from their want and sin, Setting up his kingdom with its
4. Leading souls to Jesus, as the stars to shine, In some humbly station, Master,
tempest-tossed; All the heavy-laden, burdened with their load, Whisp'ring of sal-
God's own day; Kneeling with the sinner at the Saviour's feet, Even angels
peace within; Till the Spirit witness in them o'er and o'er, Cleans'd are thy trans-
be it mine; With forgiven sin-ners, not alone, to stand When I rise to
CHORUS.
vation thro' the Lamb of God. Leading souls to Jesus! oh, may this be mine,
can not know of work more sweet.
gressions: go, and sin no more.
glo-ry in the bet-ter land.
Till I cross the riv-er to that home divine; Sowing by all wa-ters,
till the great day come, When with joy the reapers shout the harvest home.

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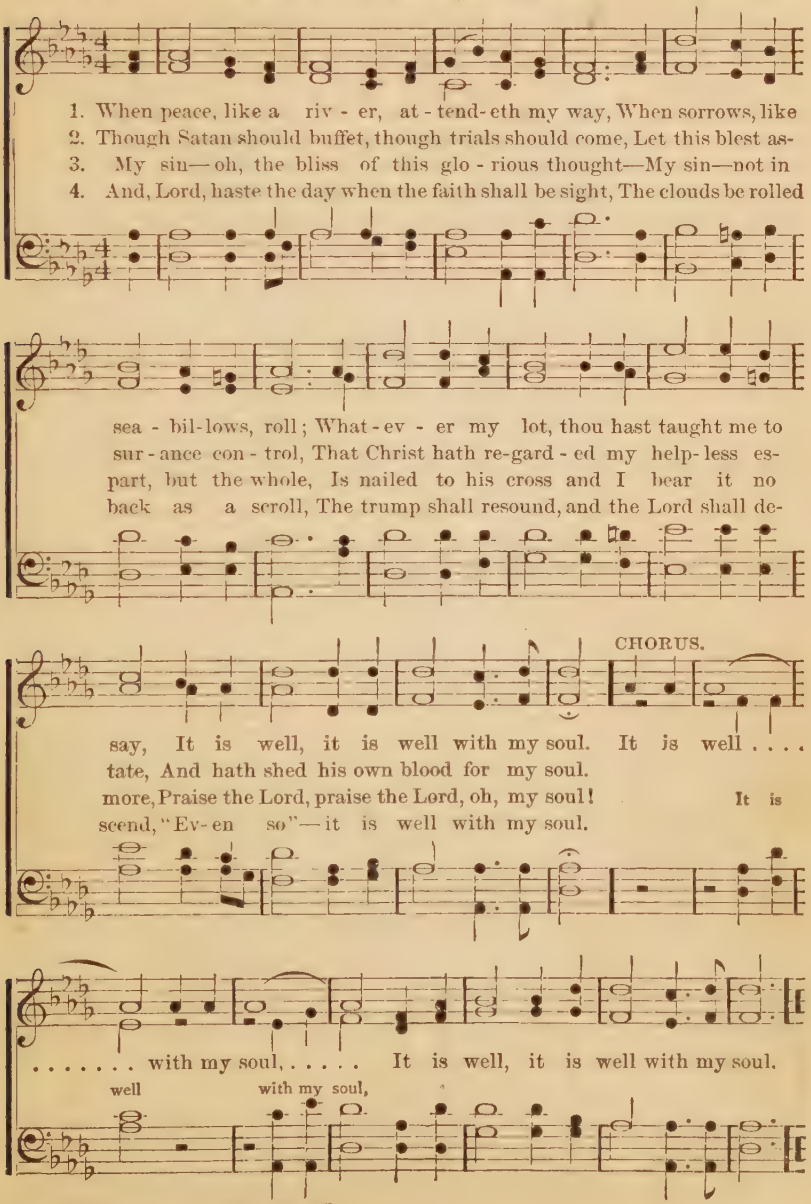
It is Well with My Soul.

H. G. Spafford. "He hath delivered my soul in peace."—Ps. lv. 18. P. P. Bliss.


1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sorrows, like
2. Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come, Let this blest as-
3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glo - rious thought—My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled
sea - bil - lows, roll; What - ev - er my lot, thou hast taught me to
sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re-gard - ed my help - less es-
part, but the whole, Is nailed to his cross and I bear it no
back as a scroll, The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall de-
CHORUS.
say, It is well, it is well with my soul. It is well . . . .
tate, And hath shed his own blood for my soul.
more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul! It is
scend, "Ev - en so"—it is well with my soul.
. . . . . with my soul, ... It is well, it is well with my soul.
well with my soul,

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Christ Arose!

R. L. By per. "He is not here, but is risen."—Luke xxiv. 6. Rev. Robert Lowry.

Slow.

1. Low in the grave he lay—Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Waiting the coming day—
2. Vainly they watch his bed—Jesus, my Sav - iour! Vainly they seal the dead—
3. Death cannot keep his prey—Jesus, my Sav - iour! He tore the bars away—
CHORUS. faster.
Je - sus, my Lord! Up from the grave he a - rose, he a - rose, With a
might - y triumph o'er his foes; he a - rose! He a - rose a Victor from the
dark do - main, And he lives for - ev - er with his saints to reign: He a -
rit.
rose! he a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!
He a - rose! he a - rose!

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Calvary.

"The place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him."

Rev. W. M'K. Darwood. Luke xxiii. 33. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. On Calv'ry's brow my Saviour died, 'Twas there my
2. 'Mid rending rocks and dark'ning skies, My Saviour
3. O Je-sus, Lord, how can it be, That thou shouldst
Lord was cruci-fied: 'Twas on the cross he bled for
bows his head and dies; The opening vail reveals the
give thy life for me, To bear the cross and ag-o-
me, And purchased there my par-don free.
way To heaven's joys and endless day.
ny,— In that dread hour on Cal-va-ry!—
mf CHORUS. p m p pp
O Cal-va-ry! dark Calva-ry! Where Jesus shed his blood for me, for me;
mf ff mf rit. p
O Cal-va-ry! blest Cal-va-ry! 'Twas there my Saviour died for me.

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Young Soldiers for Jesus.

JENNIE E. JOHNSON. JNO. R. SWENEY.

F
1. Oh, we are young soldiers for Je- sus, And he, our Commander and Friend,
2. Oh, we are young soldiers for Je - sus, And promise to follow him still;
3. Our pathway may sometimes be rugged, Our marching may sometimes be long,
D. S.—we are young soldiers for Je- sus, And he, our Commander and Friend,
Fine.
Will help us each one to be faith-ful, And lead us safe on to the end;
A place in the Sunday-school army To-day we are hap- py to fill;
But glad - ly our footsteps shall ev- er Keep time to the voice of our song;
Will help us each one to be faith-ful, And lead us safe on to the end;
Wherev - er the post of our du - ty Let none of us fal - ter nor fear;
Yes, we are young soldiers for Je - sus, And proudly our colors we show;
And oh, when the warfare is o - ver, And Jesus our Saviour shall come,
Chorus D.S.
Remember no danger can harm us When Jesus our Saviour is near. Oh,
Our watchword is RIGHT and PRESS ONWARD; We dread not the field nor the foe.
How sweetly we'll rest on his bo- som, In Ed - en, dear Eden, our home.

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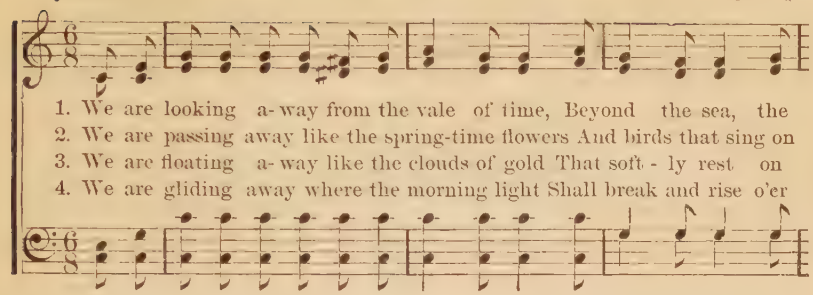
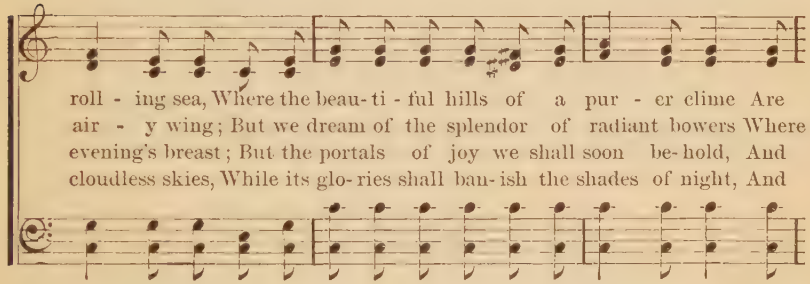
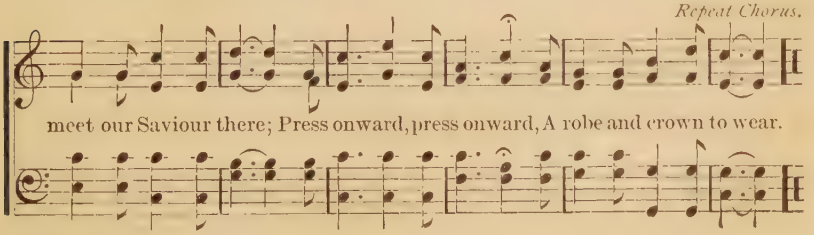
Press Onward.

JENNIE GARNETT. ADAM GEIBEL.


1. We are looking a-way from the vale of time, Beyond the sea, the
2. We are passing away like the spring-time flowers And birds that sing on
3. We are floating a-way like the clouds of gold That soft - ly rest on
4. We are gliding away where the morning light Shall break and rise o'er


roll - ing sea, Where the beau-ti - ful hills of a pur - er clime Are
air - y wing; But we dream of the splendor of radiant bowers Where
evening's breast; But the portals of joy we shall soon be-hold, And
cloudless skies, While its glo-ries shall ban-ish the shades of night, And

CHORUS.
blooming for you and for me. Press on - ward, press on - ward To
mu-sic for - ev - er shall ring.
dwell with the hap-py and blest.
fill us with joy-ful sur - prise.



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Leaning on Jesus.

Rev. W. F. Crafts. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Wea-ry with walking a - lone, Long heav-y - laden with sin;
2. Fearing to stand for my Lord, Trembling for weakness in prayer;
Toil-ing all night with-out Christ,—Rest for my soul shall I win,
Yet on the bo - som di - vine Los - ing each sor-row and fear,
Chorus.
Lean - ing on Je - sus, I walk - at his side; . .
Leaning on Je-sus, in him I a - bide, Leaning on Je - sus, I walk at his side;
Lean - - ing on Je - - sus, I trust him, my Shepherd and Guide.
Leaning on Je-sus, what-ev-er be - tide,

3 Anxious no longer for self,
Shrinking no longer from pain,
Leaning on Jesus alone,
He all my care will sustain.

4 Leaning, I walk in "the way,"
Leaning, "the truth" I shall know;
Leaning on heart-throbs of Christ,
Safe into "life" I may go.

From "Leaflet Gems," by permission of John J. Hood.

R. Kelso Carter. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Je-sus is the light, the way, We are walking in the light, We are
2. We who know our sins forgiven, We are walking in the light, We are
3. As we journey here be-low, We are walking in the light, We are
4. We will sing his power to save, We are walking in the light, We are
walking in the light; Shining brighter day by day, We are walking in the
walking in the light; Find on earth the joy of heaven, We are walking in the
walking in the light; Oh, what joy and peace we know, We are walking in the
walking in the light; We will triumph o'er the grave, We are walking in the
REFRAIN.
beautiful light of God. We are walk - - ing in the light, We are
Walking in the light, beautiful light of God,
walk - - ing in the light, We are walk - - ing in the
Walking in the light, beau-ti-ful light of God, Walking in the light,
light, ... We are walking in the beauti-ful light of God.
Walk-ing in the light,

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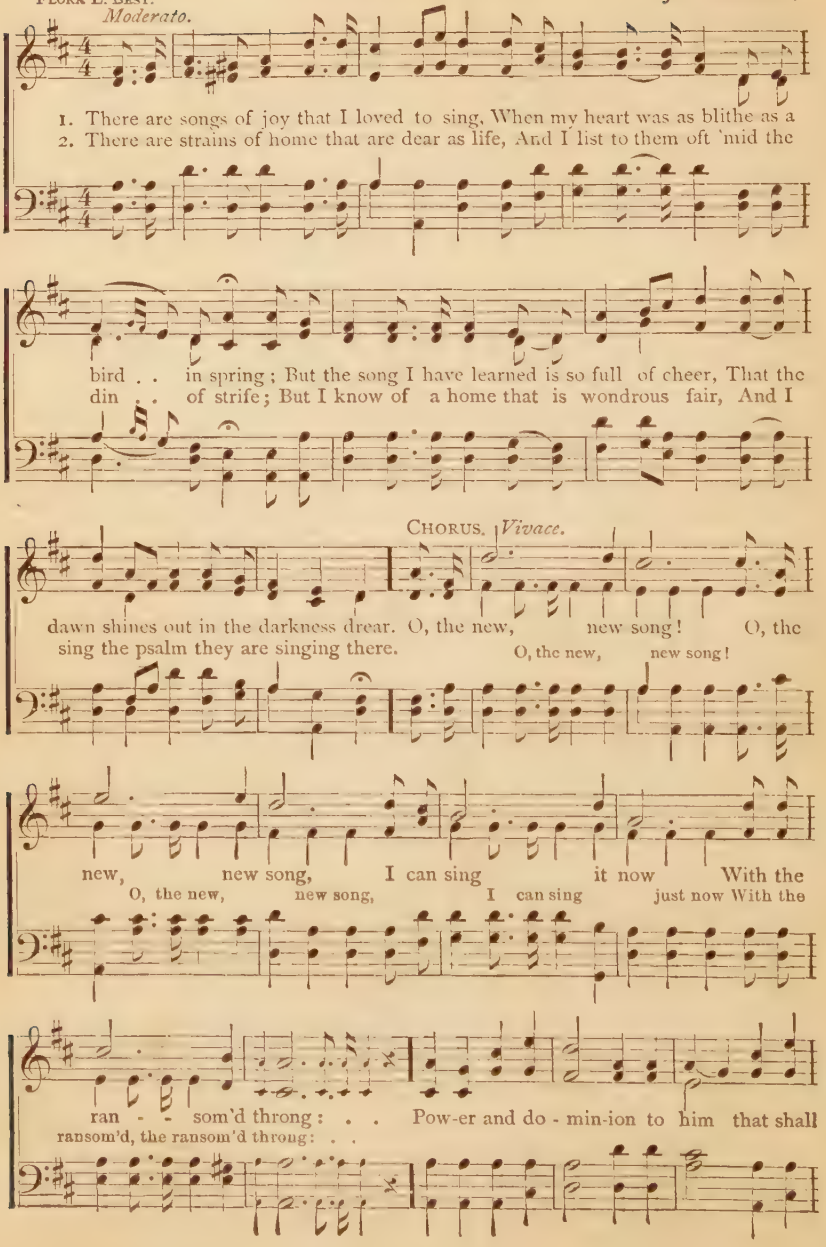
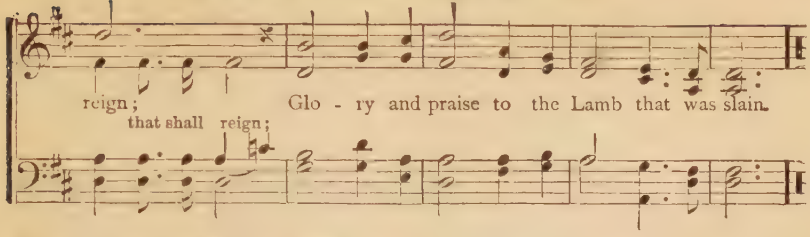
The New Song.

Flora L. Best. Jno. R. Sweney.

Moderato.


1. There are songs of joy that I loved to sing, When my heart was as blithe as a
2. There are strains of home that are dear as life, And I list to them oft 'mid the
bird . . in spring; But the song I have learned is so full of cheer, That the
din . . of strife; But I know of a home that is wondrous fair, And I
Chorus. *Vivace.*
dawn shines out in the darkness drear. O, the new, new song! O, the
sing the psalm they are singing there.
O, the new, new song!
new, new song, I can sing it now With the
O, the new, new song, I can sing just now With the
ran - - som'd throng: . . Pow-er and do - min-ion to him that shall
ransom'd, the ransom'd throng: . .



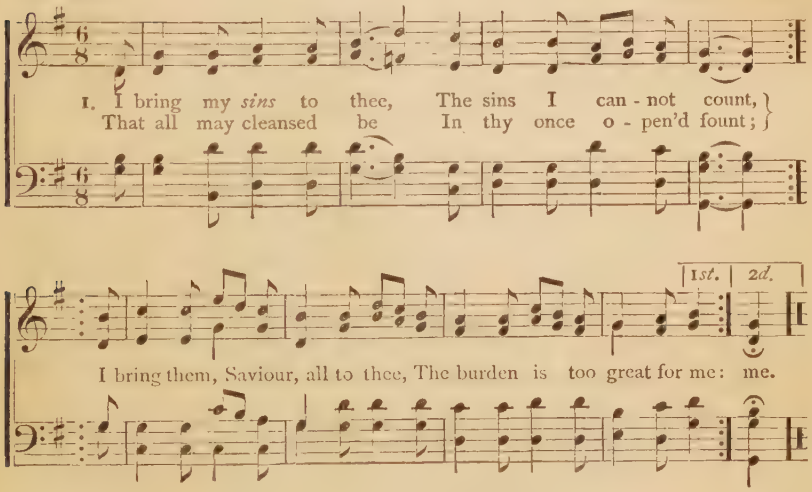
3 Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad,
When the gracious Master hath made me glad?
When he points where the many mansions be,
And sweetly says, 'There is one for thee'?

4 I shall catch the gleam of its jasper wall
When I come to the gloom of the evenfall,
For I know that the shadows, dreary and dim,
Have a path of light that will lead to him.

From "Gems of Praise," by per.

My All to Thee.

HAVERGAL. T. C. O'KANE. By per.


1. I bring my *sins* to thee, The sins I can - not count,
That all may cleansed be In thy once o - pen'd fount;
1st. 2d.
I bring them, Saviour, all to thee, The burden is too great for me: me.

2 My *heart* to thee I bring,
The heart I cannot read;
A faithless, wand'ring thing—
An evil heart indeed;
I bring it, Saviour, now to thee,
That fixed and faithful it may be.

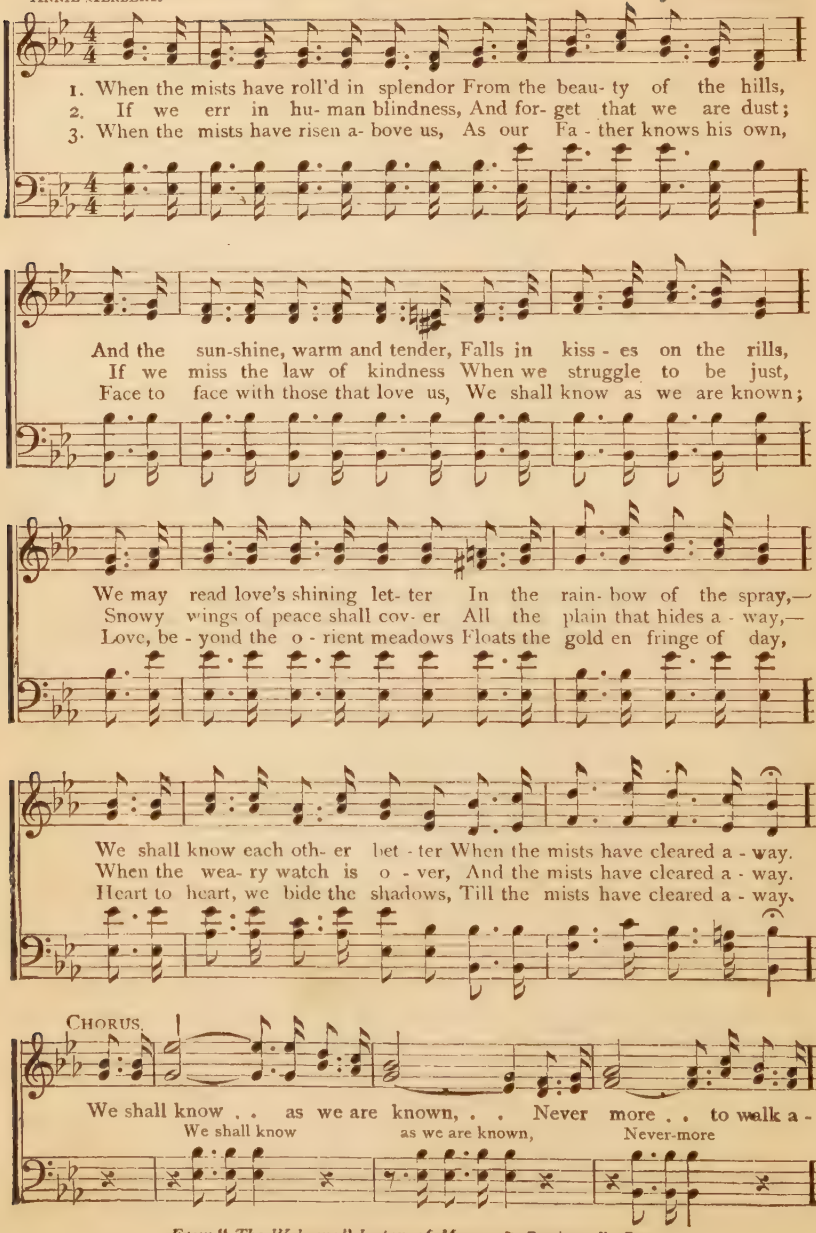
3 I bring my *grief* to thee,
The grief I cannot tell,
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well;
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O suffering Saviour, all to thee.

4 My *joys* to thee I bring,
The joys thy love has given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven;
I bring them, Saviour, all to thee,
Who hast procured them all for me.

5 My *life* I bring to thee,
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine, ever thine alone:
My heart, my life, my all, I bring
To thee, my Saviour and my King.

We shall Know.

ANNIE HERBERT. J. H. ANDERSON.

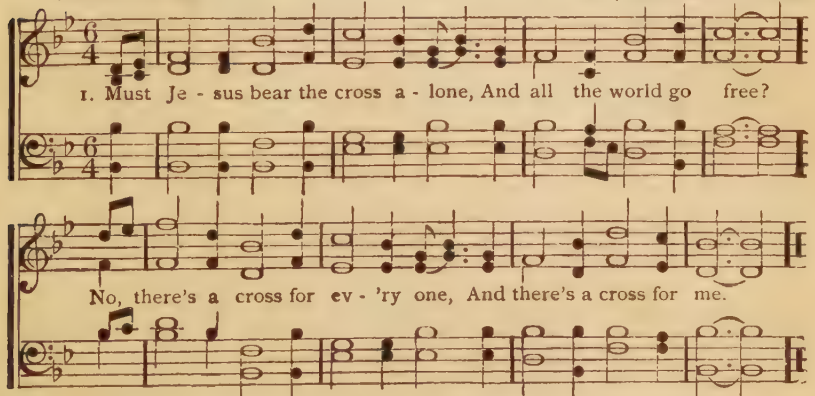

1. When the mists have roll'd in splendor From the beau- ty of the hills,
2. If we err in hu- man blindness, And for- get that we are dust;
3. When the mists have risen a- bove us, As our Fa - ther knows his own,
And the sun-shine, warm and tender, Falls in kiss - es on the rills,
If we miss the law of kindness When we struggle to be just,
Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known;
We may read love's shining let- ter In the rain- bow of the spray,—
Snowy wings of peace shall cov- er All the plain that hides a - way,—
Love, be - yond the o - rient meadows Floats the gold en fringe of day,
We shall know each oth- er bet - ter When the mists have cleared a - way.
When the wea- ry watch is o - ver, And the mists have cleared a - way.
Heart to heart, we bide the shadows, Till the mists have cleared a - way.
CHORUS.
We shall know . . as we are known, . . Never more . . to walk a -
We shall know
as we are known,
Never-more

From "The Welcome," by per. of Messrs. S. Brainard's Sons.

lone, In the dawn - - ing of the morn- ing, When the
to walk a- lone, - In the dawn-ing of the morn - ing,
mists . . have cleared away; In the dawn - - ing of the
When the mists have cleared away; In the dawning
morn - ing, When the mists . . . have cleared a- way.
When the mists have cleared away.

Must Jesus Bear the Cross.

THOMAS SHEPHERD. Alt. Tune, MAITLAND. C. M.



2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

My Redeemer.

P. P. Bliss. "O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer."—Ps. xix. 14. James McGranahan.

1. I will sing of my Redeem-er, And his wondrous love to me;
2. I will tell the wondrous story, How my lost es-tate to save,
3. I will praise my dear Redeemer, His tri-umphant power I'll tell,
4. I will sing of my Redeem-er, And his heav'n-ly love to me;
On the cru-el cross he suffered, From the curse to set me free.
In his boundless love and mercy, He the ran-som free-ly gave.
How the vic-to-ry he giv-eth O-ver sin, and death, and hell.
He from death to life hath brought me, Son of God with him to be.
CHORUS.
Sing, oh, sing . . . . . of my Redeem-er, With his
sing of my Redeem-er, Sing, oh, sing of my Redeem-er,
blood . . . . . he purchased me, ... On the
blood he pur-chased me, he pur-chased me, he pur-chased me; On the
With his blood he pur-chased me;
cross . . . . . he sealed my par-don, Paid the
cross he sealed my par-don, On the cross he sealed my par-don,

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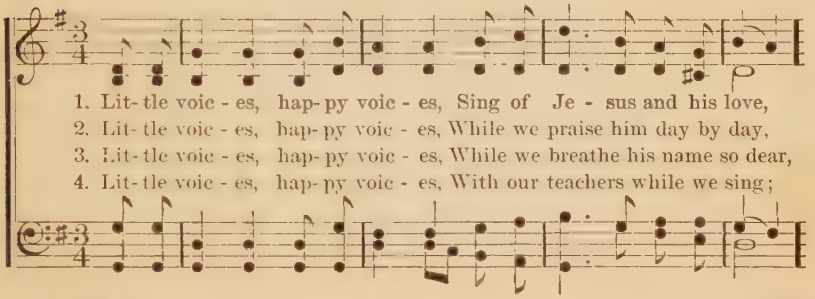
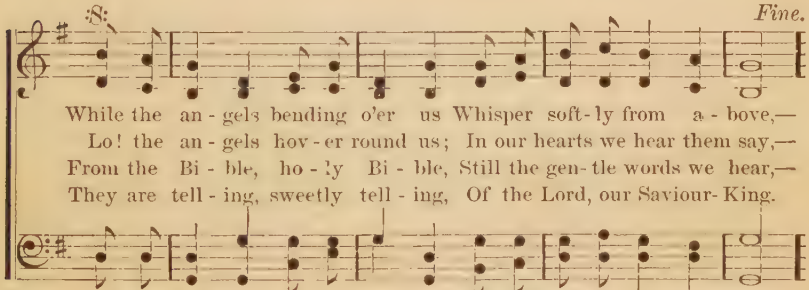
Repeat pp after last verse.

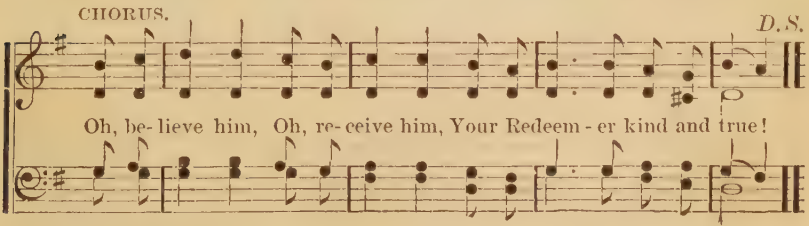
O Receive Him.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. FOR PRIMARY CLASS. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Lit-tle voic-es, hap-py voic-es, Sing of Je-sus and his love,
2. Lit-tle voic-es, hap-py voic-es, While we praise him day by day,
3. Lit-tle voic-es, hap-py voic-es, While we breathe his name so dear,
4. Lit-tle voic-es, hap-py voic-es, With our teachers while we sing;


:S:
Fine.
While the an-gels bending o'er us Whisper soft-ly from a-bove,—
Lo! the an-gels hov-er round us; In our hearts we hear them say,—
From the Bi-ble, ho-ly Bi-ble, Still the gen-tle words we hear,—
They are tell-ing, sweetly tell-ing, Of the Lord, our Saviour-King.

D. S.—How he loves you! yes, he loves you More than all your friends can do.



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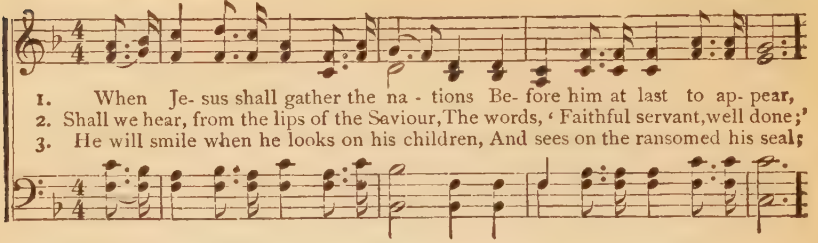
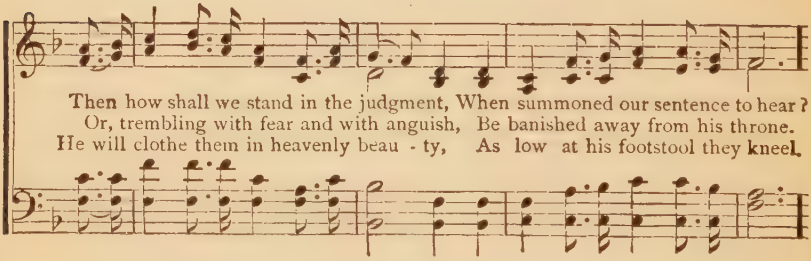
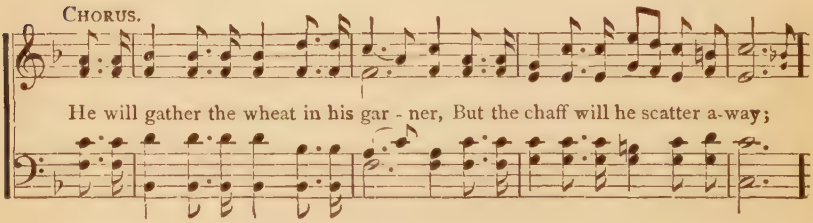
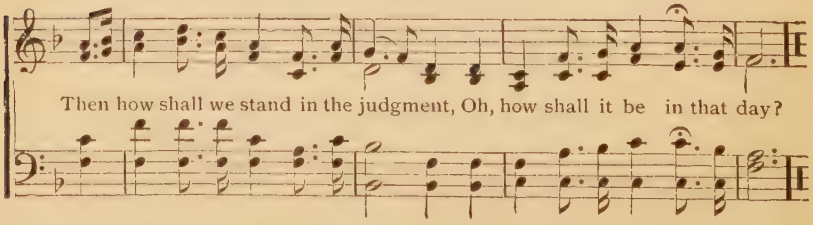
He will Gather the Wheat.

HARRIET B. M'KEEVER. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. When Je- sus shall gather the na - tions Be- fore him at last to ap- pear,
2. Shall we hear, from the lips of the Saviour, The words, ' Faithful servant, well done;'
3. He will smile when he looks on his children, And sees on the ransomed his seal;


Then how shall we stand in the judgment, When summoned our sentence to hear?
Or, trembling with fear and with anguish, Be banished away from his throne.
He will clothe them in heavenly beau - ty, As low at his footstool they kneel.

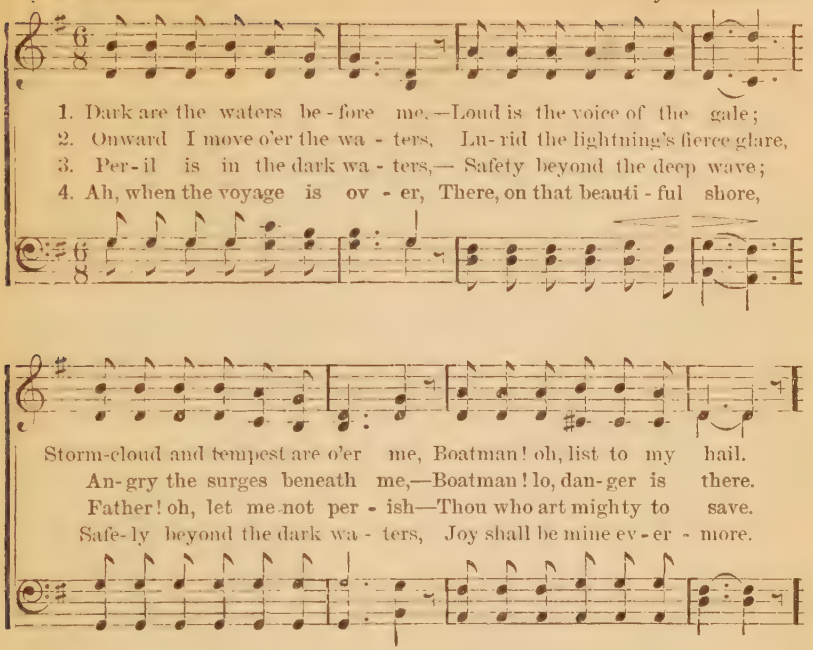




4 Then let us be watching and waiting,—
Our lamps burning steady and bright,—
When the Bridegroom shall call to the wedding
Our spirits made ready for flight.

5 Thus living with hearts fixed on Jesus,
In patience we wait for the time,
When, the days of our pilgrimage ended,
We'll bask in his presence divine

FRANCIS A. SIMKINS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Dark are the waters be - fore me,—Loud is the voice of the gale;
2. Onward I move o'er the wa - ters, Lu - rid the lightning's fierce glare,
3. Per - il is in the dark wa - ters,— Safety beyond the deep wave;
4. Ah, when the voyage is ov - er, There, on that beauti - ful shore,
Storm-cloud and tempest are o'er me, Boatman! oh, list to my hail.
An - gry the surges beneath me,—Boatman! lo, dan - ger is there.
Father! oh, let me not per - ish—Thou who art mighty to save.
Safe - ly beyond the dark wa - ters, Joy shall be mine ev - er - more.
CHORUS.
Car - - - ry me over the tide, Dark are the waters, and deep and wide;
Car - ry me, car - ry me
Yon - - der, just over the sea, My mansion is waiting for me.
Yonder, yes, yonder
is waiting for me.

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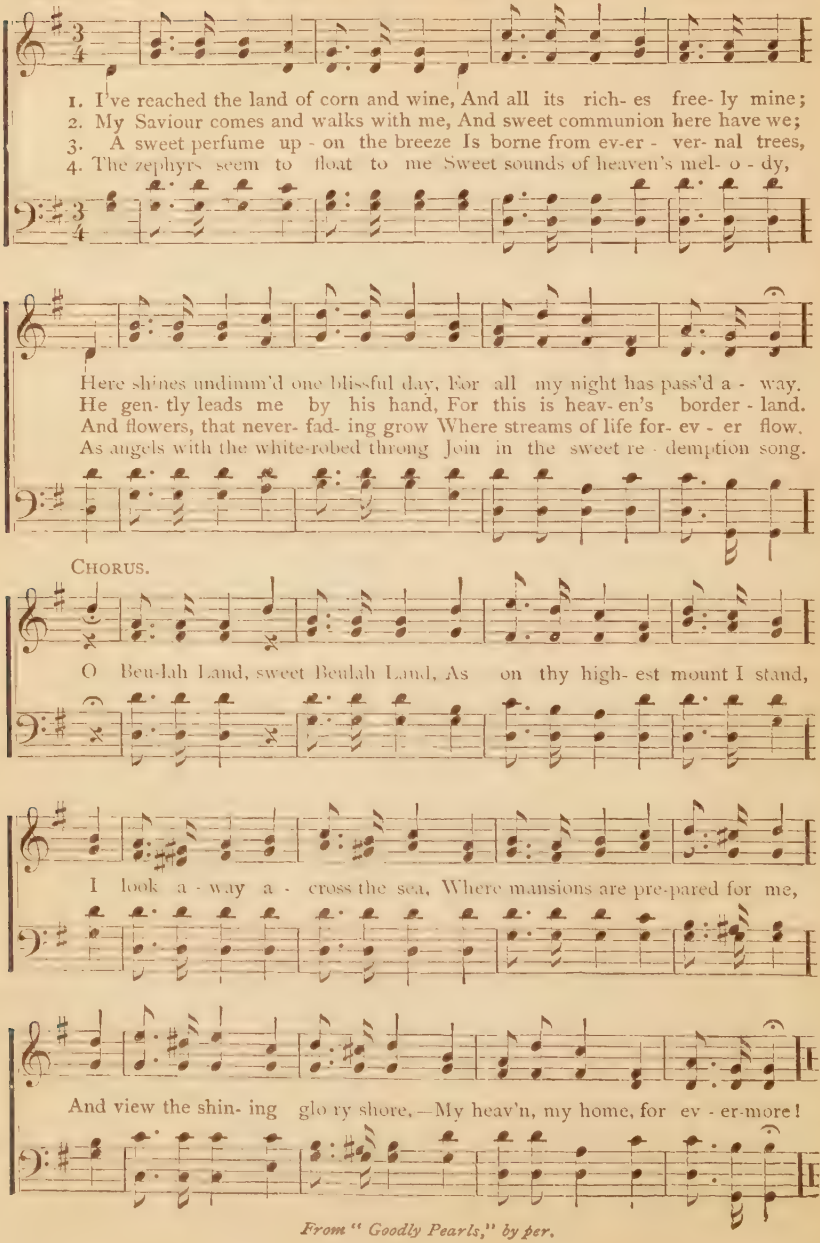
Beulah Land.

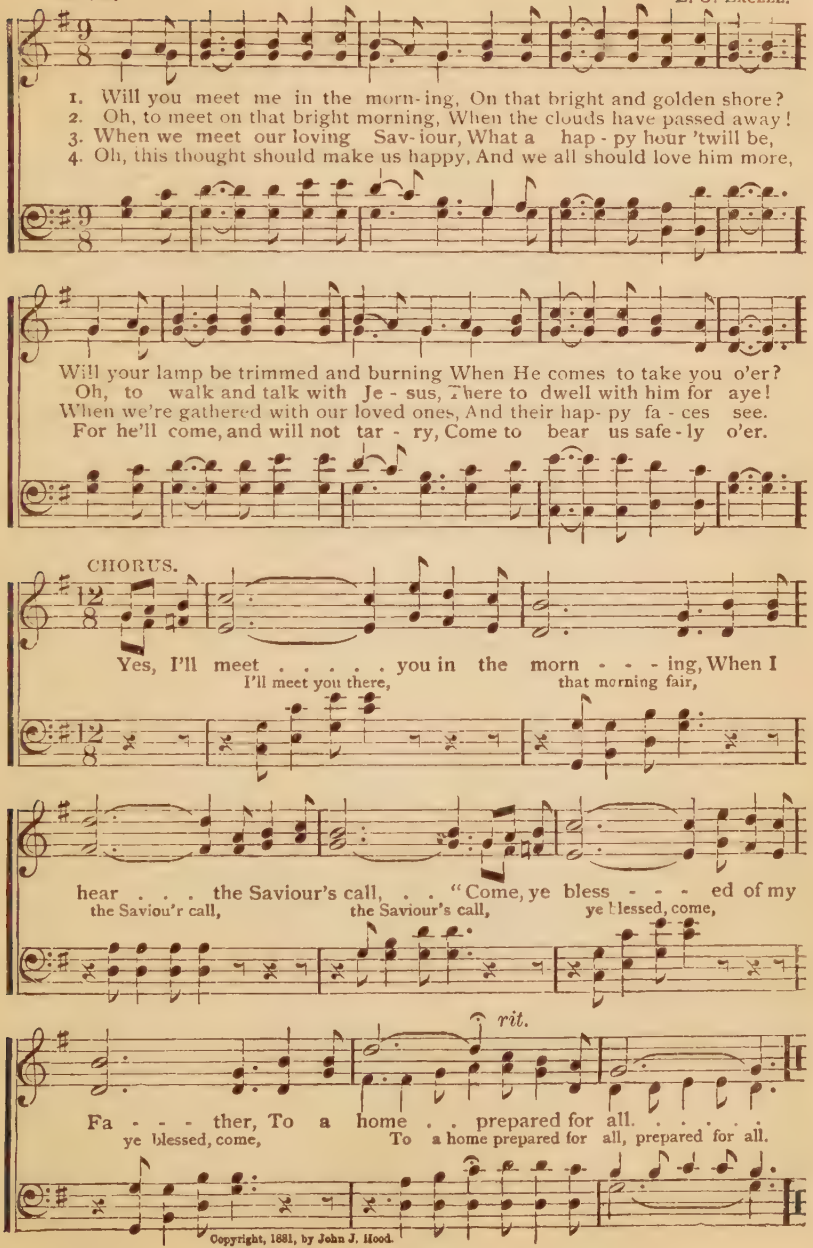
EDGAR PAGE. "*He shall give thee the desires of thine heart.*" JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich- es free- ly mine;
2. My Saviour comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we;
3. A sweet perfume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev-er - ver- nal trees,
4. The zephyrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heaven's mel- o - dy,
Here shines undimm'd one blissful day, For all my night has pass'd a - way.
He gen- tly leads me by his hand, For this is heav- en's border - land.
And flowers, that never- fad- ing grow Where streams of life for- ev - er flow.
As angels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet re - demption song.
CHORUS.
O Beu-lah Land, sweet Beulah Land, As on thy high- est mount I stand,
I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are pre-pared for me,
And view the shin- ing glo ry shore,—My heav'n, my home, for ev - er-more!

From "Goodly Pearls," by per.

Will You Meet Me.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell.


1. Will you meet me in the morn-ing, On that bright and golden shore?
2. Oh, to meet on that bright morning, When the clouds have passed away!
3. When we meet our loving Sav-iour, What a hap-py hour 'twill be,
4. Oh, this thought should make us happy, And we all should love him more,
Will your lamp be trimmed and burning When He comes to take you o'er?
Oh, to walk and talk with Je-sus, There to dwell with him for aye!
When we're gathered with our loved ones, And their hap-py fa-ces see.
For he'll come, and will not tar-ry, Come to bear us safe-ly o'er.
CHORUS.
Yes, I'll meet . . . . . you in the morn - - - ing, When I
I'll meet you there, that morning fair,
hear . . . the Saviour's call, . . . "Come, ye bless - - - ed of my
the Saviour's call, the Saviour's call, ye blessed, come,
rit.
Fa - - - ther, To a home . . prepared for all. . . . . .
ye blessed, come, To a home prepared for all, prepared for all.

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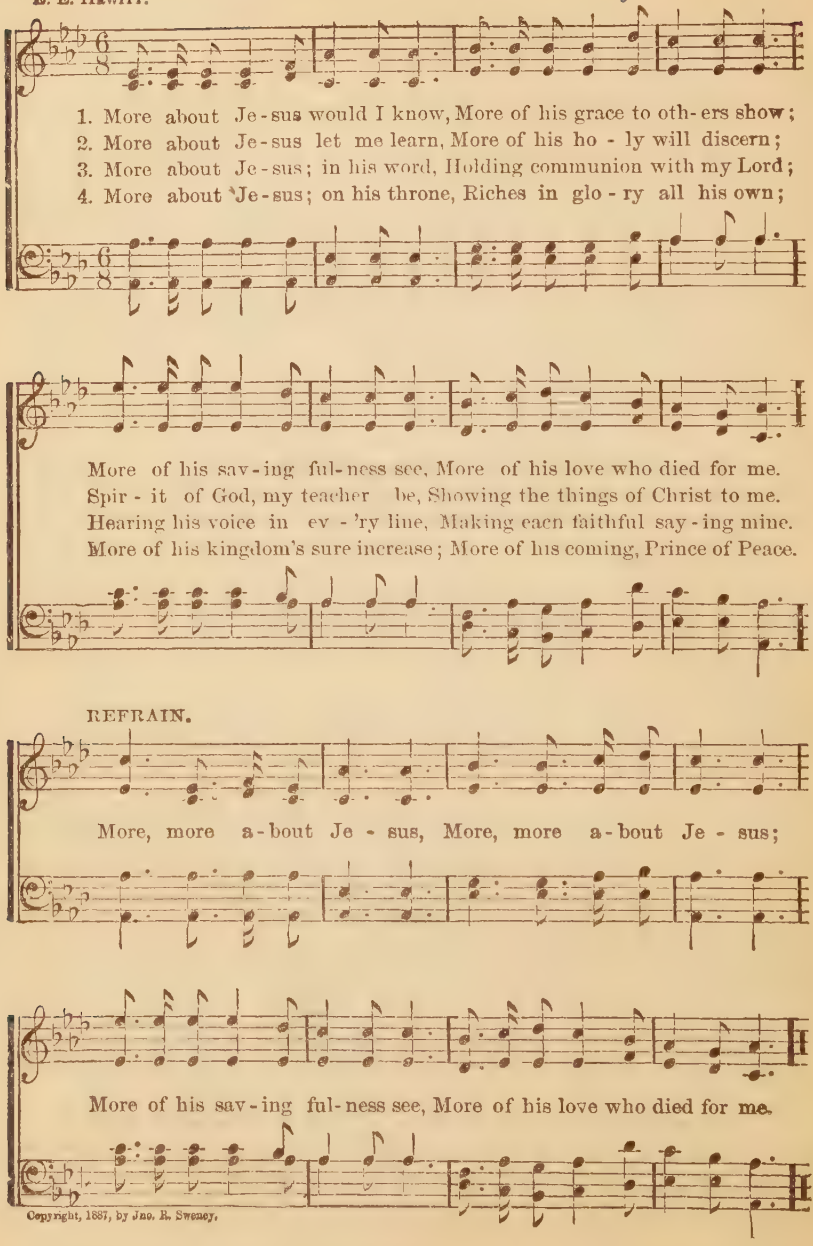
More about Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. More about Je-sus would I know, More of his grace to oth-ers show;
2. More about Je-sus let me learn, More of his ho-ly will discern;
3. More about Je-sus; in his word, Holding communion with my Lord;
4. More about Je-sus; on his throne, Riches in glo-ry all his own;
More of his sav-ing ful-ness see, More of his love who died for me.
Spir-it of God, my teacher be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
Hearing his voice in ev-'ry line, Making each faithful say-ing mine.
More of his kingdom's sure increase; More of his coming, Prince of Peace.
REFRAIN.
More, more a-bout Je-sus, More, more a-bout Je-sus;
More of his sav-ing ful-ness see, More of his love who died for me.

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E. E. Hewitt. Adam Geibel.

1. Do you hear that gentle whisper? Sweeter accents cannot be;
2. Wait not till the evening shadows Close around your dark'ning way,
3. Come, and bring your fresh affections, Youth's bright flowers of joy and love,
4. Leave these shallow streams untasted, Nev - er can they sat - is - fy,
'Tis the Saviour's in - vi - ta - tion, "Come, my child, oh, come to me."
Come, while morning dew-drops sparkle, Come while ear- ly sunbeams play.
Come, to find e - ternal treasures, Find your tru - est Friend above.
Come, to drink of living wa - ters, Freely flowing from on high.
CHORUS.
Come to me, ... come to me; Sweetly
Come to me, come to me;
breathes that gentle whisper, "Come to me, oh, come to me," Breathes the
Saviour's in - vi - ta - tion, Come to me, oh, come to me.

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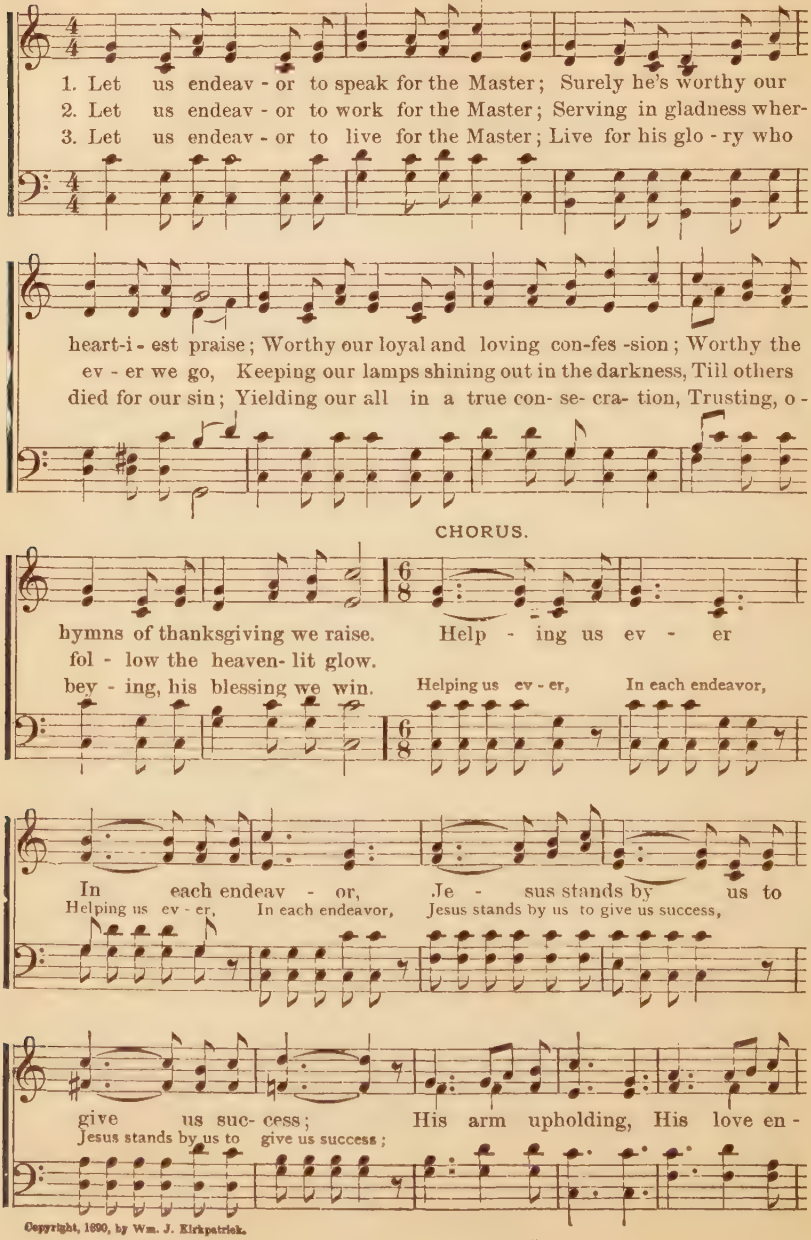
Let Us Endeavor.

E. E. Hewitt. (Christian Endeavor Song.) Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Let us endeav - or to speak for the Master; Surely he's worthy our
2. Let us endeav - or to work for the Master; Serving in gladness wher-
3. Let us endeav - or to live for the Master; Live for his glo - ry who
heart-i - est praise; Worthy our loyal and loving con-fes -sion; Worthy the
ev - er we go, Keeping our lamps shining out in the darkness, Till others
died for our sin; Yielding our all in a true con- se- cra- tion, Trusting, o -
CHORUS.
hymns of thanksgiving we raise. Help - ing us ev - er
fol - low the heaven- lit glow.
bey - ing, his blessing we win. Helping us ev - er, In each endeavor,
In each endeav - or, Je - sus stands by us to
Helping us ev - er, In each endeavor, Jesus stands by us to give us success,
give us suc- cess; His arm upholding, His love en -
Jesus stands by us to give us success;

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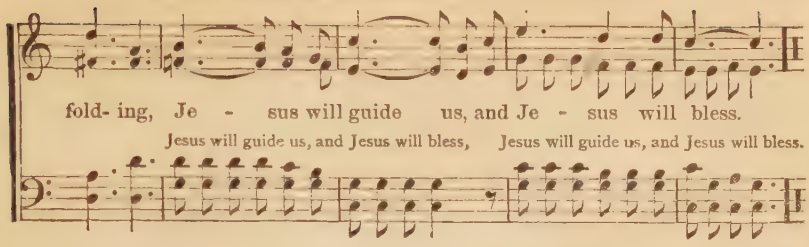
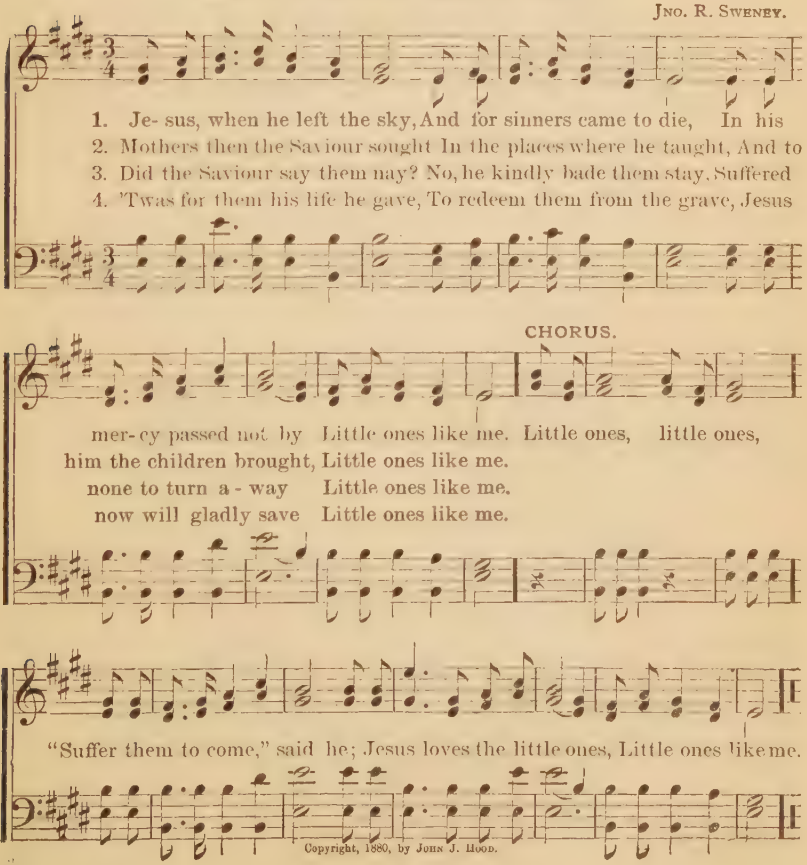

fold- ing, Je - sus will guide us, and Je - sus will bless.
Jesus will guide us, and Jesus will bless, Jesus will guide us, and Jesus will bless.

Little Ones Like Me.

JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Je- sus, when he left the sky, And for sinners came to die, In his
2. Mothers then the Saviour sought In the places where he taught, And to
3. Did the Saviour say them nay? No, he kindly bade them stay. Suffered
4. 'Twas for them his life he gave, To redeem them from the grave, Jesus
CHORUS.
mer- cy passed not by Little ones like me. Little ones, little ones,
him the children brought, Little ones like me.
none to turn a - way Little ones like me.
now will gladly save Little ones like me.
"Suffer them to come," said he; Jesus loves the little ones, Little ones like me.

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Oh, Where are the Reapers?

EBEN E. REXFORD. GEO. F. ROOT.

Moderato.

1. Oh, where are the reap - ers that gar - ner in The sheaves of the
2. Go out in the by - ways and search them all; The wheat may be
3. The fields all are ripe - ning, and far and wide The world now is
4. So come with your sick - les, ye sons of men, And gath - er to-
good from the fields of sin; With sickles of truth must the work be done,
there, tho' the weeds are tall; Then search in the highway, and pass none by,
wait - ing the harvest - tide: But reapers are few, and the work is great,
geth - er the gold - en grain; Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come,
CHORUS.
And no one may rest till the "harvest home." Where are the reapers! oh,
But gath - er from all for the home on high.
And much will be lost should the harvest wait.
Then share ye his joy in the "harvest home."
who will come And share in the glo - ry of the "harvest home?" Oh,
who will help us to gar - ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

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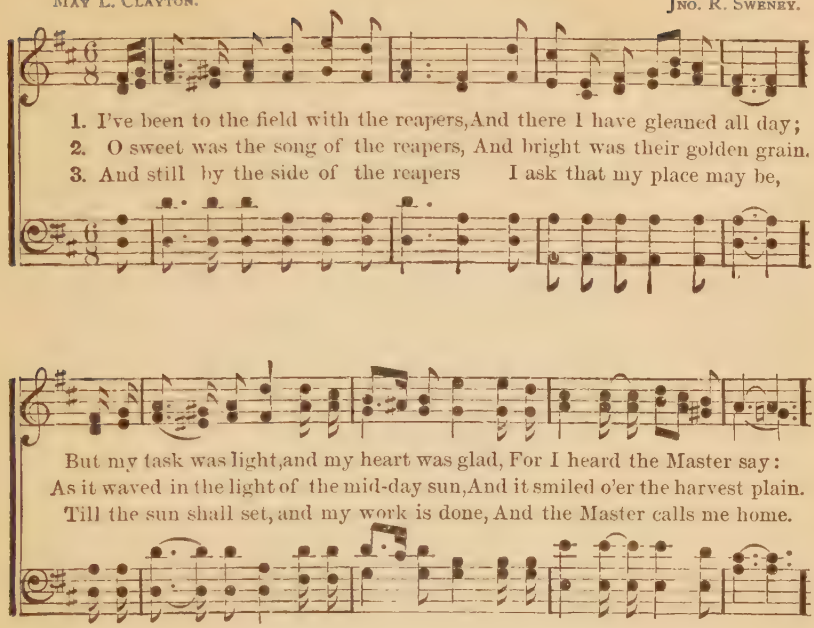
Rest by and by.

May L. Clayton. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. I've been to the field with the reapers, And there I have gleaned all day;
2. O sweet was the song of the reapers, And bright was their golden grain.
3. And still by the side of the reapers I ask that my place may be,
But my task was light, and my heart was glad, For I heard the Master say:
As it waved in the light of the mid-day sun, And it smiled o'er the harvest plain.
Till the sun shall set, and my work is done, And the Master calls me home.
CHORUS.
Rest by and by, rest by and by, Rest in the field a - bove; There is
rest by and by, happy rest by and by, And a crown of e-ter-nal love.

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Blessed Bible!

Mrs. Phoebe Palmer. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Blessed Bi - ble! how I love it! How it doth my spirit cheer!
2. Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee; Precious Word, I'll hide thee here,
3. Blessed Bi - ble! I will hide thee Deep—yes, deeper in my heart;
What on earth like this to cov - et? Oh, what stores of wealth are here!
Sure my ver - y heart will bless thee, For thou ever say'st, "Good cheer!"
Thou through all my life wilt guide me, And in death we will not part:
Man was lost and doomed to sor - row, Not one ray of light or bliss
Speak, poor heart, and tell thy pond'rings, Tell how far thy rovings led,
Part in death? no, never, nev - er! Through death's vale I'll lean on thee;
Could he from earth's treasures borrow, Till his way was cheer'd by this.
When this book brought back thy wand'rings, Speaking life as from the dead.
Then, in worlds a- bove, for - ev - er, Sweeter still thy truths shall be.
CHORUS.
Blessed Bi - - - - - - ble, how I love it! How it
Bles - sed Bi - ble, blessed Bi - ble, how I love it! How it

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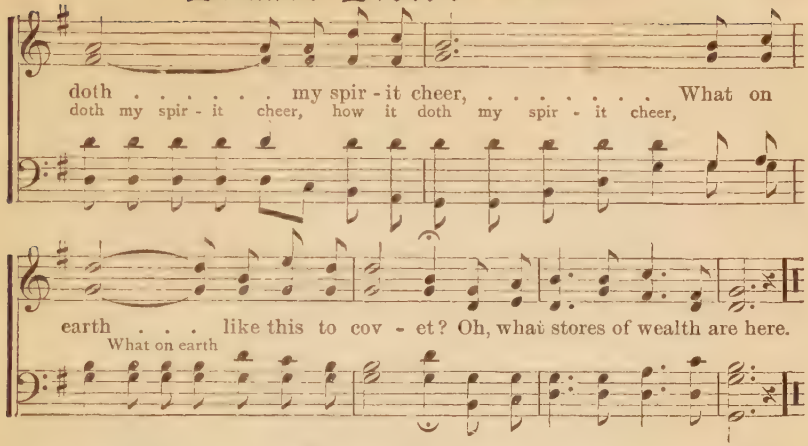
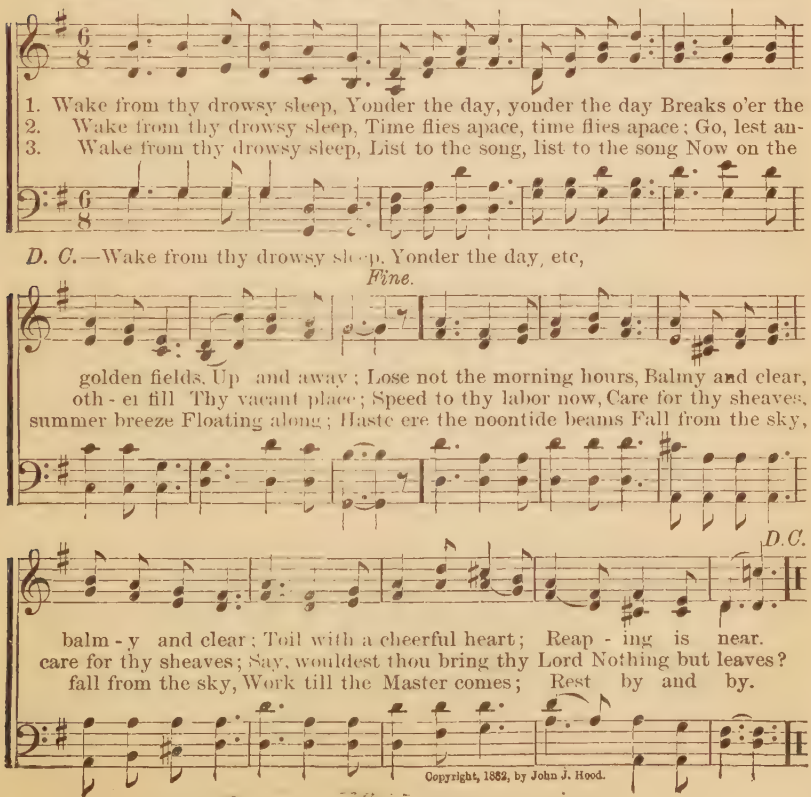

doth . . . . . my spir - it cheer, ... What on
doth my spir - it cheer, how it doth my spir - it cheer,
earth . . . like this to cov - et? Oh, what stores of wealth are here.
What on earth

Up and Away.

FRANK GOULD. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Wake from thy drowsy sleep, Yonder the day, yonder the day Breaks o'er the
2. Wake from thy drowsy sleep, Time flies apace, time flies apace; Go, lest an-
3. Wake from thy drowsy sleep, List to the song, list to the song Now on the
D. C.—Wake from thy drowsy sleep, Yonder the day, etc,
Fine.
golden fields. Up and away; Lose not the morning hours, Balmy and clear,
oth - er fill Thy vacant place; Speed to thy labor now, Care for thy sheaves,
summer breeze Floating along; Haste ere the noontide beams Fall from the sky,
D.C.
balm - y and clear; Toil with a cheerful heart; Reap - ing is near.
care for thy sheaves; Say, wouldest thou bring thy Lord Nothing but leaves?
fall from the sky, Work till the Master comes; Rest by and by.

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Praise the Lord.

R. L. By per. "All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord."—Ps. cxlv. 10. Rev. R. Lowry.

1. Lift the voice in ho - ly song, Awake, ye
2. Crowd his courts with loft - y praise, And sing the
saints who love the Lord; Gath-er now in happy
works that he hath done; Songs of love and honor
throng, And praise his name with one ac-cord;
raise To Christ the Lord, the e-qual Son;
Ye who know the great sal- va - tion, Sing the triumphs of his grace,
Shout a-loud, ye souls in glo - ry; Swell the song, ye saints be - low;
And with highest ad - o - ra - tion, Come be-fore Je - ho-vah's face.
Till the heav'ns shall tell the sto - ry, And the earth the strain shall know

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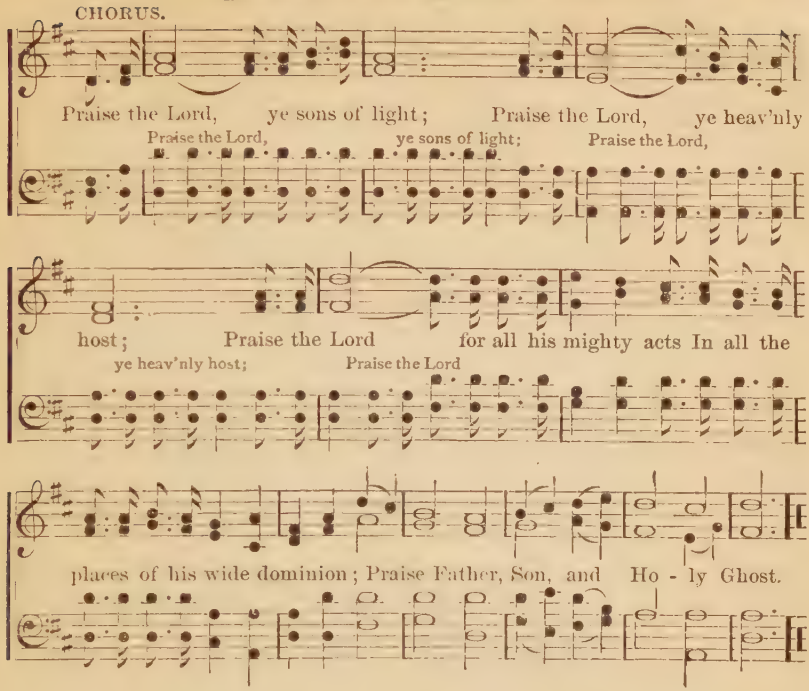
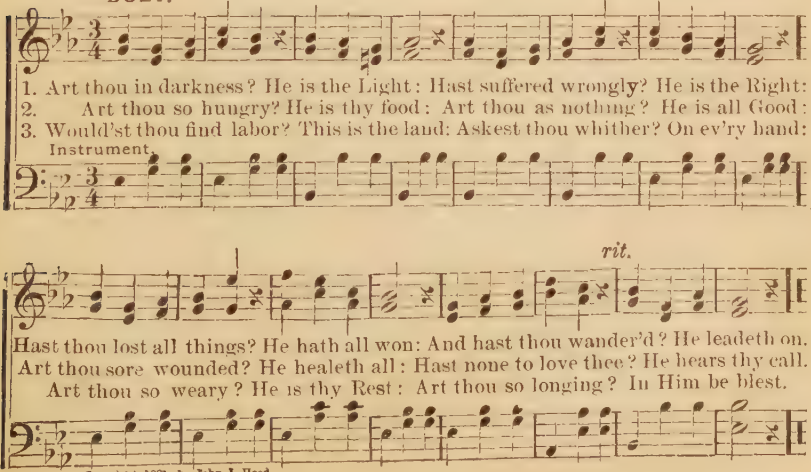
CHORUS.


Praise the Lord, ye sons of light; Praise the Lord, ye heav'nly host; Praise the Lord for all his mighty acts In all the places of his wide dominion; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.
Praise the Lord, ye sons of light; Praise the Lord, ye heav'nly host; Praise the Lord

Art Thou in Darkness?

A. Z. C. DUET. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Art thou in darkness? He is the Light: Hast suffered wrongly? He is the Right:
2. Art thou so hungry? He is thy food: Art thou as nothing? He is all Good:
3. Would'st thou find labor? This is the land: Askest thou whither? On ev'ry hand:
Instrument.
rit.
Hast thou lost all things? He hath all won: And hast thou wander'd? He leadeth on.
Art thou sore wounded? He healeth all: Hast none to love thee? He hears thy call.
Art thou so weary? He is thy Rest: Art thou so longing? In Him be blest.

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A Handful of Leaves.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. What! sit-ting at ease when there's work to be done! The best of the
2. What! sit-ting at ease, leav-ing oth-ers the toil Of training the
3. What! sit-ting at ease, when a bur-den of care Our brother has
4. No long-er at ease we are fold-ing our hands, But, willing to
day half its cir-cuit has run; You orb to its zen-ith rides
vine-yard and till-ing the soil; This truth in our mind let us
borne we might help him to bear; Oh, let us be ear-nest, and
do what the Sav-iour commands, We'll work till the har-vest, then
forth in the sky; What! sitting at ease and the har-vest so nigh!
constant-ly keep, From seed that we scat-ter the fruit we shall reap.
work while we may, The Master is call-ing, a-rise and a-way.
gather the sheaves, And bring to him more than a hand-ful of leaves.
CHORUS.
Oh, look on the fields, that al-read-y are white; The Lord hath com-
mand-ed to work in the light; Be-ware lest, in-stead of the

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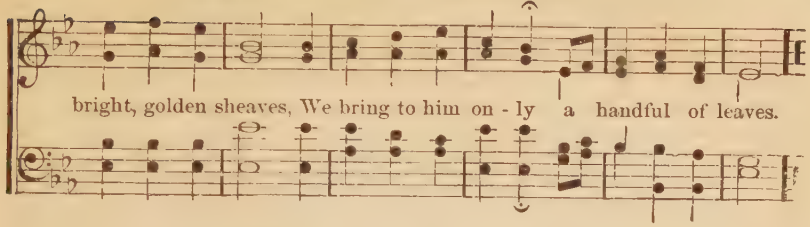
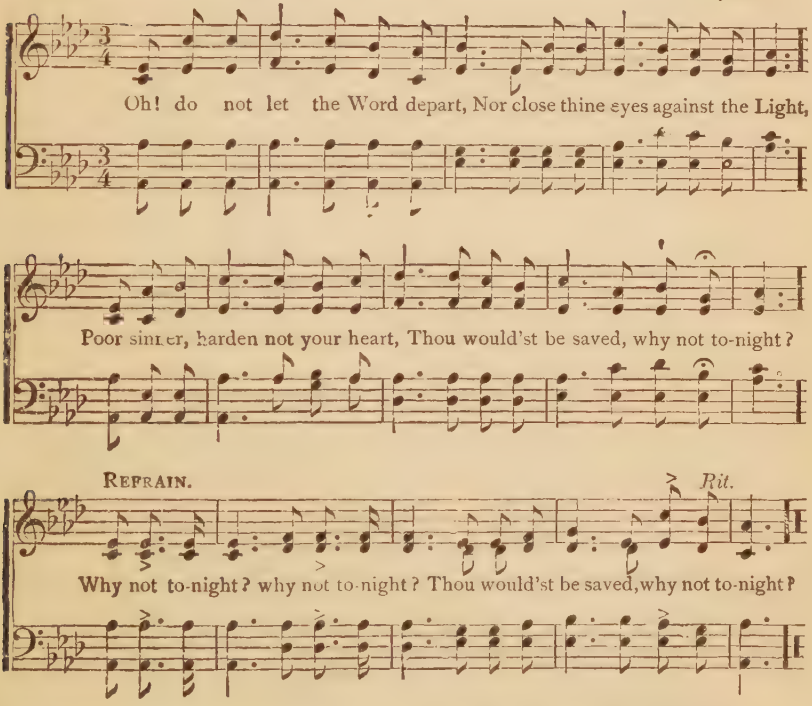


Why not To-night?

ANON. J. S. H.


Oh! do not let the Word depart, Nor close thine eyes against the Light,
Poor sinner, harden not your heart, Thou would'st be saved, why not to-night?
REFRAIN.
Rit.
Why not to-night? why not to-night? Thou would'st be saved, why not to-night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight,
This is the time, oh, then, be wise!
Thou would'st be saved, why not to-night?

3 Our God in pity lingers still,
And wilt thou thus his love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will,
Thou would'st be saved, why not to-night?

4 The world has nothing left to give,
It has no new, no pure delight;
Oh, try the life which Christians live,
Thou would'st be saved, why not to night?

5 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to him their souls unite,
Then be the work of grace begun,
Thou would'st be saved, why not to-night?

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Come, oh, Come with Me.

Mrs Edward Anderson. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Come, oh, come with me where love is beaming, Come, oh, come with me where
2. Come with all your sins, al-though a mountain, Come unto the cross, from
3. None can be too vile for love so beam-ing, None can be too dark for
4. Come and let us kneel where Je-sus meets us, Let us ev-er stay where
light is streaming, Light and love divine, in Christ reveal-ing God him-
whence a foun-tain Flows, divinely clear, to heal the nations; Come and
light so streaming, Christ will make you whole, thro' faith revealing Full sal-
Christ receives us, Safe within the fold no harm can reach us; Hast-en
CHORUS.
self to you and me. Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah; I love thee my
wash, and make you clean.
va-tion un-to you.
hast-en to the fold.
Faster.
1st.
D.S.
Saviour: Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah; I trust but in thee:
2d.
Saviour: Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah; I trust but in thee.

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Go and Tell Jesus.

JENNIE GARNETT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Go and tell Jesus, O desolate heart, Go and tell Jesus how weary thou art;
2. Go and tell Jesus, so ready to hear, Whisper thy sorrow alone in his ear;
3. Narrow the gate but a light thou wilt see Shining above it, and shining for thee;
4. Go and tell Jesus thy soul is oppressed, Go and tell Jesus 'tis longing for rest,
Weary of trying without him to live, Seeking for comfort the world cannot give.
Long hast thou grieved him, but still he is kind; Ask, he will give thee; go, seek thou and find.
Go, and, believing, acknowledge thy sin; Knock, he will open and welcome thee in.
Helpless, dependent, bend low at his throne, Clinging by faith to his merits alone.
CHORUS.
Go . . and tell Je - sus,—tell him how wea- ry thou art, . .
Go and tell Jesus, tell Je - sus, how weary thou ar
Go, thy Saviour is wait - ing, Waiting to comfort thy heart. .
to comfort thy heart.

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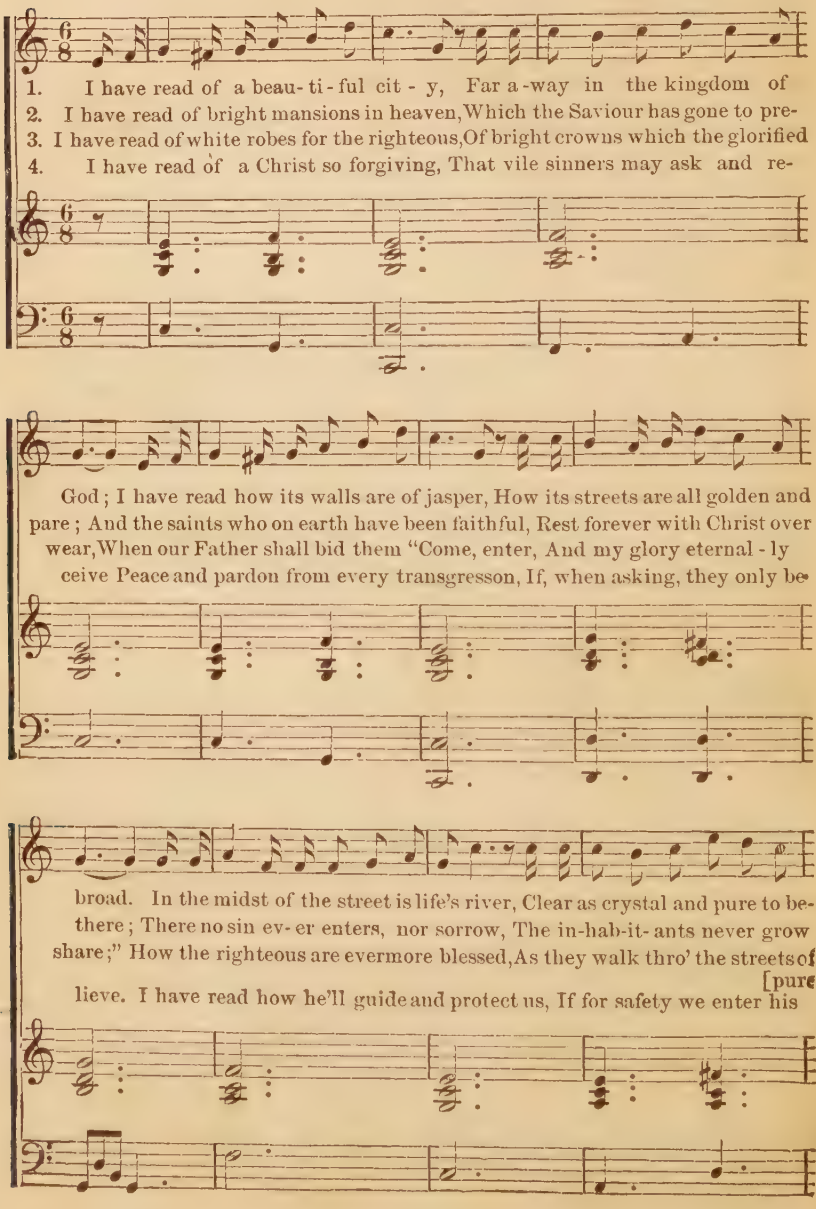
Not Half has ever been Told.

"And the building of the wall it was of jasper; and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass."—Rev. 21. 18.

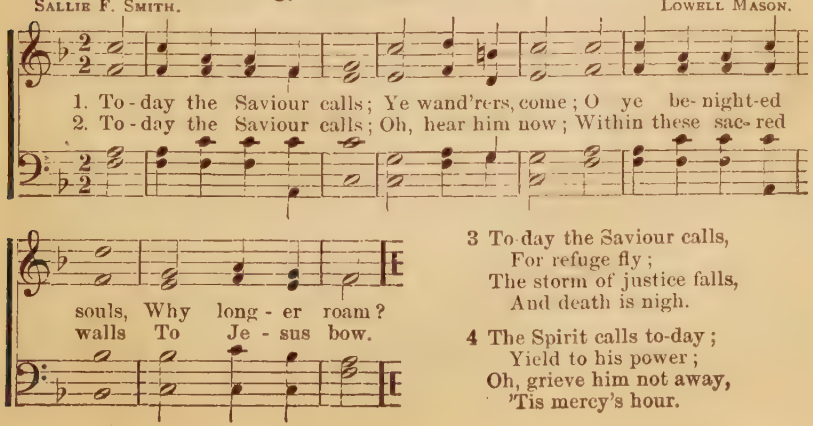
Rev. J. B. Atchinson. O. F. Presbrey. By per.


1. I have read of a beau-ti-ful cit-y, Far a-way in the kingdom of
2. I have read of bright mansions in heaven, Which the Saviour has gone to pre-
3. I have read of white robes for the righteous, Of bright crowns which the glorified
4. I have read of a Christ so forgiving, That vile sinners may ask and re-
God; I have read how its walls are of jasper, How its streets are all golden and pare; And the saints who on earth have been faithful, Rest forever with Christ over wear, When our Father shall bid them "Come, enter, And my glory eternal-ly ceive Peace and pardon from every transgresson, If, when asking, they only be-
broad. In the midst of the street is life's river, Clear as crystal and pure to be-there; There no sin ev-er enters, nor sorrow, The in-hab-it-ants never grow share;" How the righteous are evermore blessed, As they walk thro' the streets of [pure
lieve. I have read how he'll guide and protect us, If for safety we enter his

hold; But not half of that city's bright glory To mortals has ever been told.
old; But not half of the joys that await them To mortals has ever been told.
gold; But not half of the wonderful sto-ry To mortals has ever been told.
fold; But not half of his goodness and mercy To mortals has ever been told.
CHORUS.
Not half has ev-er been told; Not half has ev-er been told; Not
Repeat the Chorus p.
half of that city's bright glo-ry To mortals has ev-er been told.

To-day the Saviour Calls.

SALLIE F. SMITH. LOWELL MASON.


1. To-day the Saviour calls; Ye wand'rers, come; O ye be-night-ed
2. To-day the Saviour calls; Oh, hear him now; Within these sac-red
souls, Why long-er roam?
walls To Je-sus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls,
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day;
Yield to his power;
Oh, grieve him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

By the Grace of God we'll Meet.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Thro' the gates of pearl and jasper To the ci-ty paved with gold, When the
2. When the harvest work is ended, And the summer days are past, When the
3. Let us fol-low on with firmness, keeping ev-er in the way Where our
ransomed host shall en-ter, And their gracious Lord be-hold. When they
reap-ers go re-joic-ing To their bright re-ward at last; When the
bles-sed Lord has taught us, To be faith-ful, watch and pray; Then, in
meet in bliss-ful triumph By the tree of life so fair Shall we
white-robed an-gel leads them to the gates of joy so fair, Shall we
garments pure and spotless, By the tree of life so fair, We shall
join the no-ble arm-y, And re-ceive a wel-come there?
join their hap-py num-ber? Will they bid us wel-come there?
sing through endless ag-es With the count-less mil-lions there.
CHORUS.
By the grace . . . . . of God we'll meet . . . . . In the
By the grace of God we'll meet, By the grace of God we'll meet In the

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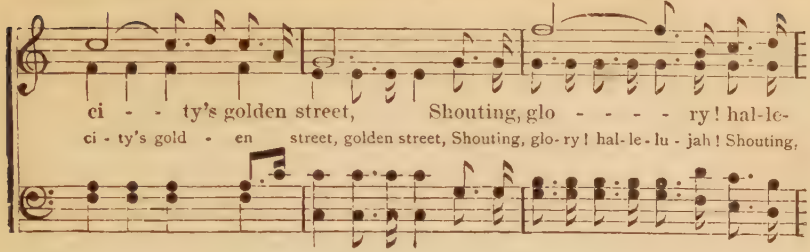
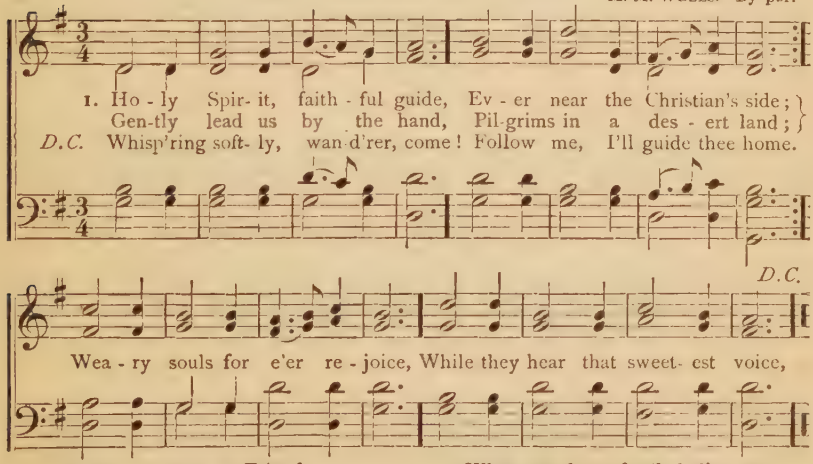


Faithful Guide.

M. M. Wells. By per.

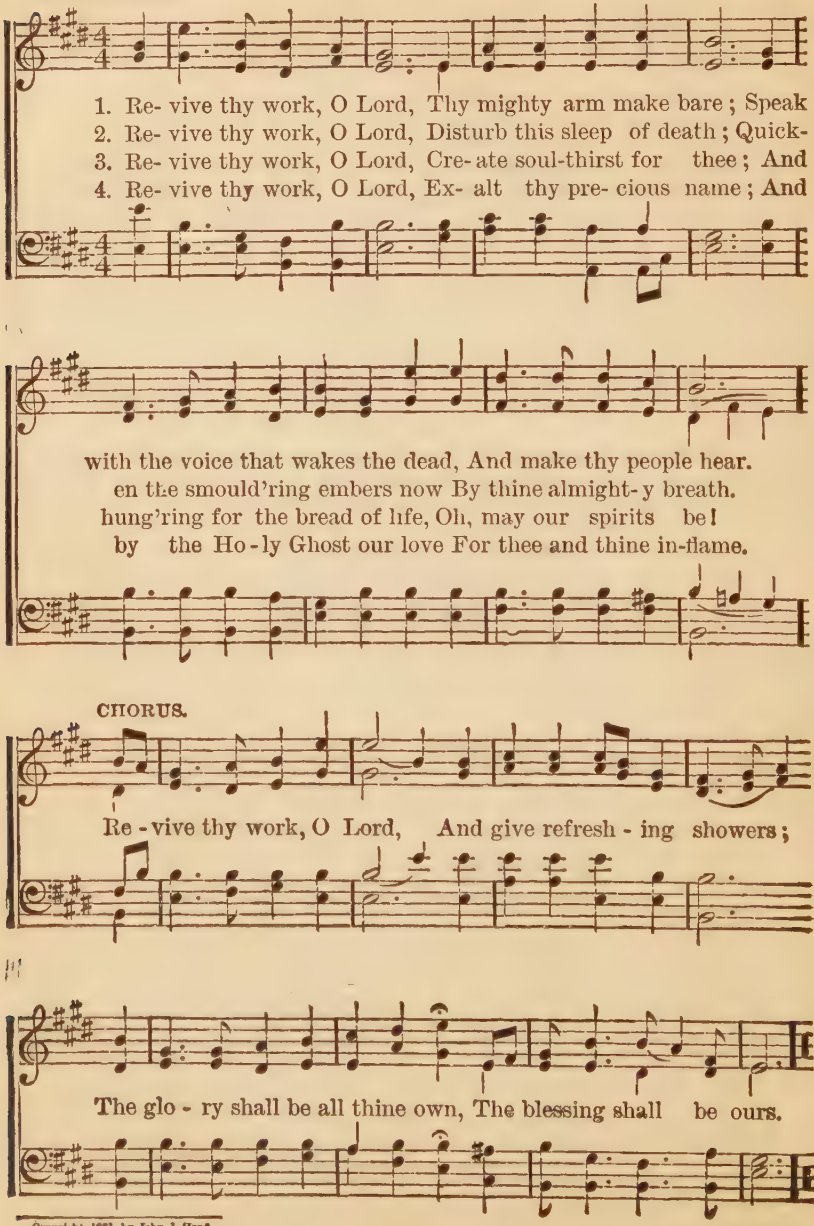

1. Ho - ly Spir- it, faith - ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side;
Gen-tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des - ert land;
D.C. Whisp'ring soft- ly, wan-d'rer, come! Follow me, I'll guide thee home.
D.C.
Wea - ry souls for e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet- est voice,

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear,
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whispering softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names were there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood;
Whispering softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home!

Revive Thy Work, O Lord.

ALBERT MIDLANE. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Re- vive thy work, O Lord, Thy mighty arm make bare; Speak
2. Re- vive thy work, O Lord, Disturb this sleep of death; Quick-
3. Re- vive thy work, O Lord, Cre- ate soul-thirst for thee; And
4. Re- vive thy work, O Lord, Ex- alt thy pre- cious name; And
with the voice that wakes the dead, And make thy people hear.
en the smould'ring embers now By thine almight- y breath.
hung'ring for the bread of life, Oh, may our spirits be!
by the Ho- ly Ghost our love For thee and thine in-flame.
CHORUS.
Re- vive thy work, O Lord, And give refresh- ing showers;
The glo- ry shall be all thine own, The blessing shall be ours.

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Praise Him.

Miss M. A. Baker. H. R. Palmer. By per.

1. Praise the Saviour, O ye people! Praise and bless his ho - ly name!
2. Praise him for his mighty actions; Praise him for his ten - derness,
Praise and worship him; children, worship him, For a child from heav'n he came;
When he loving-ly held the lit - tle ones In his arms to save and bless;
:8:
Praise him from the hills and mountains, From the vales and cities
Praise him, all ye wise and no- ble, Men and maid - ens, old and
Cho.–Praise him in the sanctu - a - ry; Let the chil - dren swell the
all; Hail him king of earth and heav - en, Who was once a child so
young; Let redeem - ing love and mer - cy Be the theme of ev - 'ry
strain, And at morn, and noon and e - ven, Echo still the sweet re-
D.S. Fine.
small; Hail him king of earth and heaven, Who was once a child so small.
tongue; Let redeem - ing love and mercy Be the theme of ev'ry tongue.
frain; And at morn, and noon and e - ven, Echo still the sweet refrain.

Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

Very slow. pp *m*

1. Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling, Calling for you and for me,
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned he, has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

CHORUS. *cres.*

m

Come home, . come home, . Ye who are weary, come home,

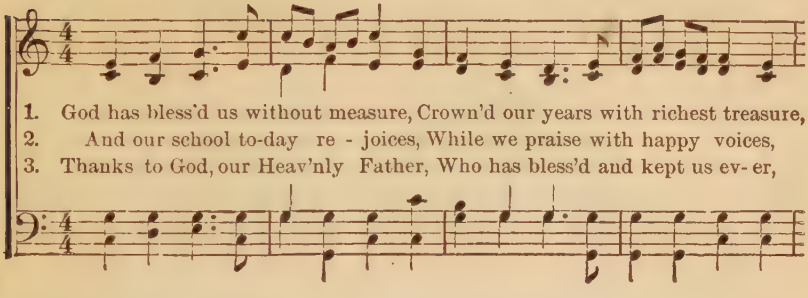
pp *ppp* *rit.* *pp*

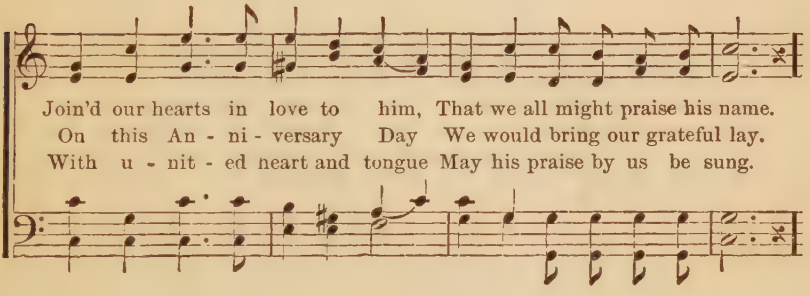
Earnestly, tenderly Jesus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!

By per. of Messrs Will L. Thompson & Co., Chicago, Ill., & East Liverpool, O.

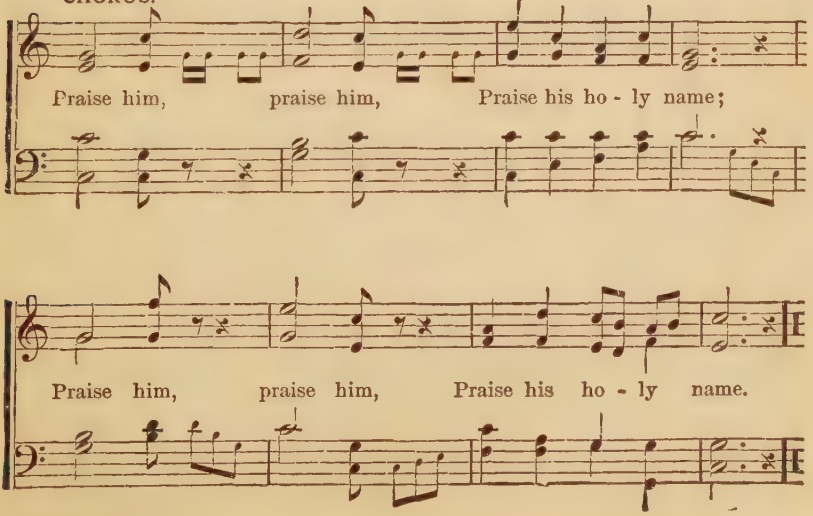
Anniversary Song of Praise.

Mrs. A. M. Chance. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. God has bless'd us without measure, Crown'd our years with richest treasure,
2. And our school to-day re - joices, While we praise with happy voices,
3. Thanks to God, our Heav'nly Father, Who has bless'd and kept us ev- er,


Join'd our hearts in love to him, That we all might praise his name.
On this An - ni - versary Day We would bring our grateful lay.
With u - nit - ed heart and tongue May his praise by us be sung.

CHORUS.



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Praise and Magnify our King.

LIZZIE EDWARDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Great is the Lord, who rul - eth o - ver all! Wake, wake and sing,
2. Great is the Lord, who spake and it was done; Wake, wake and sing,
3. Great is the Lord: oh, come with ho - ly mirth; Wake, wake and sing,
4. Great is the Lord, and ho - ly is his name! Wake, wake and sing,
wake, wake and sing; Down at his feet in ad - o - ra - tion fall.
wake, wake and sing; Hon - or and strength, do-min-ion he has won.
wake, wake and sing, Come and re-joice, ye na - tions of the earth.
wake, wake and sing; An - gels and men, his wondrous works proclaim.
CHORUS.
Praise and mag - ni - fy our King. O ye redeemed above, Strike, strike your
harps of love, Hail the Blessed One, Hail the Migh-ty One, Sweet-ly his
wonders tell, Loudly his glory swell, Praise and mag-ni-fy our King.

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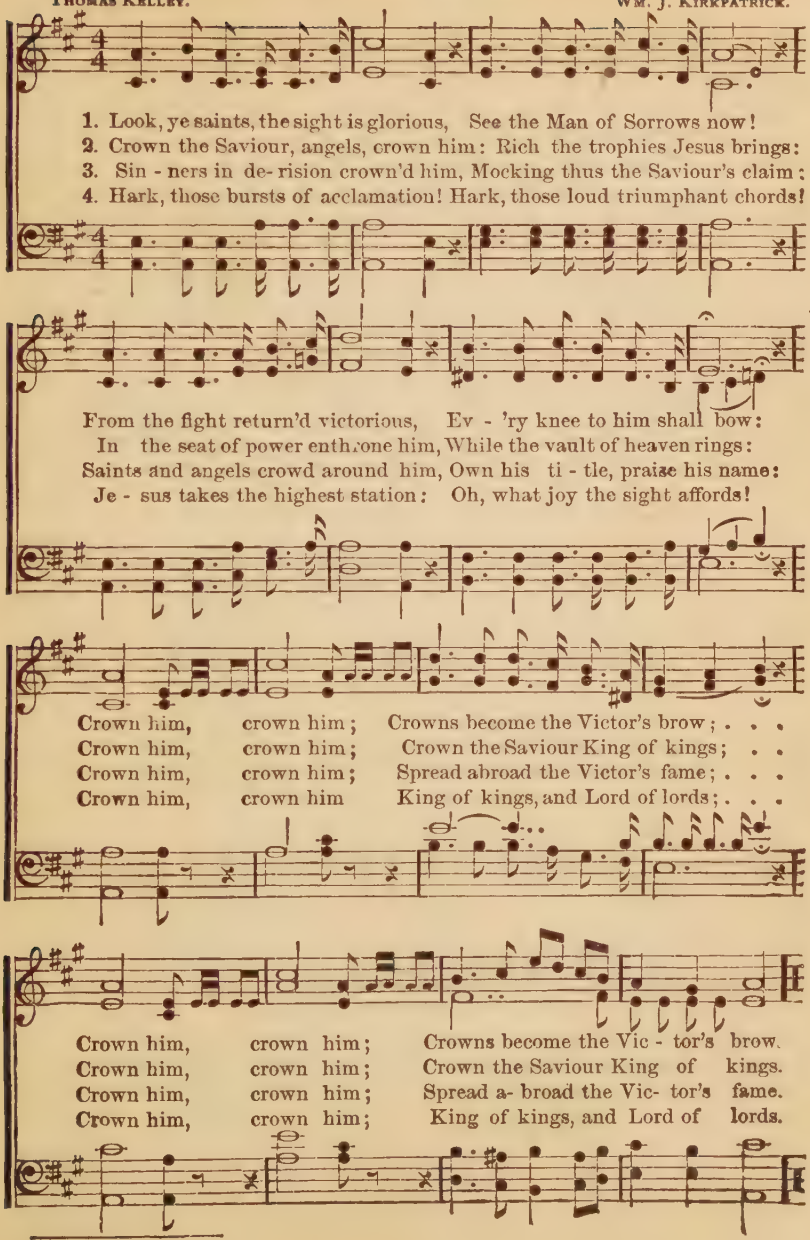
Crown Him.

THOMAS KELLEY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious, See the Man of Sorrows now!
2. Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him: Rich the trophies Jesus brings:
3. Sin - ners in de- rision crown'd him, Mocking thus the Saviour's claim:
4. Hark, those bursts of acclamation! Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
From the fight return'd victorious, Ev - 'ry knee to him shall bow:
In the seat of power enthrone him, While the vault of heaven rings:
Saints and angels crowd around him, Own his ti - tle, praise his name:
Je - sus takes the highest station: Oh, what joy the sight affords!
Crown him, crown him; Crowns become the Victor's brow; . . .
Crown him, crown him; Crown the Saviour King of kings; . . .
Crown him, crown him; Spread abroad the Victor's fame; . . .
Crown him, crown him King of kings, and Lord of lords; . . .
Crown him, crown him; Crowns become the Vic - tor's brow.
Crown him, crown him; Crown the Saviour King of kings.
Crown him, crown him; Spread a- broad the Vic- tor's fame.
Crown him, crown him; King of kings, and Lord of lords.

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Treasures in Heaven.

T. C. O'K. T. C. O'Kane.

1. There's a crown in heaven for the striving soul, Which the blessed Jesus him-
2. There's a joy in heaven for the mourning soul, Tho' the tears may fall all the
3. There's a home in heaven for the faithful soul, In the many mansions pre-

self will place On the head of each who shall faithful prove, Ev - en
earth- ly night; Yet the clouds of sad- ness will break a - way, And re-
pared a- bove, Where the glo - ri - fied shall for - ev - er sing, Of a

REFRAIN.

unto death, in the heavenly race. Oh, may that crown . . in heaven be
Oh, may that crown
joicing come with the morning light. Oh, may that joy . . . in heaven be
Oh, may that joy
Saviour's free and unbounded love. Oh, may that home . . in heaven be
Oh, may that home

mine, And I a - mong . . the angels shine; Be thou, O
in heaven be mine,

Lord, . . my daily guide, Let me ev - er in thy love a- bide.
Be thou, O Lord, my daily guide,

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The Fountain of Blessing.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. A - bun- dant sal - va - tion thro' Je - sus I know; Rich streams of re-
2. "A - live ev - er- more! he's a Sa- viour indeed; His ful - ness sur-
3. There's strength in tempta- tion, the vic- t'ry to gain; There's sunshine in
4. The brightening waves of the riv - er of peace, And joy, fresh and
fresh - ing from Cal- va - ry flow: Be - liev - ing his word, with re-
pass - ing my ut - termost need; His boun- ty is "roy - al," ex-
dark- ness, and comfort in pain; This "plenteous re - demption" in
spark- ling, find happy increase: All hon - or and glo - ry, dear
joic - ing I see The foun - tain of bless - ing is
ceed - ing my plea— The foun - tain of bless - ing is
Je - sus is free— The foun - tain of bless - ing is
Sa - viour, to thee— The foun - tain of bless - ing is
CHORUS.
flow - ing for me! Flow - ing for me, now flow - ing for
me; The foun- tain of bless - ing is flow - ing for me.

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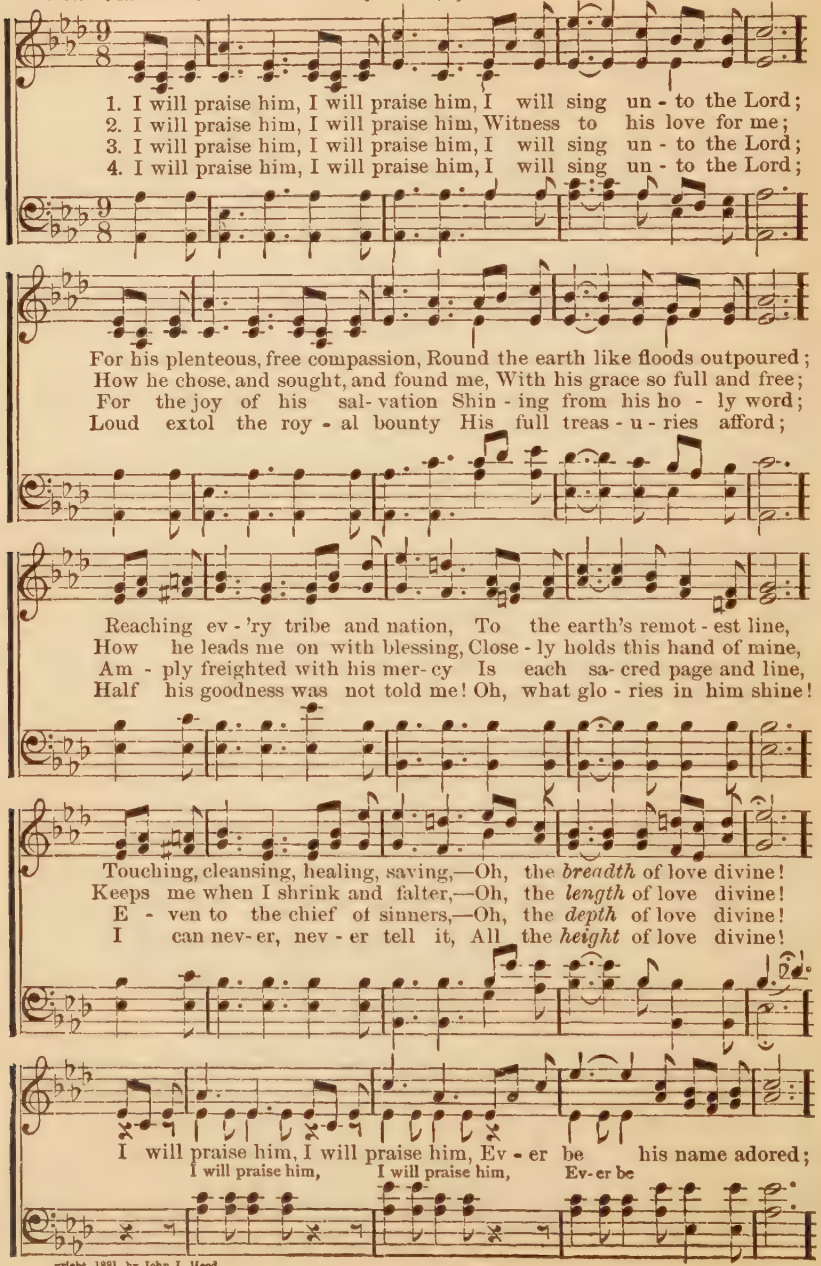
I Will Praise Him.

Mrs. H. E. Brown. Eph. iii. 18, 19. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

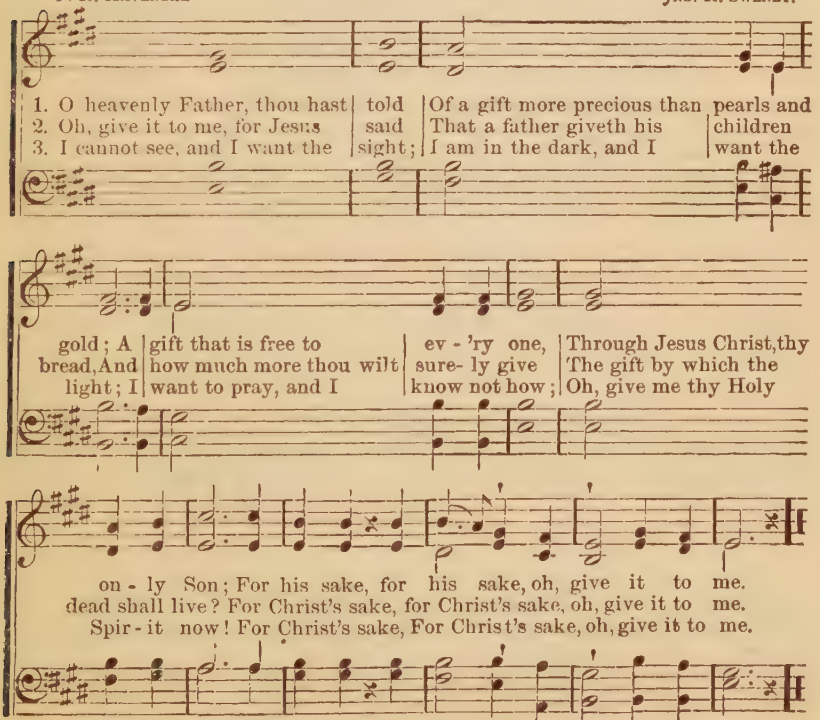

1. I will praise him, I will praise him, I will sing un - to the Lord;
2. I will praise him, I will praise him, Witness to his love for me;
3. I will praise him, I will praise him, I will sing un - to the Lord;
4. I will praise him, I will praise him, I will sing un - to the Lord;
For his plenteous, free compassion, Round the earth like floods outpoured;
How he chose, and sought, and found me, With his grace so full and free;
For the joy of his sal - vation Shin - ing from his ho - ly word;
Loud extol the roy - al bounty His full treas - u - ries afford;
Reaching ev - 'ry tribe and nation, To the earth's remot - est line,
How he leads me on with blessing, Close - ly holds this hand of mine,
Am - ply freighted with his mer - cy Is each sa - cred page and line,
Half his goodness was not told me! Oh, what glo - ries in him shine!
Touching, cleansing, healing, saving,—Oh, the *breadth* of love divine!
Keeps me when I shrink and falter,—Oh, the *length* of love divine!
E - ven to the chief of sinners,—Oh, the *depth* of love divine!
I can nev - er, nev - er tell it, All the *height* of love divine!
I will praise him, I will praise him, Ev - er be his name adored;
I will praise him, I will praise him, Ev - er be

yright, 1881, by John J. Hood.

5 I will praise him, I will praise him,—
Holy Ghost, my song indite,—
For the love that passeth knowledge,
Length and *breadth* and *depth* and *height*;
Sing, O earth! let every creature
Help this feeble tongue of mine
To declare a love so precious,
Endless, infinite, divine!—

Asking.

F. R. Havergal — Jno. R. Sweney.


1. O heavenly Father, thou hast told Of a gift more precious than pearls and
2. Oh, give it to me, for Jesus said That a father giveth his children
3. I cannot see, and I want the sight; I am in the dark, and I want the
gold; A gift that is free to ev - 'ry one, Through Jesus Christ, thy
bread, And how much more thou wilt sure- ly give The gift by which the
light; I want to pray, and I know not how; Oh, give me thy Holy
on - ly Son; For his sake, for his sake, oh, give it to me.
dead shall live? For Christ's sake, for Christ's sake, oh, give it to me.
Spir - it now! For Christ's sake, For Christ's sake, oh, give it to me.

4 Thou hast said it, I must be- | lieve,
It is only "ask" and I | shall receive;
If thou said it, it | must be true,
And there's nothing else for | me to do!
For Christ's sake, oh, give it to me.

5 So I come and ask, because my | need
Is very great and | real indeed, [say,
On the strengh of thy Word I | come and
Oh, let thy Word come | true to-day!
For Christ's sake, oh, give it to me!

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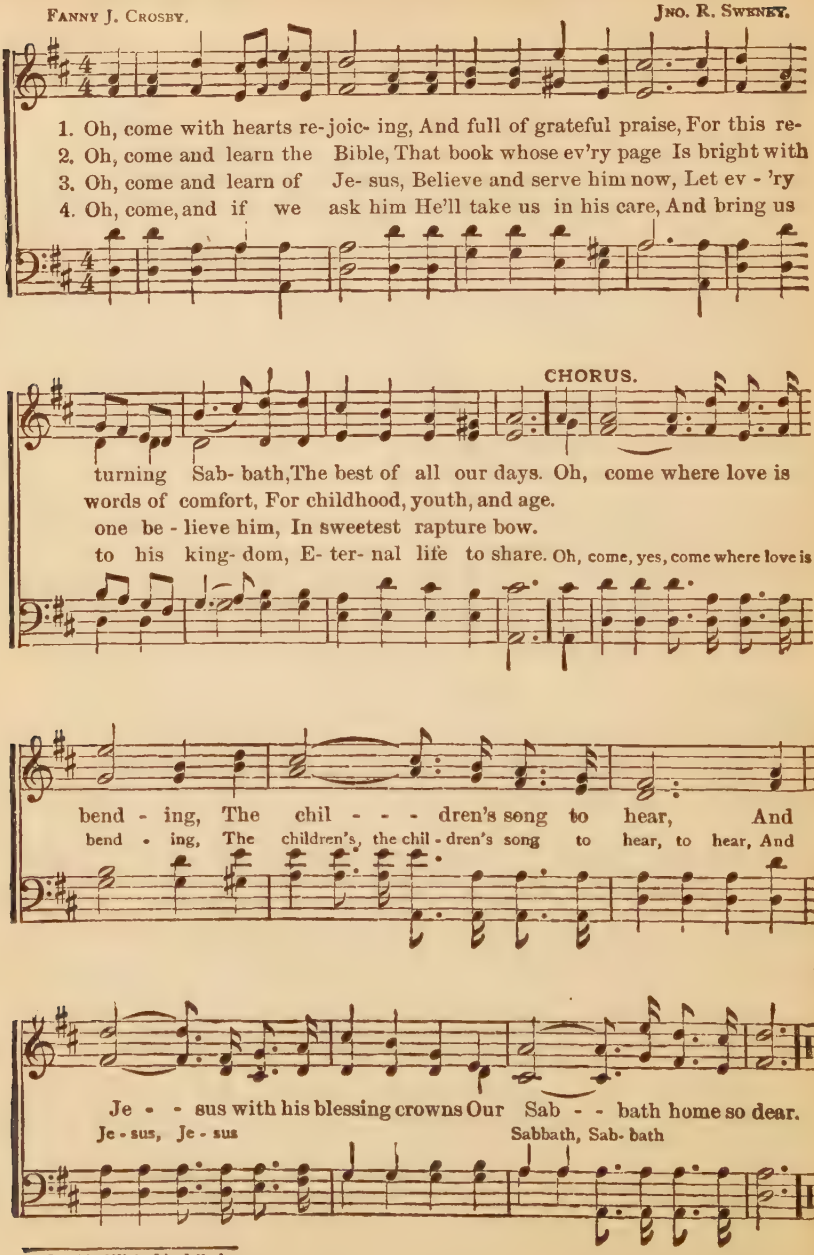
208 Oh, Come where Love is Bending.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Oh, come with hearts re-joic- ing, And full of grateful praise, For this re-
2. Oh, come and learn the Bible, That book whose ev'ry page Is bright with
3. Oh, come and learn of Je- sus, Believe and serve him now, Let ev - 'ry
4. Oh, come, and if we ask him He'll take us in his care, And bring us
CHORUS.
turning Sab- bath, The best of all our days. Oh, come where love is
words of comfort, For childhood, youth, and age.
one be - lieve him, In sweetest rapture bow.
to his king- dom, E- ter- nal life to share. Oh, come, yes, come where love is
bend - ing, The chil - - - dren's song to hear, And
bend - ing, The children's, the chil - dren's song to hear, to hear, And
Je - - sus with his blessing crowns Our Sab - - bath home so dear.
Je - sus, Je - sus
Sabbath, Sab- bath

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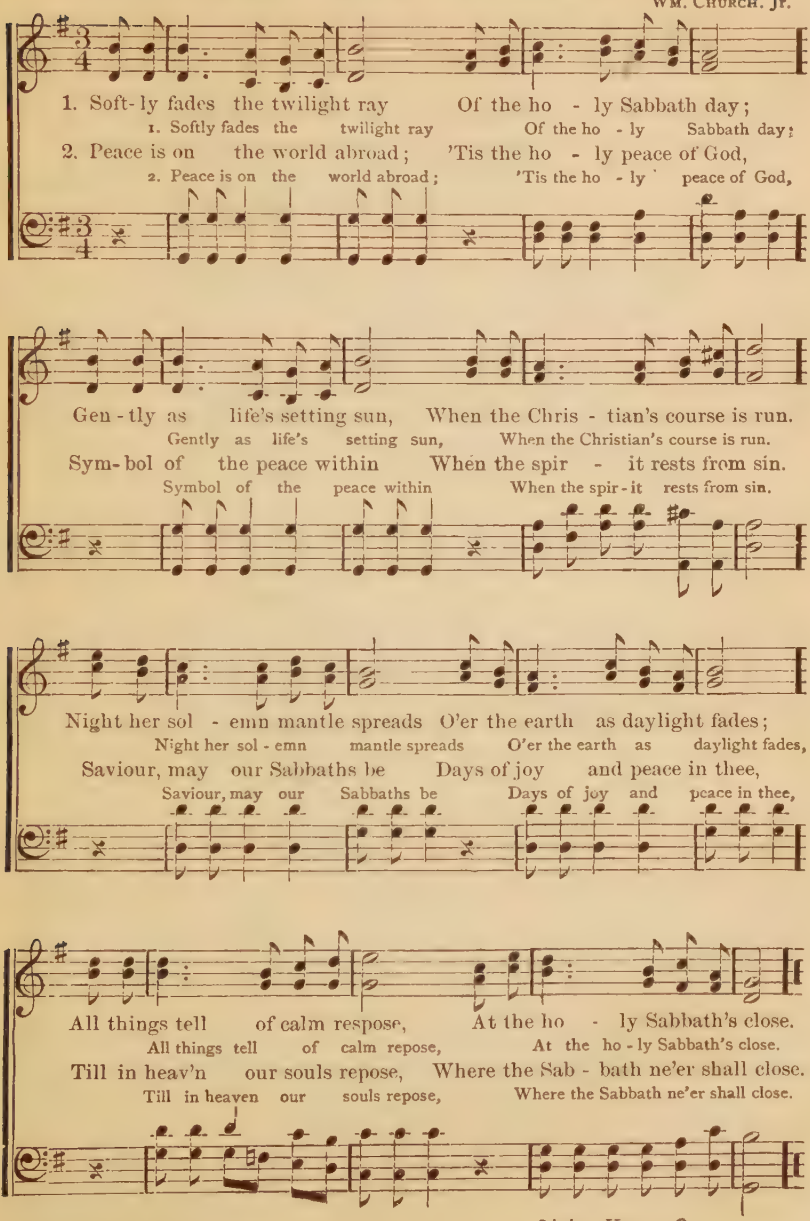
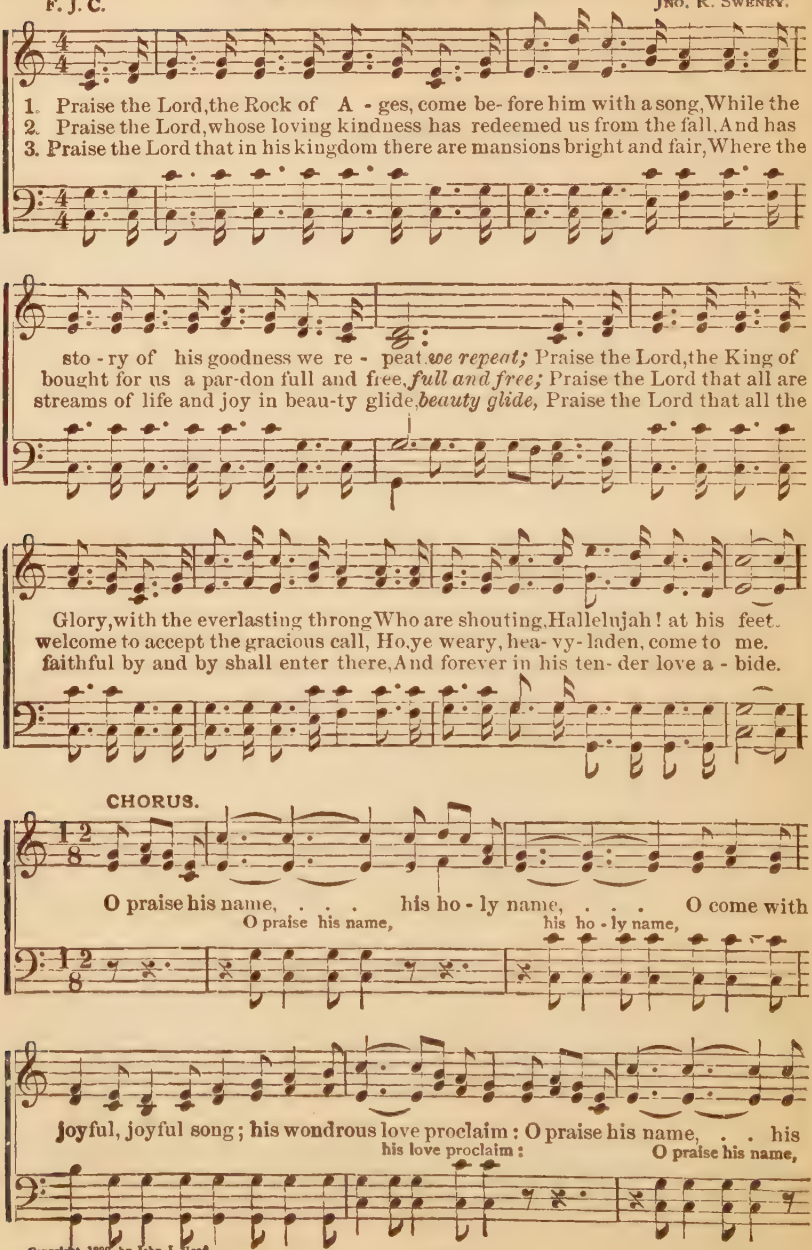
Wm. Church. Jr.


1. Soft- ly fades the twilight ray Of the ho - ly Sabbath day;
1. Softly fades the twilight ray Of the ho - ly Sabbath day;
2. Peace is on the world abroad; 'Tis the ho - ly peace of God,
2. Peace is on the world abroad; 'Tis the ho - ly peace of God,
Gen - tly as life's setting sun, When the Chris - tian's course is run.
Gently as life's setting sun, When the Christian's course is run.
Sym- bol of the peace within When the spir - it rests from sin.
Symbol of the peace within When the spir - it rests from sin.
Night her sol - emn mantle spreads O'er the earth as daylight fades;
Night her sol - emn mantle spreads O'er the earth as daylight fades,
Saviour, may our Sabbaths be Days of joy and peace in thee,
Saviour, may our Sabbaths be Days of joy and peace in thee,
All things tell of calm respose, At the ho - ly Sabbath's close.
All things tell of calm repose, At the ho - ly Sabbath's close.
Till in heav'n our souls repose, Where the Sab - bath ne'er shall close.
Till in heaven our souls repose, Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

From "Anthems and Voluntaries," by per.

O Praise His Name.

F. J. C. JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. Praise the Lord, the Rock of A - ges, come be- fore him with a song, While the
2. Praise the Lord, whose loving kindness has redeemed us from the fall, And has
3. Praise the Lord that in his kingdom there are mansions bright and fair, Where the
sto - ry of his goodness we re - peat, *we repeat;* Praise the Lord, the King of
bought for us a par-don full and free, *full and free;* Praise the Lord that all are
streams of life and joy in beau-ty glide, *beauty glide,* Praise the Lord that all the
Glory, with the everlasting throng Who are shouting, Hallelujah! at his feet.
welcome to accept the gracious call, Ho, ye weary, hea- vy- laden, come to me.
faithful by and by shall enter there, And forever in his ten- der love a - bide.
CHORUS.
O praise his name, . . . his ho - ly name, . . . O come with
O praise his name,
his ho - ly name,
joyful, joyful song; his wondrous love proclaim: O praise his name, . . his
his love proclaim:
O praise his name,

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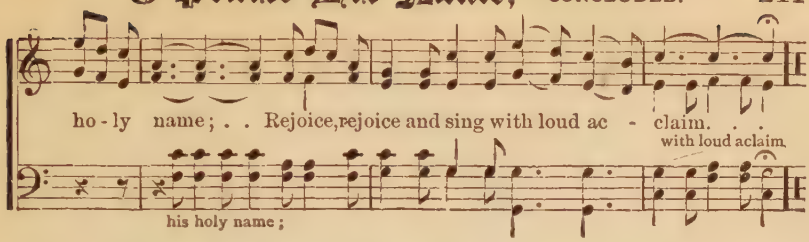
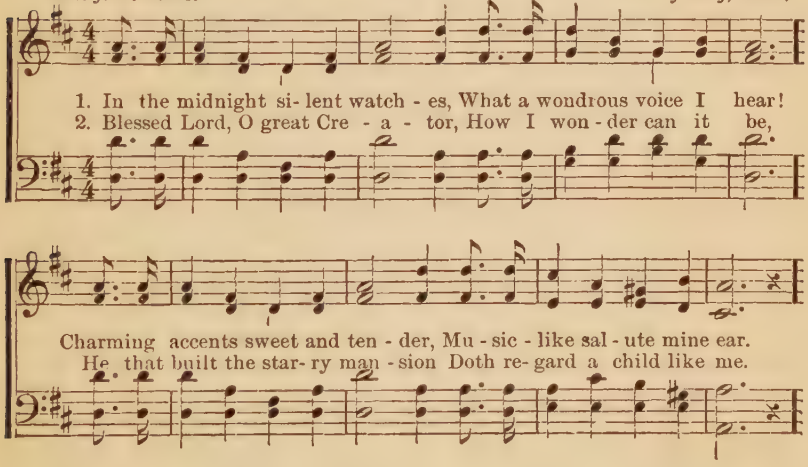
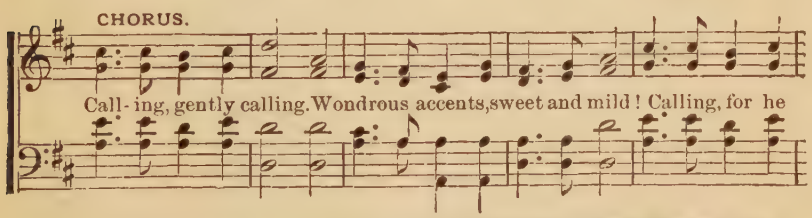


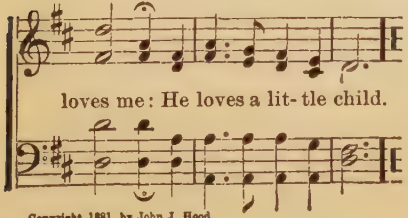
Calling, Gently Calling.

"And the Lord came, and stood and called as at other times, Samuel, Samuel. Then Samuel answered, Speak; for thy servant heareth." 1 Sam. iii. 10.

Rev. J. M. LYONS. JOHN J. HOOD.


1. In the midnight si- lent watch - es, What a wondrous voice I hear!
2. Blessed Lord, O great Cre - a - tor, How I won - der can it be,
Charming accents sweet and ten - der, Mu - sic - like sal - ute mine ear.
He that built the star- ry man - sion Doth re- gard a child like me.





3 There again I hear thee calling,
In such tender accents near;
Here am I! oh, yes I listen:
Speak, and I will gladly hear.

4 Speak, O Lord, thy servant heareth;
Help thou me to understand;
Here I wait to do thy errands,
And obey, Lord, thy command.

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God Calling Yet!

"Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of man."—Prov. viii. 4.

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN (tr). JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I his loving voice de-spise,
3. God call-ing yet! and shall he knock, And I my heart the closer lock?
4. God call-ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bondage live?
5. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay, My heart I yield without de-lay;
rit.
Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slumber lie.
And base-ly his kind care re-pay? He calls me still—can I de-lay?
He still is wait-ing to receive; And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?
I wait—but he does not forsake; He calls me still—my heart, awake!
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; The voice of God has reach'd my heart!
CHORUS.
Call - - - - ing, call - - - - ing! God is
God is call-ing yet, God is call-ing yet!
call-ing, call-ing yet! is call-ing yet! Call - - - - ing, God is call-ing yet,
rit.
call - - - ing! God is calling, call-ing yet!
God is call-ing yet! is call-ing yet!

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MRS. ALBERT SMITH. S. J. VAIL. By per.

1. Let us gather up the sunbeams Lying all a- round our path; Let us
2. Strange we never prize the music Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown! Strange that
keep the wheat and roses, Casting out the thorns and chaff. Let us find our sweetest
we should slight the violets Till the lovely flow'rs are gone! Strange that summer skies
and
comfort In the blessings of to- day, With a patient hand re- moving All the
sunshine Never seem one half so fair, As when winter's snowy pinions Shake the
CHORUS.
bri- ars from the way. Then scatter seeds of kindness, Then scatter seeds of
white down in the air.
ad lib.
kindness, Then scatter seeds of kindness, For our reap- ing by and by.

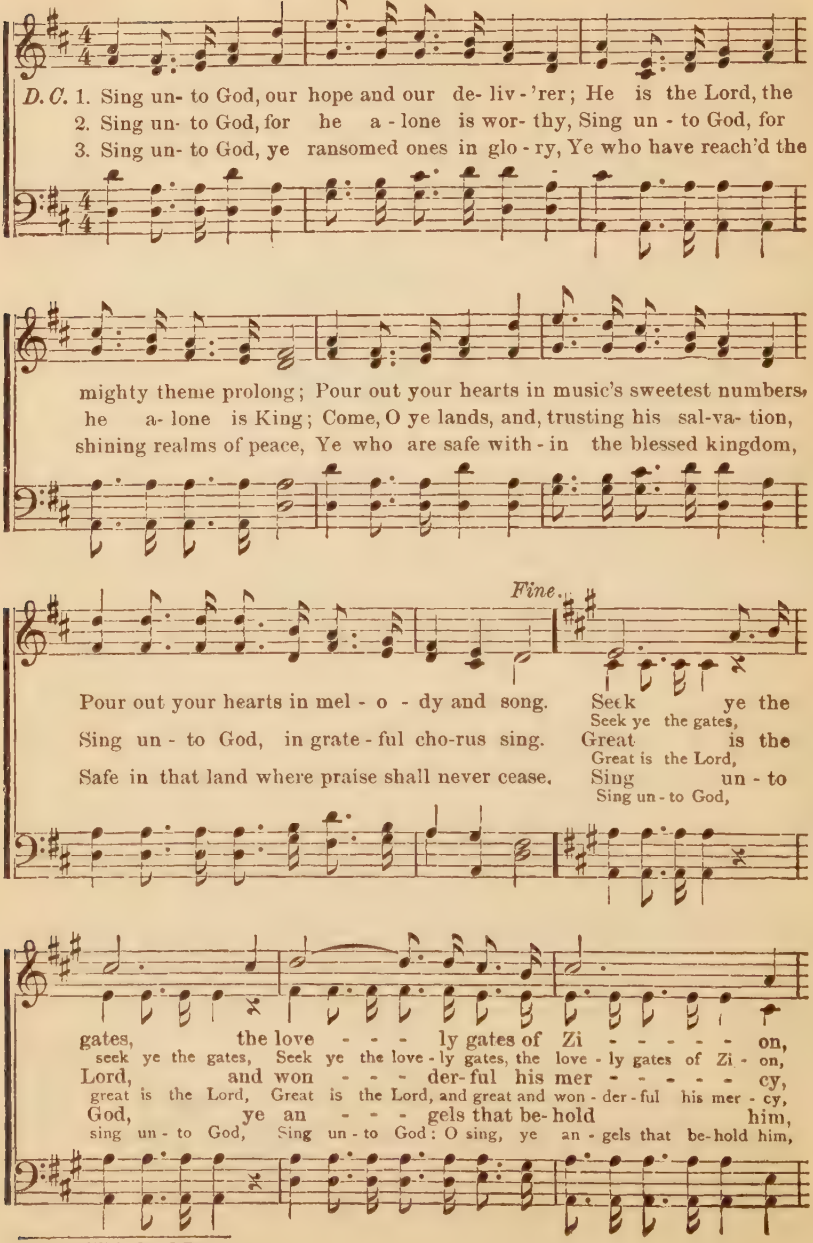
3 If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window-pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow,—
Never trouble us again,—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?—
Would the prints of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

4 Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point the memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn around our backward track!
How these little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns, but roses,
For our reaping by and by.

Sing unto God.

F. J. C.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


D. C. 1. Sing un- to God, our hope and our de- liv - 'rer; He is the Lord, the
2. Sing un- to God, for he a - lone is wor- thy, Sing un - to God, for
3. Sing un- to God, ye ransomed ones in glo - ry, Ye who have reach'd the
mighty theme prolong; Pour out your hearts in music's sweetest numbers,
he a- lone is King; Come, O ye lands, and, trusting his sal-va- tion,
shining realms of peace, Ye who are safe with - in the blessed kingdom,
Fine.
Pour out your hearts in mel - o - dy and song. Seek ye the
Seek ye the gates,
Sing un - to God, in grate - ful cho-rus sing. Great is the
Great is the Lord,
Safe in that land where praise shall never cease. Sing un - to
Sing un - to God,
gates, the love - - - ly gates of Zi - - - - - on,
seek ye the gates, Seek ye the love - ly gates, the love - ly gates of Zi - on,
Lord, and won - - - der-ful his mer - - - - - cy,
great is the Lord, Great is the Lord, and great and won - der - ful his mer - cy,
God, ye an - - - gels that be-hold him,
sing un - to God, Sing un - to God: O sing, ye an - gels that be-hold him,

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Now let his courts with ho - - - - - ly rapture
Now let his courts, now let his courts, Now let his courts with
Strong is his love, a - bid - - - - - ing ev - er-
Strong is his love, strong is his love, Strong is his love, a - -
Sing as ye fly to do your Sov'reign's
Sing as ye fly, sing as ye fly, Sing as ye fly to
ring; Wake, wake a - gain the
ho - ly rap- ture ring; Wake, wake a - gain, wake, wake, a - gain,
more; Sing un - to God, and
bid - ing ev - er- more; Sing un - to God, sing un - to God,
will, Sing un - to God, let
do your Sov'reign's will, Sing un - to God, sing un - to God,
si - - - - lent harp of Ju - - - - - dah! Break forth, ye
Wake, wake a - gain the harp, the si- lent harp of Ju- dah; Break forth, ye hills,
let the voice of glad - - - - ness Break from our
Sing un - to God, and let the voice, the voice of gladness, Break from our hearts,
an - - - - thems ev - er roll - - - - - ing, Earth and the
Sing un - to God, let an - thems, anthems ev- er roll- ing, Earth and the sky,
First four lines as Chorus.
hills, and let . . . . the des- ert sing. D.C.
break forth, ye hills, Break forth, ye hills, and let the des- ert sing.
hearts and spread . from shore to shore.
break from our hearts, Break from our hearts and spread from shore to shore.
sky with joy . . . and gladness fill.
earth and the sky, Earth and the sky with joy and gladness fill.

When My Saviour I Shall See.

Arr. P. H. Roblin. P. Bilhorn.

1. When my Saviour I shall see, In his glorious likeness
2. When I'm whol-ly freed from sin, Spotless, clean and pure with-
3. When my feet shall press the shore, Trod by an-gels feet be-
4. Oh, till then be this my care, More his im-age blest to
be, Clad in robes by love supplied, Then shall I be sat-is-fied.
in, Meet to stand by Je-sus' side, Then shall I be sat-is-fied.
fore, Near to living streams that glide, Then shall I be sat-is-fied.
wear; More to conquer self and pride, So shall I be sat-is-fied.
CHORUS.
Sat-is-fied with love di-vine, Sat-is-fied, since Christ is
mine, Ev-'ry need in Him supplied, Then shall I be sat-is-fied.

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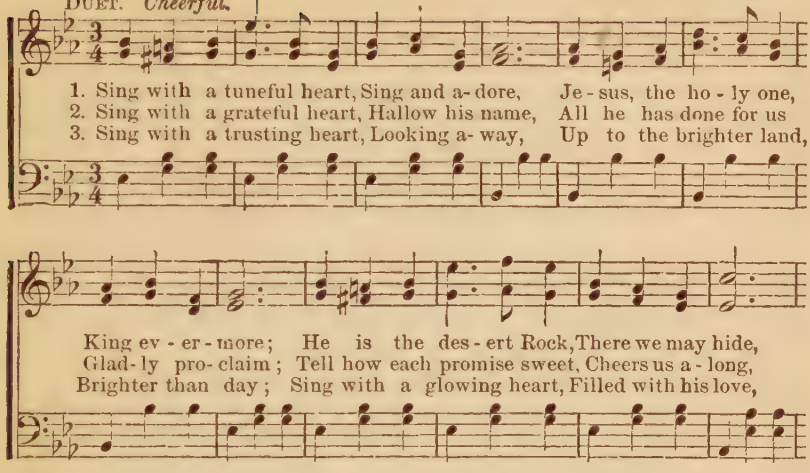
Joyfully Sing.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET. *Cheerful.*


1. Sing with a tuneful heart, Sing and a- dore, Je - sus, the ho - ly one,
2. Sing with a grateful heart, Hallow his name, All he has done for us
3. Sing with a trusting heart, Looking a- way, Up to the brighter land,
King ev - er - more; He is the des - ert Rock, There we may hide,
Glad- ly pro- claim; Tell how each promise sweet, Cheers us a - long,
Brighter than day; Sing with a glowing heart, Filled with his love,
CHORUS.
Under his mighty shade, Safe we a- bide. Joy- ful- ly sing, ...
Praise we the Lord of lords, Fountain of song.
Sing till our happy souls Anchor a - bove.
Joyfully sing,
Joy-ful-ly sing, ... Joyful- ly sing, . . . Light of e -
Joy- fully sing,
Joy-ful-ly sing,
ter - nity, Honor and praise to thee, Now and forever be, Jesus, our King.

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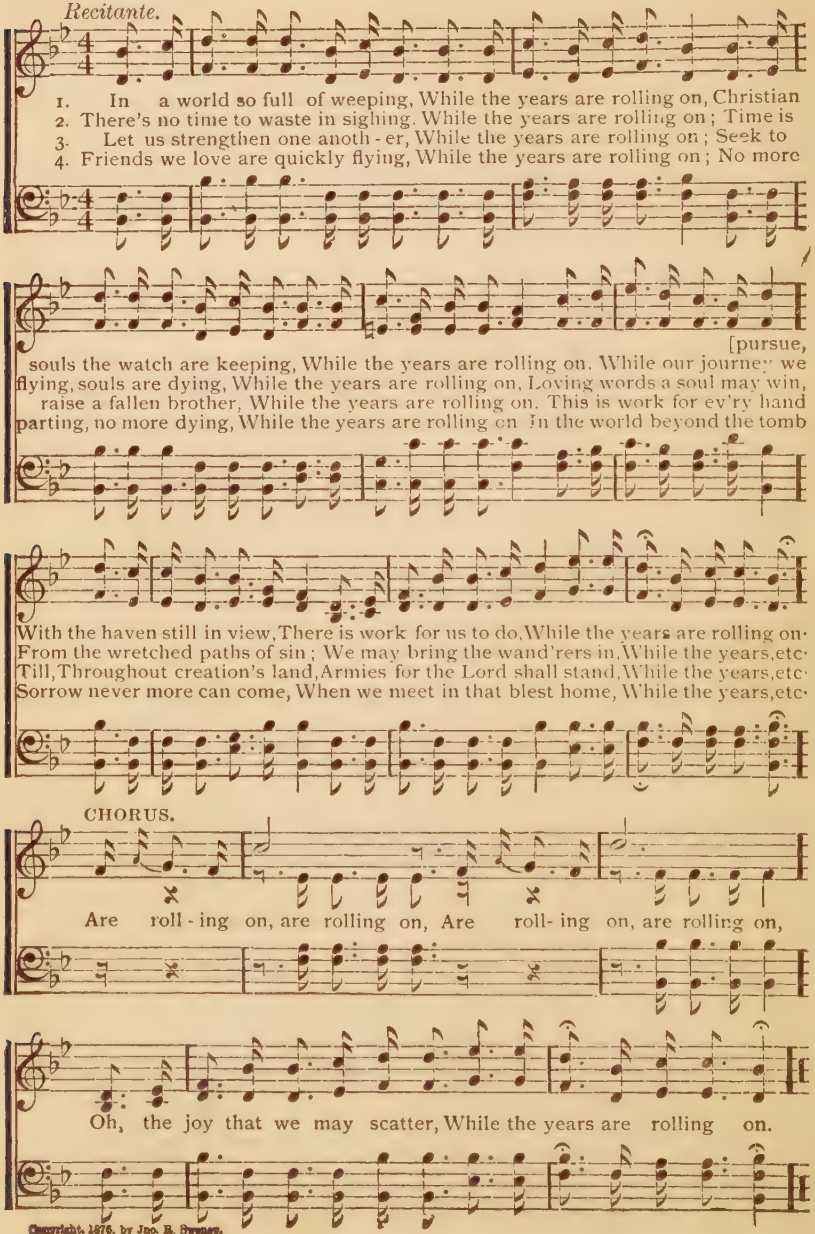
While the Years are Rolling on.

HARRIET B. McKEEVER. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Recitante.


1. In a world so full of weeping, While the years are rolling on, Christian
2. There's no time to waste in sighing. While the years are rolling on; Time is
3. Let us strengthen one anoth - er, While the years are rolling on; Seek to
4. Friends we love are quickly flying, While the years are rolling on; No more
[pursue,
souls the watch are keeping, While the years are rolling on. While our journey we
flying, souls are dying, While the years are rolling on, Loving words a soul may win,
raise a fallen brother, While the years are rolling on. This is work for ev'ry hand
parting, no more dying, While the years are rolling on In the world beyond the tomb
With the haven still in view, There is work for us to do, While the years are rolling on·
From the wretched paths of sin; We may bring the wand'rers in, While the years, etc·
Till, Throughout creation's land, Armies for the Lord shall stand, While the years, etc·
Sorrow never more can come, When we meet in that blest home, While the years, etc·
CHORUS.
Are roll - ing on, are rolling on, Are roll- ing on, are rolling on,
Oh, the joy that we may scatter, While the years are rolling on.

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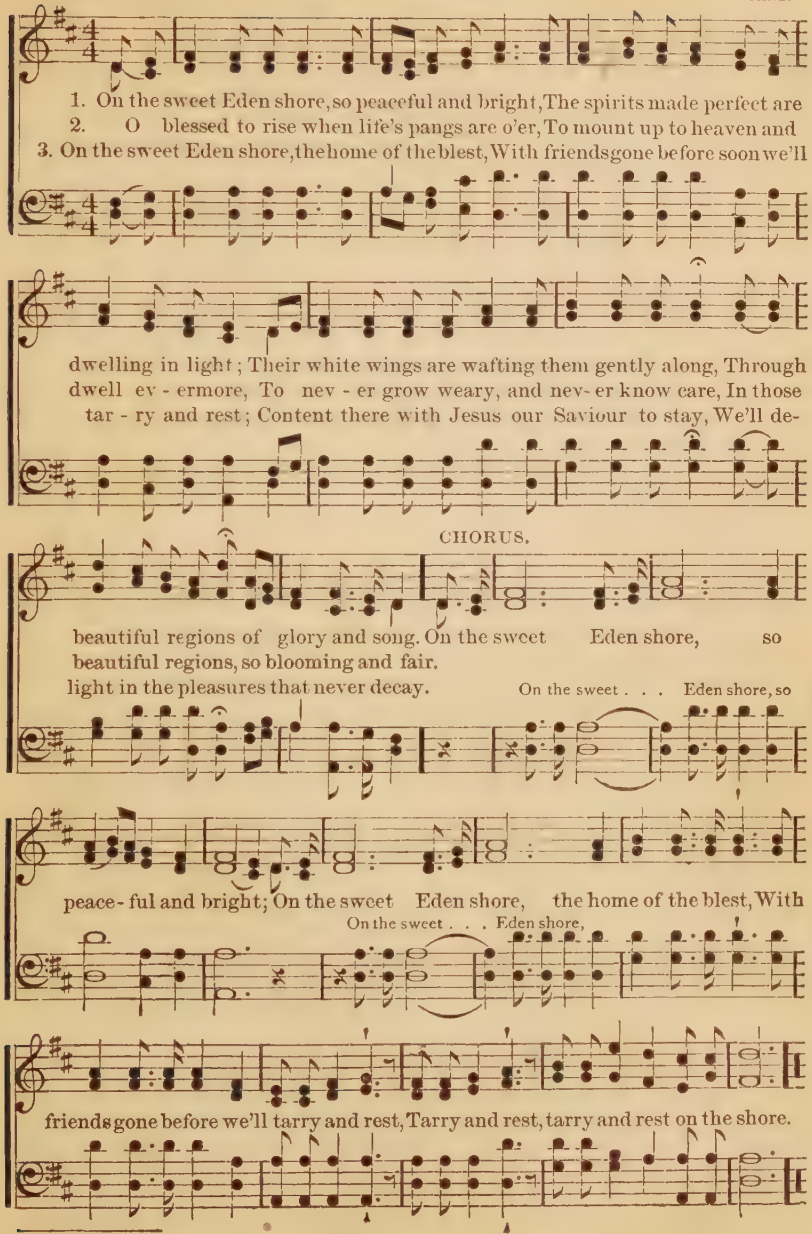
Eden Shore.

Mrs. M. A. Kidder. W. H. Doane.


1. On the sweet Eden shore, so peaceful and bright, The spirits made perfect are
2. O blessed to rise when life's pangs are o'er, To mount up to heaven and
3. On the sweet Eden shore, the home of the blest, With friends gone before soon we'll
dwelling in light; Their white wings are wafting them gently along, Through
dwell ev - ermore, To nev - er grow weary, and nev- er know care, In those
tar - ry and rest; Content there with Jesus our Saviour to stay, We'll de-
CHORUS.
beautiful regions of glory and song. On the sweet Eden shore, so
beautiful regions, so blooming and fair.
light in the pleasures that never decay.
On the sweet . . . Eden shore, so
peace- ful and bright; On the sweet Eden shore, the home of the blest, With
On the sweet . . . Eden shore,
friends gone before we'll tarry and rest, Tarry and rest, tarry and rest on the shore.

By permission.

Abide with Me.

FRANK GOULD. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. All the day, ... in sweet commun - ion, . . Je- sus,
2. One by one, ... the ev'ning sha - dows . . Gath-er
1. All the day, in sweet commun- ion, All the day, in sweet communion, Je - sus,
2. One by one the ev'ning sha-dows, One by one the ev'ning shadows, Gath- er
I . . . have walked with thee: . . Do not now . . withdraw thy
dark - - - ly o'er the lea, . . . Yet the light . . of peace re-
I have walked with thee, Jesus, I have walked with thee; Do not now withdraw thy presence, Do not
dark-ly o'er the lea, Gath- er dark-ly o'er the lea, Yet the light of peace remaineth, Yet the
pres - ence, From this hour . . . abide with me. . . .
main - eth . . If thou still . . . abide with me. . . .
now withdraw thy presence, From this hour abide with me, From this hour abide with me.
light of peace remaineth If thou still abide with me, If thou still abide with me.
CHORUS.
Thou my life, . . . my on - ly guide, . . There is naught in heav'n or
Thou my life, my on - ly guide,
earth I ask but thee; . . . Hear my prayer, . . . my soul's pe-
I ask but thee; my soul's pe- ti - tion, Hear my

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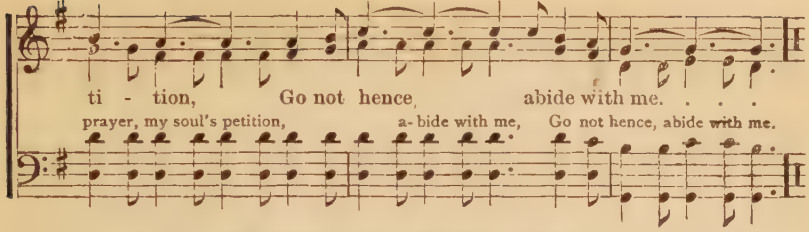

Oh, to be Like Him.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. Jno. R. Sweney.

DUET.
1. Oh, to be like him, Ten- der and kind, Gen - tle in spir- it,
2. Oh, to be like him, Quick to o - bey, Child-like and truthful,
3. Oh, to be like him, Tempted in vain, Dwell- ing with sinners,
Low- ly in mind; More like to Je - sus, Day af - ter day,
Rea- dy to say, "I and my Fa - ther Purpose have one,
Yet without stain; Giv - ing our life- work Sin- ners to save,
CHORUS.
Filled with his Spirit, Now and al - way. Yes, to be like him,
Thine, not my will, Ev - er be done."
Triumph- ing o - ver Death and the grave.
We must a - bide Near to Our Sa-viour, Close to his side.

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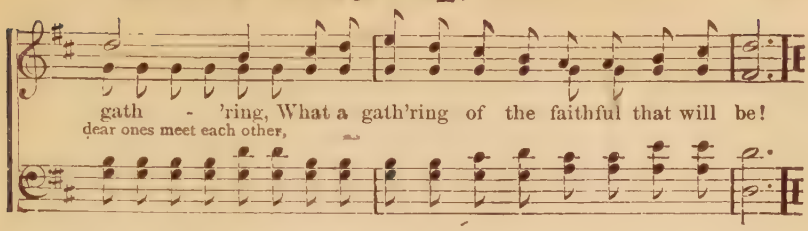
What a Gath'ring that will be.

J. H. K. "Gather my saints together unto me."—Ps. l. 5. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

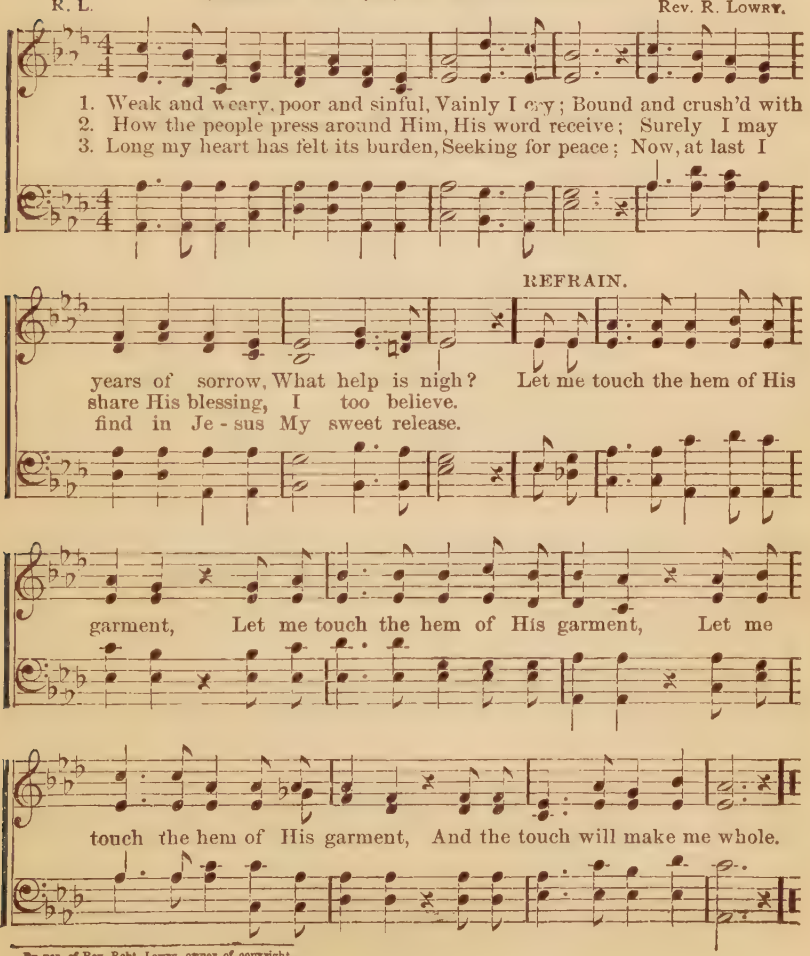
1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gather'd home, We will
2. When the angel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall
3. At the great and final judg-ment, when the hidden comes to light, When the
4. When the golden harps are sounding, and the angel bands proclaim, In tri-
greet each other by the crystal sea, With the friends and all the lov'd ones there a-
gather, and the saved and ransom'd see, Then to meet again together, on the
Lord in all his glory we shall see; At the bidding of our Saviour, "Come, ye
umphant strains the glorious jubilee; Then to meet and join to sing the song of
crystal sea;
waiting us to come, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
bright ce - lestial shore, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
blessed to my right, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
Moses and the Lamb, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
CHORUS.
What a gath - - - - 'ring, gath - - 'ring, At the
What a gath'ring of the loved ones when we'll meet with one an-oth-er,
sounding of the glorious jubi - lee! What a gath - 'ring,
jubilee! What a gath'ring when the friends and all the

From "Song Treasury," by per.



Hem of His Garment.

R. L. Rev. R. Lowry.


1. Weak and weary, poor and sinful, Vainly I cry; Bound and crush'd with
2. How the people press around Him, His word receive; Surely I may
3. Long my heart has felt its burden, Seeking for peace; Now, at last I
REFRAIN.
years of sorrow, What help is nigh? Let me touch the hem of His
share His blessing, I too believe.
find in Je - sus My sweet release.
garment, Let me touch the hem of His garment, Let me
touch the hem of His garment, And the touch will make me whole.

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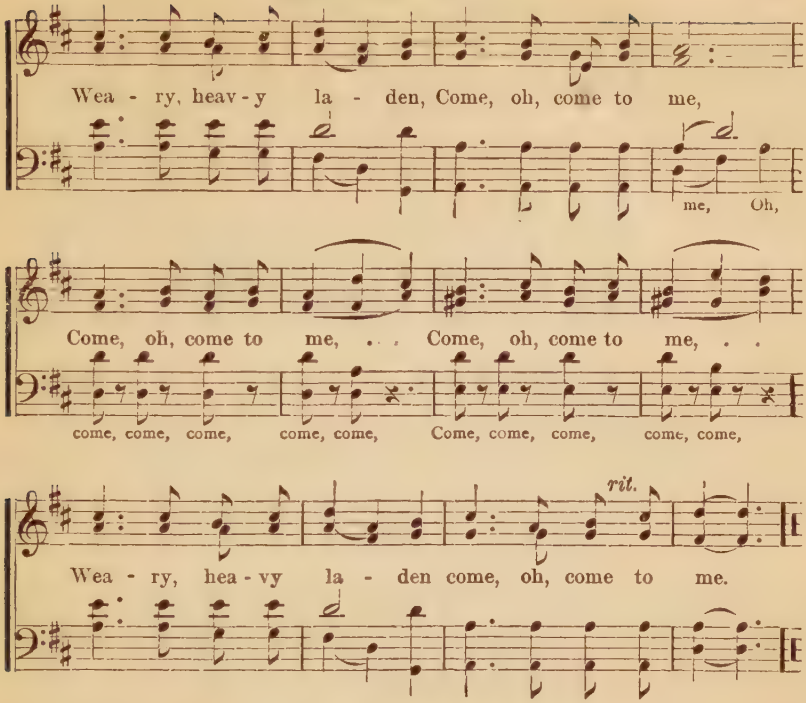
"Come."

Mrs. Jas. Gibson Johnson. Jas. McGranahan. By per.

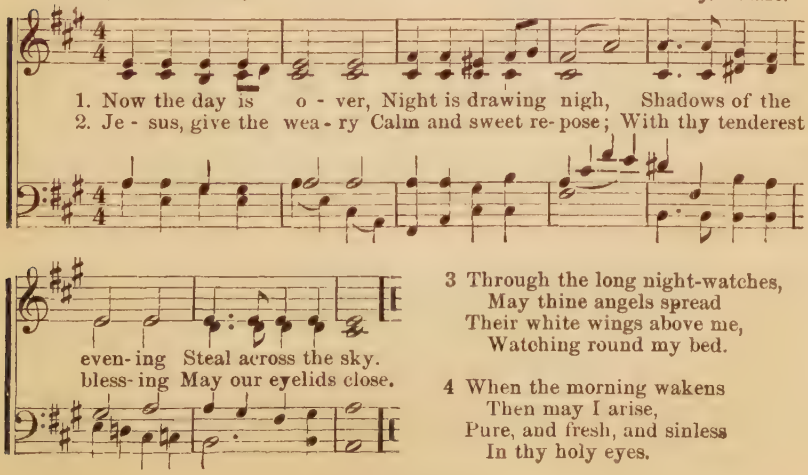
1. Oh, word of words. the sweet- est, Oh, word, in which there lie
2. O soul, why shouldst thou wander From such a lov - ing Friend?
3. Oh, each time draw me near- er, That soon the "Come" may be
All prom- ise, all ful - fill- ment, And end of mys- ter - y;
Cling clos - er, clos - er to him, Stay with him to the end,
Naught but a gen - tle whis- per, To one close, close to thee;
La- ment- ing, or re - joic- ing, With doubt or ter - or nigh,
A - las! I am so help- less, So ver - y full of sin,
Then, o - ver sea and mountain, Far from, or near my home,
I hear the "Come" of Je - sus, And to his cross I fly.
For I am ev - er wand'ring, And com - ing back a - gain.
I'll take thy hand and fol - low, At that sweet whisper "Come!"
REFRAIN.
Come, oh, come to me, . . Come, oh, come to me, . .
Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, Come, come,


Wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Come, oh, come to me,
me, Oh,
Come, oh, come to me, . . Come, oh, come to me, . .
come, come, come, come, come, Come, come, come, come, come,
rit.
Wea - ry, hea - vy la - den come, oh, come to me.

Now the Day is Over.

"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep."—Ps. iv.8.

Rev. S. Baring Gould. J. Barney.


1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is drawing nigh, Shadows of the
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose; With thy tenderest
even- ing Steal across the sky.
bless- ing May our eyelids close.

3 Through the long night-watches,
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

4 When the morning wakens
Then may I arise,
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

At the Door.

Rev. Alfred Taylor. J. E. Gould.

[ing again;
1. My Saviour stands waiting and knocks at the door; Has knocked and is knock-
I hear his kind voice, I'll reject him no more, Nor let him stand pleading in vain;
[the Way,
2. O Saviour, my Ransom, Redeemer and Friend, The Life, and the Truth, and
On thy precious merit alone I depend; Dwell in me, and keep me, I pray.
In infinite mercy he came from above, To ransom, to cleanse me from sin;
Thy goodness hath opened the door of my heart;—'Tis open in welcome to thee;
I'll yield to the voice of his merciful love, And let my dear Saviour come in.
Come in, blessed Saviour, and never depart; Come in, with thy mercy, to me.
CHORUS.
Saviour, come in, cleanse me from sin; Jesus, my Saviour, come in, come in!
En- ter the door, waiting no more, Saviour, dear Saviour, come in!

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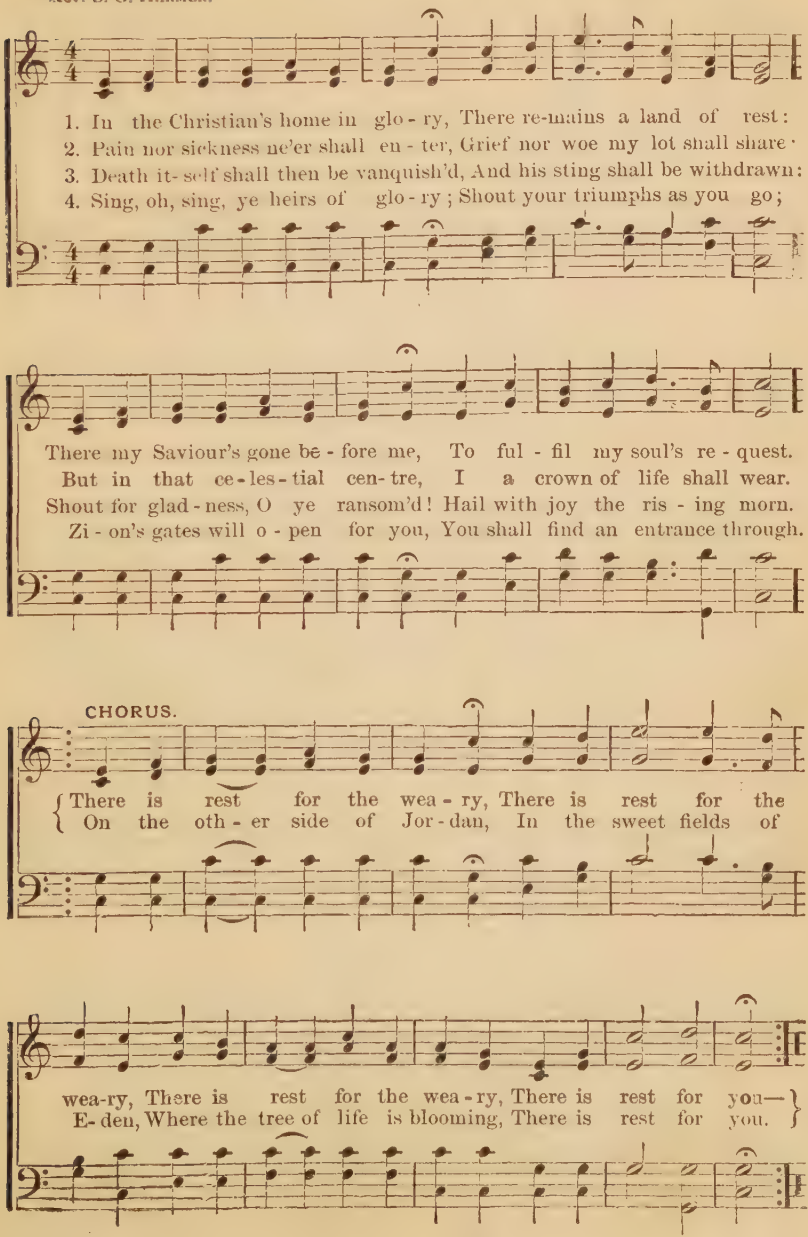
Rest for the Weary.

Rev. S. G. Harmer. Rev. W. McDonald.


1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There re-mains a land of rest:
2. Pain nor sickness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share:
3. Death it-self shall then be vanquish'd, And his sting shall be withdrawn:
4. Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glo - ry; Shout your triumphs as you go;
There my Saviour's gone be - fore me, To ful - fil my soul's re - quest.
But in that ce-les-tial cen-tre, I a crown of life shall wear.
Shout for glad-ness, O ye ransom'd! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.
Zi - on's gates will o - pen for you, You shall find an entrance through.
CHORUS.
There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the
On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of
wea-ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you—
E- den, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

Master, the Tempest is Raging.

M. A. Baker. H. R. Palmer.

1. Master, the tempest is rag - ing! The billows are tossing high! The
2. Master, with anguish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day; The
3. Master, the ter - ror is o - ver, The el - ements sweetly rest; Earth's
sky is o'ershadowed with blackness, No shelter or help is nigh;
depths of my sad heart are troubled—Oh, waken and save, I pray!
sun in the calm lake is mir - rored, And heaven's within my breast;
"Car - est thou not that we perish?" How canst thou lie a - sleep, When each
Torrents of sin and of anguish Sweep o'er my sink - ing soul; And I
Lin - ger, O bless - ed Re - deem - er! Leave me a - lone no more; And with
moment so mad - ly is threatening A grave in the an - gry deep?
per - ish! I per - ish! dear Mas - ter—Oh, hasten, and take con - trol!
joy I shall make the blest har - bor, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.

By permission.

CHORUS.
p
pp
The winds and the waves shall obey thy will, Peace, be still!
Peace, be still! peace, be still!
Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de- mons or men, or what-
Cre - - - - - - - - scen - - - - - -
ev - er it be, No waters can swallow the ship where lies The Master of
- do.
ff
m
ocean, and earth, and skies; They all so sweetly o-bey thy will, Peace, be still!
p
p
pp
Peace, be still! They all so sweetly o- bey thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

March Steadily Onward.

S. Martin. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. March steadi - ly onward to the battle-field a-way, Haste! follow our
2. March steadi - ly onward like the armies gone before, Wear bravely the
3. March steadi - ly onward to the conquest here below, March steadi - ly
Lead-er, let one and all his voice obey; Oh, march steadily onward, let the
armor, the shield that once on earth they wore; Oh, march steadily onward till our
onward, nor let us fear to meet the foe; But march steadily onward, shouting
Fine.
ranks be filled to-day, March un-der the banner of the Sav - iour.
life's great work is o'er, March un-der the banner of the Sav - iour.
vict-'ry as we go, March un-der the banner of the Sav - iour.
March hopeful - ly on-ward, our col-ors display - ing, No long-er de-
March trusting - ly onward through sorrow or gladness, Through sunshine or
March joy-ful - ly on-ward, what-ev-er be-fall us, Till Je-sus shall
lay - ing our place at once to fill; No e - vil can harm us,
sad - ness with joy our way pur-sue; Our hearts will be light - er
call us, and say our work is done; Keep step to the cho - rus

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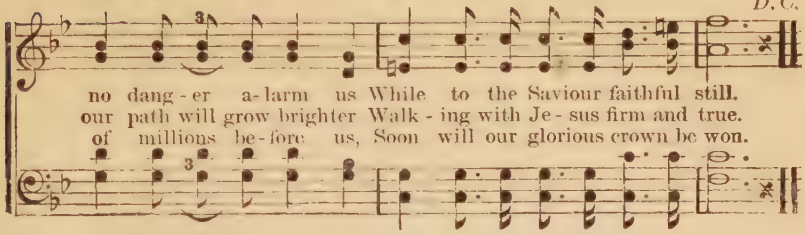
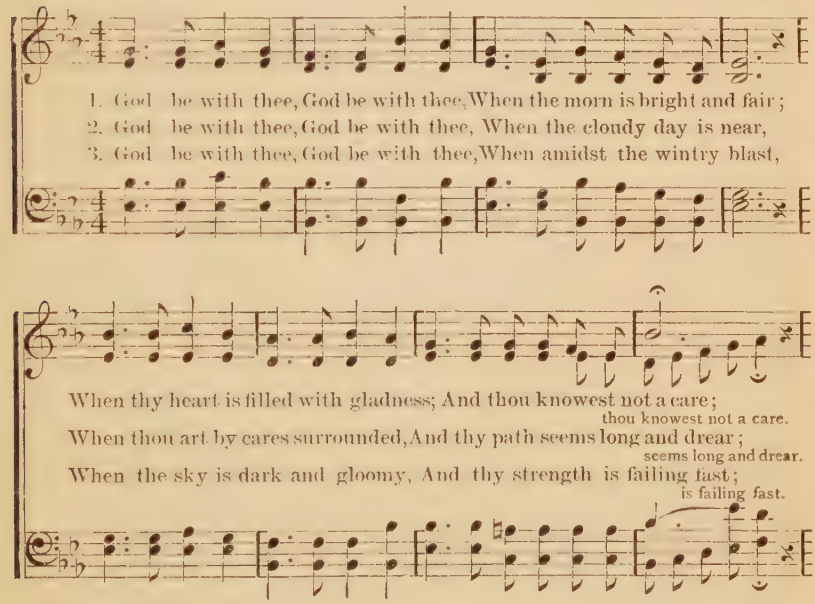
March Steadily Onward.—CONCLUDED.

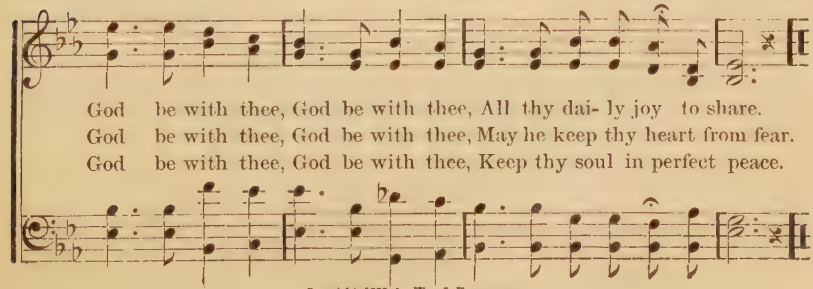
D. C.


no dang - er a - larm us While to the Saviour faithful still.
our path will grow brighter Walk - ing with Je - sus firm and true.
of millions be - fore us, Soon will our glorious crown be won.

God be With Thee.

F. G. Burroughs. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. God be with thee, God be with thee, When the morn is bright and fair;
2. God be with thee, God be with thee, When the cloudy day is near,
3. God be with thee, God be with thee, When amidst the wintry blast,
When thy heart is filled with gladness; And thou knowest not a care;
thou knowest not a care.
When thou art by cares surrounded, And thy path seems long and drear;
seems long and drear.
When the sky is dark and gloomy, And thy strength is failing fast;
is failing fast.


God be with thee, God be with thee, All thy dai - ly joy to share.
God be with thee, God be with thee, May he keep thy heart from fear.
God be with thee, God be with thee, Keep thy soul in perfect peace.

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Steadily Marching On.

FANNY J. CROSBY. H. R. PALMER. By per.

1. Praise ye the Lord! joyfully shout hosanna! Praise the Lord with glad ac-
2. Praise we the Lord! he is the King e - ter-nal; Glo-ry be to God on
claim; Lift up our hearts unto his throne with gladness,—Magnify his
high! Praise we the Lord, tell of his lov-ing kindness,—Join the chorus
ho - ly name. March-ing a-long un-der his ban-ner bright,
of the sky. Still marching on, cheer-i - ly march-ing on,
Trusting in his mer-cy as we go (*trusting we go*), His light divine tenderly
In the ranks of Je-sus we will go (*ever we'll go*), Home to our rest, joyfully
o'er us will shine; We shall be guided by his hand now and for - ev - er.
home, where the blest Gather and praise the Saviour's name, praise him forever.

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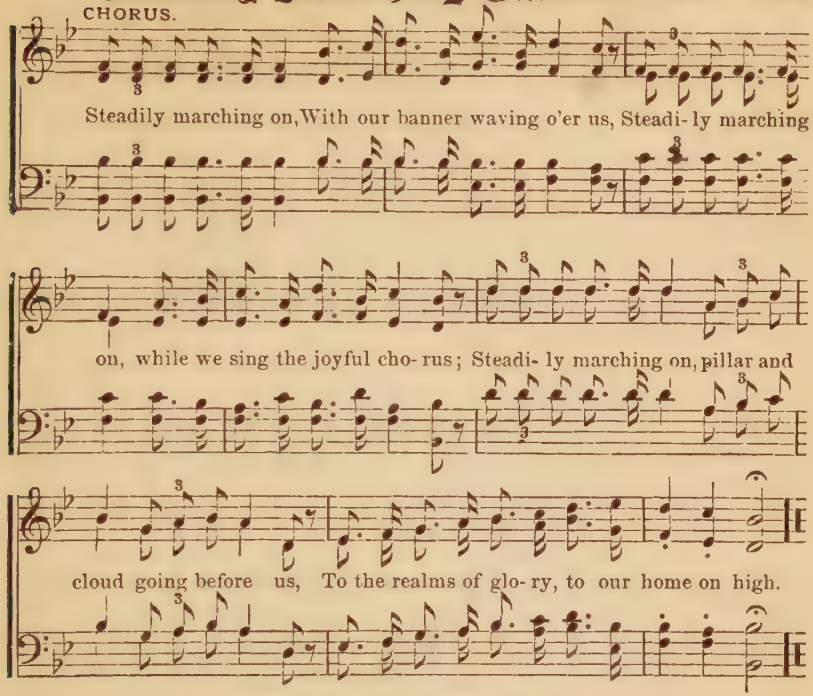
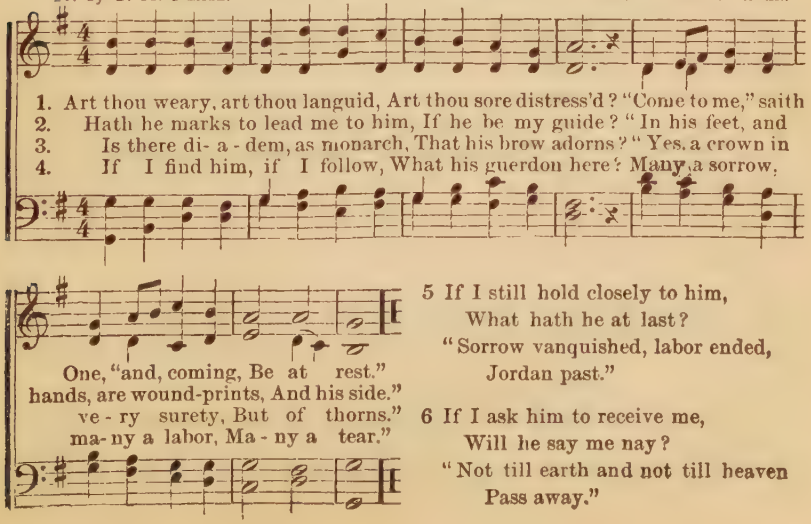
CHORUS.


Steadily marching on, With our banner waving o'er us, Steadi-ly marching
on, while we sing the joyful cho-rus; Steadi-ly marching on, pillar and
cloud going before us, To the realms of glo-ry, to our home on high.

Art Thou Weary.

Tr. by T. M. Neale. Rev. Sir Henry Baker.

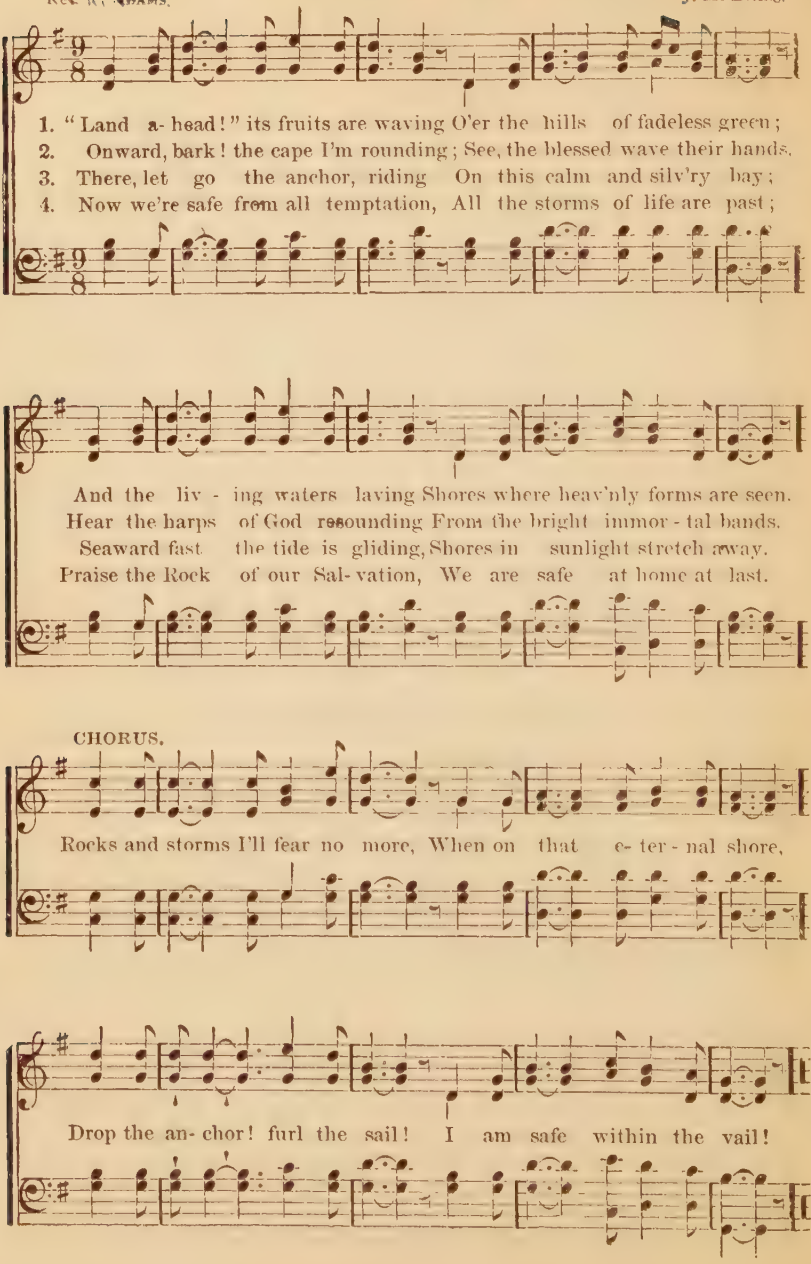

1. Art thou weary, art thou languid, Art thou sore distress'd? "Come to me," saith
2. Hath he marks to lead me to him, If he be my guide? "In his feet, and
3. Is there di-a-dem, as monarch, That his brow adorns? "Yes, a crown in
4. If I find him, if I follow, What his guerdon here? Many a sorrow,
One, "and, coming, Be at rest."
hands, are wound-prints, And his side."
ve-ry surety, But of thorns."
ma-ny a labor, Ma-ny a tear."

5 If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

6 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

Safe within the Vail.

Rev. H. ADAMS. J. M. EVANS.


1. "Land a- head!" its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fadeless green;
2. Onward, bark! the cape I'm rounding; See, the blessed wave their hands.
3. There, let go the anchor, riding On this calm and silv'ry bay;
4. Now we're safe from all temptation, All the storms of life are past;
And the liv - ing waters laving Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.
Hear the harps of God resounding From the bright immor - tal bands.
Seaward fast the tide is gliding, Shores in sunlight stretch away.
Praise the Rock of our Sal- vation, We are safe at home at last.
CHORUS.
Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that e- ter - nal shore,
Drop the an- chor! furl the sail! I am safe within the vail!

Only Remembered.

H. Bonar, D. D. May be sung as Duet for Soprano and Tenor. Arthur J. Smith.

1. Fading a-way, like the dew of the morning, Soaring from earth to its
2. Shall I be missed if an-oth-er succeed me, Reaping the fields I in
3. Oh, when the Saviour shall make up his jewels, When the bright crowns of re-
home in the sun; Thus would I pass from the earth and its toil-ing,
spring-time have sown? No, for the sow-er may pass from his la-bors,
joicing are won, Then will his faithful and wea-ry dis-ci-ples
CHORUS.
On-ly remembered by what I have done. On-ly remembered, on-ly re-
On-ly remembered by what he has done.
All be remembered for what they have done.
membered, On-ly remembered by what I have done, On-ly remembered,
on-ly remembered, On-ly remembered by what I have done.

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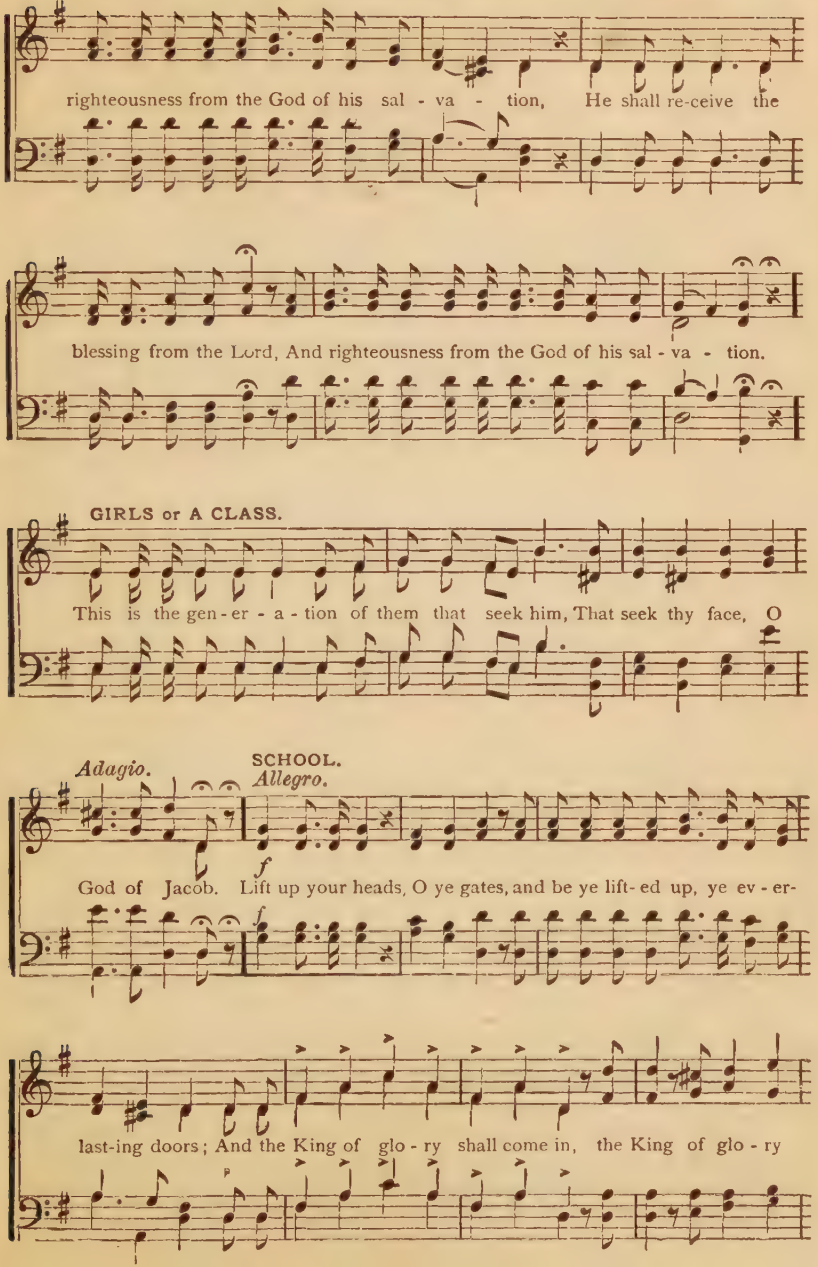
The Earth is the Lord's.

Psalm xxiv.

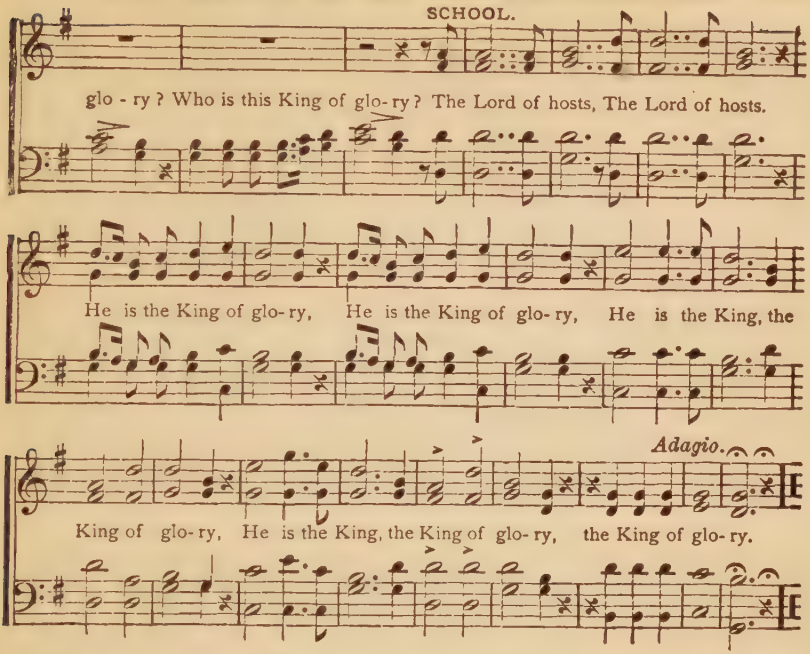
L. Mason.

SCHOOL.
Allegro moderato.
The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; The world, and they that dwell therein;
Adagio.
For he hath founded it up - on the seas, And es-stablished it up - on the floods.
BOYS.
Tempo primo.
Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? Or who shall stand in his ho - ly place?
GIRLS.
He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; Who hath not lifted up his soul un - to
SCHOOL.
van - i - ty, Nor sworn de - ceitfully. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, And


righteousness from the God of his sal - va - tion, He shall re-ceive the
blessing from the Lord, And righteousness from the God of his sal - va - tion.
GIRLS or A CLASS.
This is the gen - er - a - tion of them that seek him, That seek thy face, O
Adagio.
SCHOOL.
Allegro.
f
God of Jacob. Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift - ed up, ye ev - er -
last-ing doors; And the King of glo - ry shall come in, the King of glo - ry

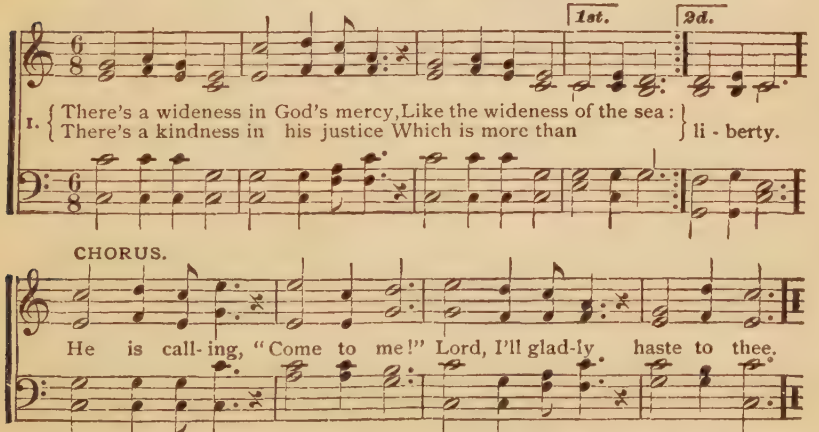
BOYS.
shall come in, The King of glo - ry shall come in. Who is this King of
SCHOOL.
f
glo- ry? Who is this King of glory? The Lord, the Lord strong and mighty, the
PRIMARY DEPT. or A CLASS.
f
Lord, the Lord might - y in bat - tle. Lift up your heads, O ye gates, Even lift them
up, ye ev - er- last - ing doors, And the King of glo - ry shall come in, the
BOYS.
King of glory shall come in, The King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of

SCHOOL.


glo - ry? Who is this King of glo- ry? The Lord of hosts, The Lord of hosts.
He is the King of glo- ry, He is the King of glo- ry, He is the King, the
Adagio.
King of glo- ry, He is the King, the King of glo- ry, the King of glo- ry.

He is Calling.

FABER. Arr. by S. J. VAIL.


1st.
2d.
1. There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea:
There's a kindness in his justice Which is more than li - berty.
CHORUS.
He is call- ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I'll glad-ly haste to thee.

2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderful and kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word:
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

There is a Green Hill.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

GIRLS.
1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a ci-ty wall,
2. He died that we might be forgiven, He died to make us good,
Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all.
That we might go at last to hea-ven, Saved by his pre-cious blood.
SOLO—BOYS.
We may not know, we can-not tell, What
There was no oth-er good e-nough To
pains he had to bear, ... But we be-
pay the price of sin; . . . . He on-ly

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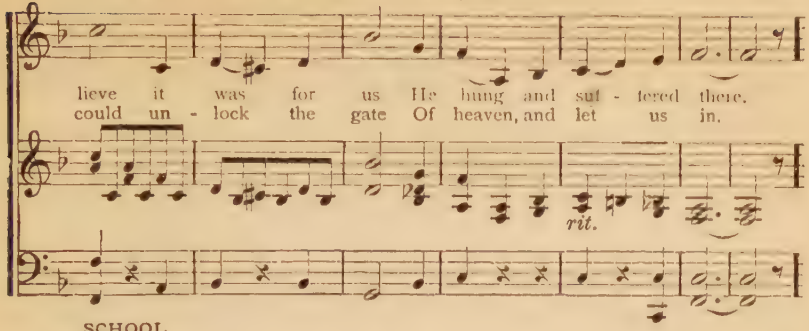
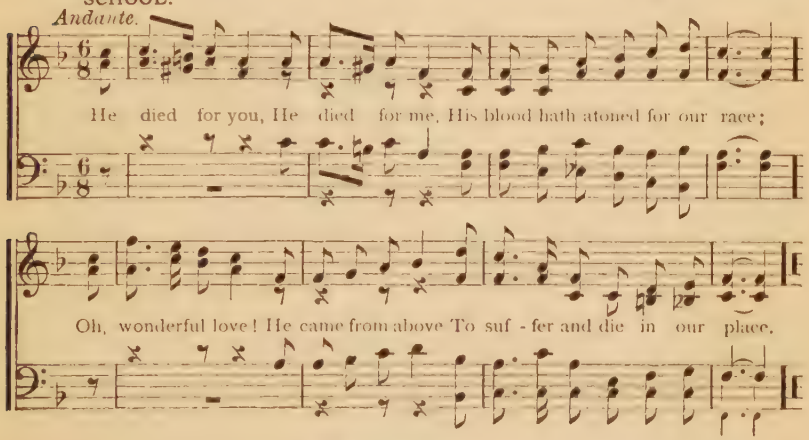


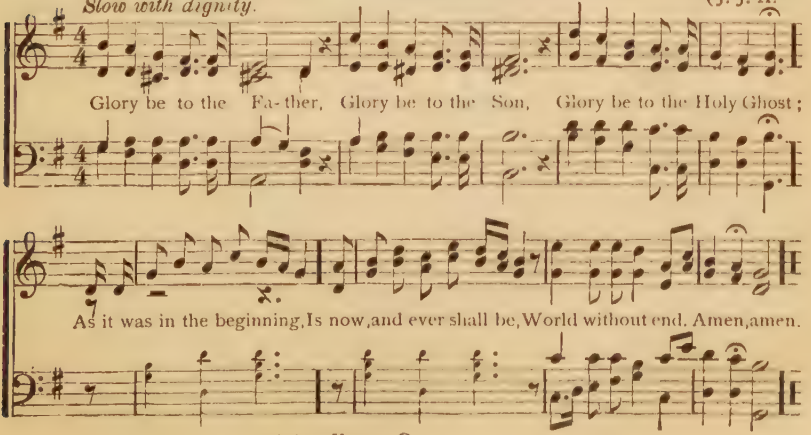
SCHOOL.


Andante.
He died for you, He died for me, His blood hath atoned for our race;
Oh, wonderful love! He came from above To suf - fer and die in our place.

Doxology.

Words arr. by B. M. A.

{J. R. S.
W. J. K.
J. J. H.


Slow with dignity.
Glory be to the Fa-ther, Glory be to the Son, Glory be to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, Is now, and ever shall be, World without end. Amen, amen.

Onward.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Onward, onward, onward, Christian soldiers! Marching, marching, marching as to war
With the cross of Jesus, With the cross of Je-sus, With the cross of Jesus Going
With the cross the cross, of Jesus
on be - fore. Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads against the foe.
Go-ing on be - fore.
For - ward into bat - tle, See, his banners go! Christ, the roy-al
Forward in - to bat - tle, Christ, the roy - al
Mas-ter, Leads against the foe; Forward into bat-tle, See, his banners go!
Mas-ter, Leads against the foe;

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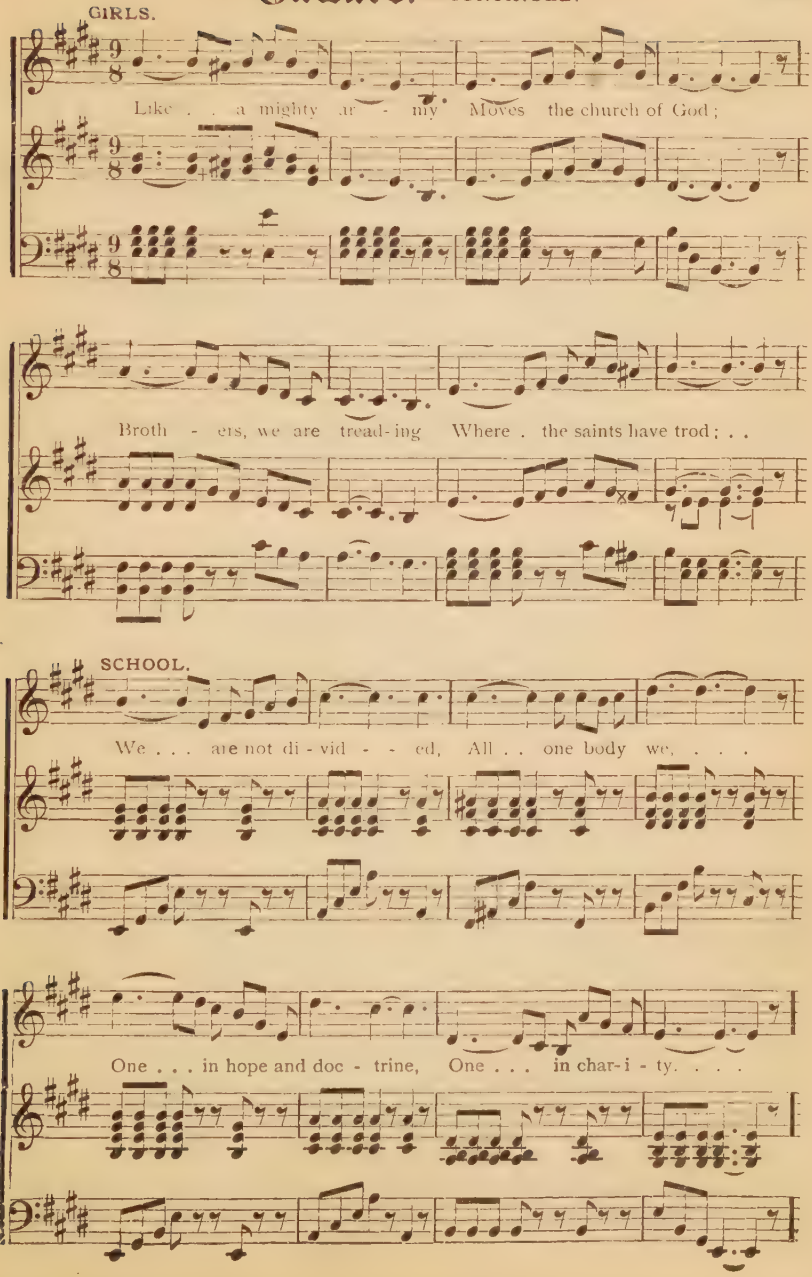

GIRLS.
Like . . a mighty ar - my Moves the church of God;
Broth - ers, we are tread-ing Where . the saints have trod; . .
SCHOOL.
We . . . are not di - vid - - ed, All . . one body we, . . .
One . . . in hope and doc - trine, One . . . in char-i - ty. . . .

Onward.—CONCLUDED.

SCHOOL.
On - ward, on - - ward, onward, Christian soldiers! March - ing,
Onward, onward, Christian soldiers! Marching, marching,
march - ing, marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus,
onward, marching, marching, With the cross of Je - sus,
GIRLS.
With the cross of Jesus, With the cross of Jesus Going on be-fore; With the
BOYS.
With the cross of Je - sus, Marching with
cross of Jesus, With the cross of Jesus, cross of Jesus Going on before, marching
the cross of Jesus, With the cross of Jesus,
SCHOOL.
rit.
With the cross of Jesus, With the cross of Jesus, The cross of Jesus, Going on before

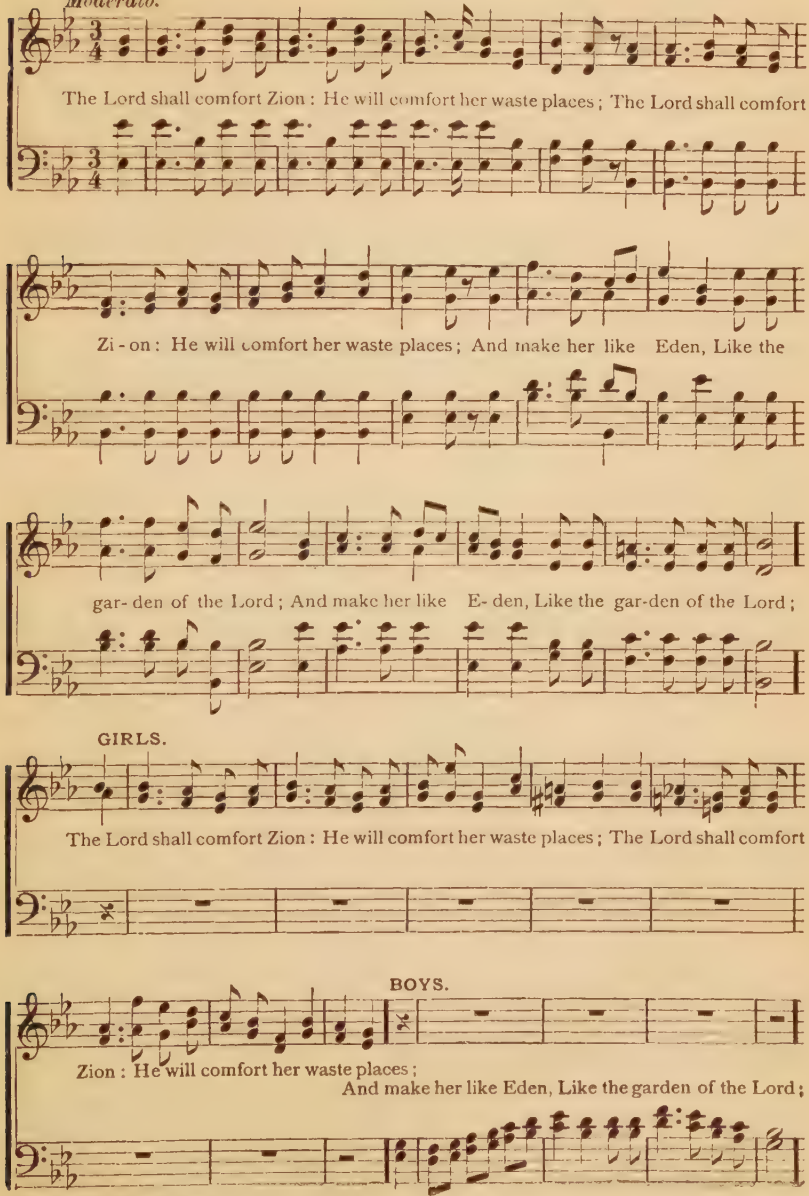
The Lord shall Comfort Zion.

Isa. li. 3.

Jno. R. Sweney.

SCHOOL.

Moderato.


The Lord shall comfort Zion: He will comfort her waste places; The Lord shall comfort
Zi-on: He will comfort her waste places; And make her like Eden, Like the
gar-den of the Lord; And make her like E-den, Like the gar-den of the Lord;
GIRLS.
The Lord shall comfort Zion: He will comfort her waste places; The Lord shall comfort
BOYS.
Zion: He will comfort her waste places;
And make her like Eden, Like the garden of the Lord;

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The Lord shall, etc.—CONCLUDED.

SCHOOL.

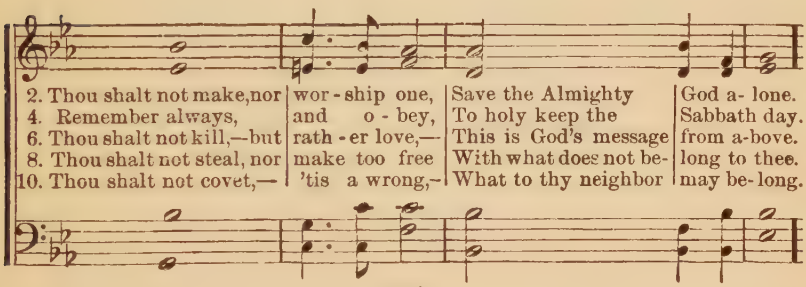
gladness shall be found there - in, Joy and gladness, joy and gladness shall be
shall be
found there - in, Joy and gladness, joy and glad-ness shall be
found therein, shall be found therein,
shall be
found there - in, Thanksgiving, and the voice of mel - o - dy, Thanks-
found therein, shall be found therein,
PRIM. DEPT. or A CLASS.
giving, and the voice of mel - o - dy, Thanksgiving, and the voice of mel-o - dy,
SCHOOL.
rit. pp
thanksgiving, and the voice of mel - o - dy, and the voice, the voice of mel-o- dy.

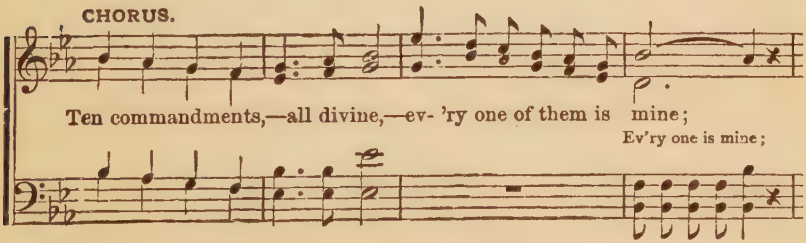
The Ten Commandments.

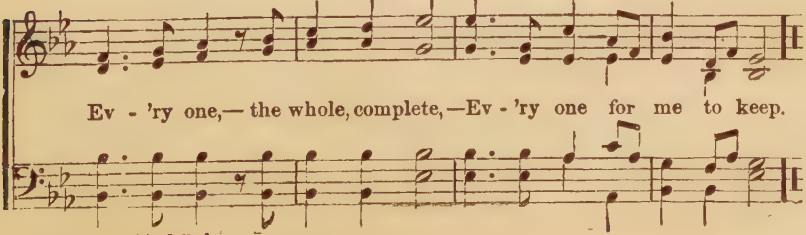
Exodus xx. 3-17.

W. H. Flaville. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Thou shalt not have,— so says the Lord,—Be- fore me any oth - er God.
3. Thou shalt not take the hallowed name Of God upon thy lips in vain.
5. Honor thy father,— mother, too,— To them be duti- ful and true.
7. Adultery do not commit, For has not God for- bidden it.
9. False witness thou must never bear, The word of God does so de- clare.


2. Thou shalt not make, nor wor - ship one, Save the Almighty God a- lone.
4. Remember always, and o - bey, To holy keep the Sabbath day.
6. Thou shalt not kill,—but rath - er love,— This is God's message from a-bove.
8. Thou shalt not steal, nor make too free With what does not be- long to thee.
10. Thou shalt not covet,— 'tis a wrong,— What to thy neighbor may be- long.





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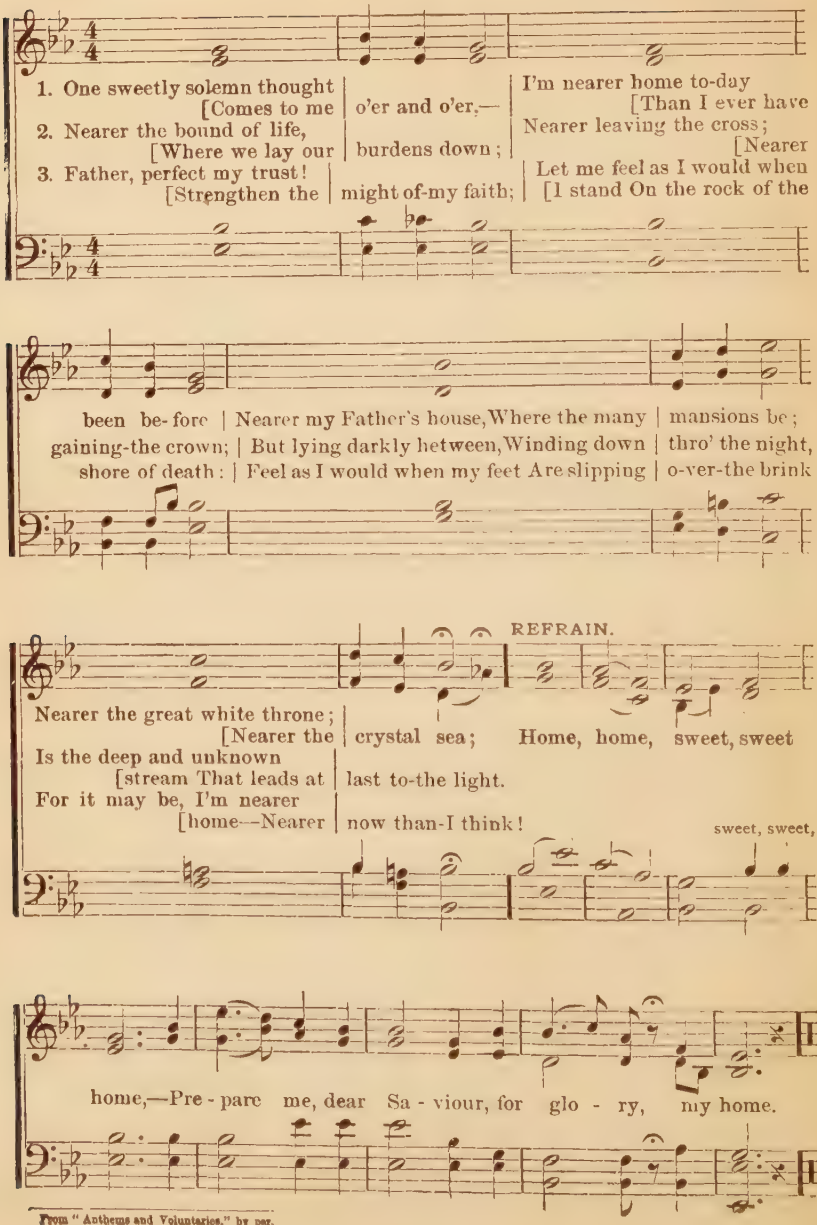
Nearer Home.

PHŒBE CARY. WM. CHURCH, Jr.

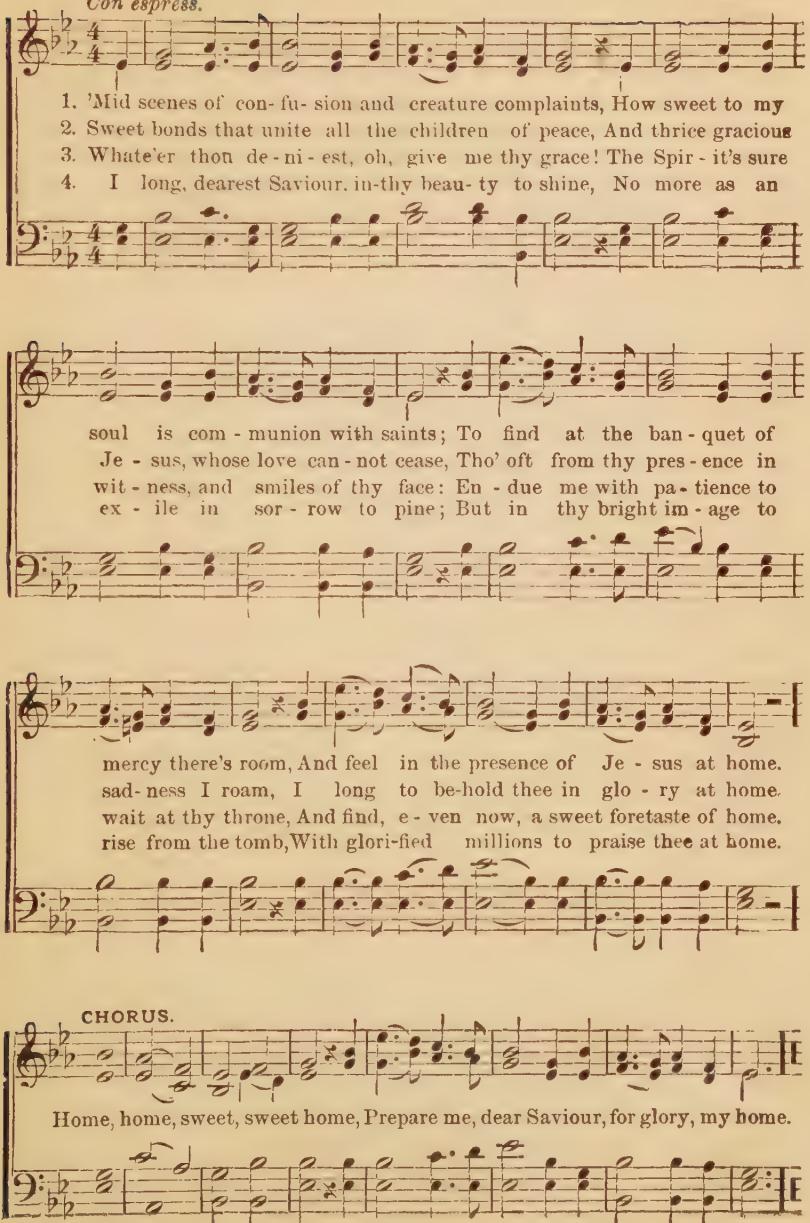

1. One sweetly solemn thought [Comes to me o'er and o'er,— I'm nearer home to-day [Than I ever have
2. Nearer the bound of life, [Where we lay our burdens down; Nearer leaving the cross; [Nearer
3. Father, perfect my trust! [Strengthen the might of my faith; Let me feel as I would when [I stand On the rock of the
been be-fore | Nearer my Father's house, Where the many | mansions be;
gaining the crown; | But lying darkly between, Winding down | thro' the night,
shore of death: | Feel as I would when my feet Are slipping | o-ver the brink
REFRAIN.
Nearer the great white throne; [Nearer the crystal sea; Home, home, sweet, sweet
Is the deep and unknown [stream That leads at last to the light.
For it may be, I'm nearer [home—Nearer now than I think!
sweet, sweet,
home,—Pre-pare me, dear Sa-viour, for glo-ry, my home.

From "Anthems and Voluntaries," by per.

Sweet Home.

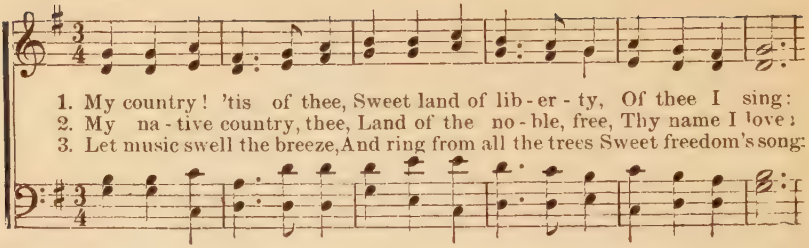
H. R. Bishop. Arranged.

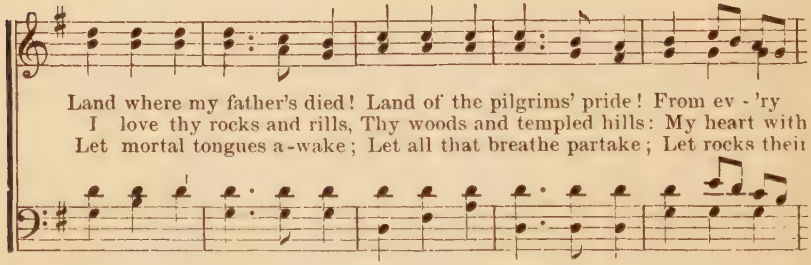
Con espress.

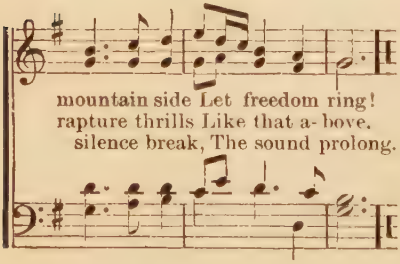

1. 'Mid scenes of con- fu- sion and creature complaints, How sweet to my
2. Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace, And thrice gracious
3. Whate'er thou de- ni- est, oh, give me thy grace! The Spir- it's sure
4. I long, dearest Saviour, in-thy beau- ty to shine, No more as an
soul is com- munion with saints; To find at the ban- quet of
Je- sus, whose love can- not cease, Tho' oft from thy pres- ence in
wit- ness, and smiles of thy face: En- due me with pa- tience to
ex- ile in sor- row to pine; But in thy bright im- age to
mercy there's room, And feel in the presence of Je- sus at home.
sad- ness I roam, I long to be-hold thee in glo- ry at home.
wait at thy throne, And find, e- ven now, a sweet foretaste of home.
rise from the tomb, With glori-fied millions to praise thee at home.
CHORUS.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home.

252 **America.**

S. F. Smith.


1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing:
2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thy name I love:
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song:

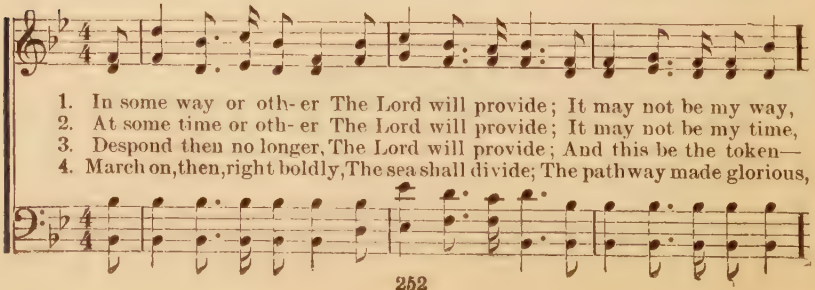

Land where my father's died! Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev-'ry
I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills: My heart with
Let mortal tongues a-wake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their



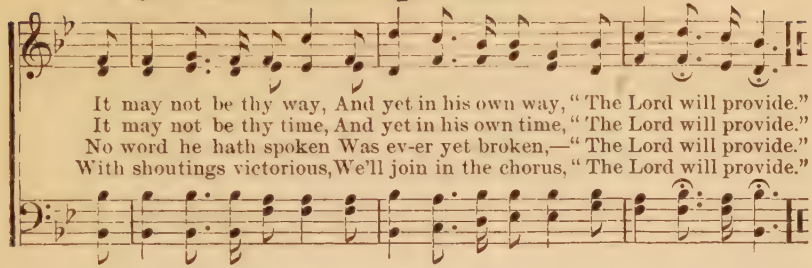
4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

253 **The Lord will Provide.**

Mrs. M. A. W. Cook. C. S. Harrington. By per.


1. In some way or oth-er The Lord will provide; It may not be my way,
2. At some time or oth-er The Lord will provide; It may not be my time,
3. Despond then no longer, The Lord will provide; And this be the token—
4. March on, then, right boldly, The sea shall divide; The pathway made glorious,

The Lord will Provide.—CONCLUDED.


It may not be thy way, And yet in his own way, "The Lord will provide."
It may not be thy time, And yet in his own time, "The Lord will provide."
No word he hath spoken Was ev-er yet broken,—"The Lord will provide."
With shoutings victorious, We'll join in the chorus, "The Lord will provide."

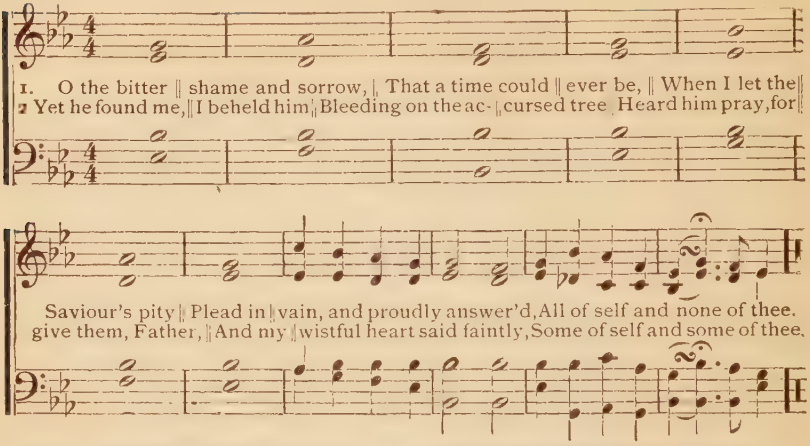
254 Abide with Me.

H. F. Lyte. Tune, EVENTIDE. 10.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's li t- tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour; What but thy
4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no
5. Hold thou thy cross be - fore my clos-ing eyes; Shine thro' the
deep - ens—Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who, like thy - self, my
weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness; Where is death's sting? where
gloom and point me to the skies; Heaven's morning breaks, and
fail and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bide with me!
all around I see; O thou, who changest not, a - bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!
grave, thy vic - to - ry? I triumph still, if thou a - bide with me!
earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

255 The Altered Motto.

Rev. Theo Monod. J. G. Robinson.


1. O the bitter ‖ shame and sorrow, ‖ That a time could ‖ ever be, ‖ When I let the
2 Yet he found me, ‖ I beheld him ‖ Bleeding on the ac- ‖ cursed tree, Heard him pray, for
Saviour's pity ‖ Plead in ‖ vain, and proudly answer'd, All of self and none of thee.
give them, Father, ‖ And my ‖ wistful heart said faintly, Some of self and some of thee.

3 Day by day his ‖ tender mercy, ‖
Healing, helping, ‖ full and free, ‖
Sweet, and strong, ‖ and, oh, so patient, ‖
Brought me ‖ lower while I whispered,
Less of self and more of thee.

4 Higher than the ‖ highest heaven, ‖
Deeper than the ‖ deepest sea, ‖
Lord, thy love ‖ at last has conquer'd, ‖
Grant me ‖ now my soul's desire,
None of self and all of thee.

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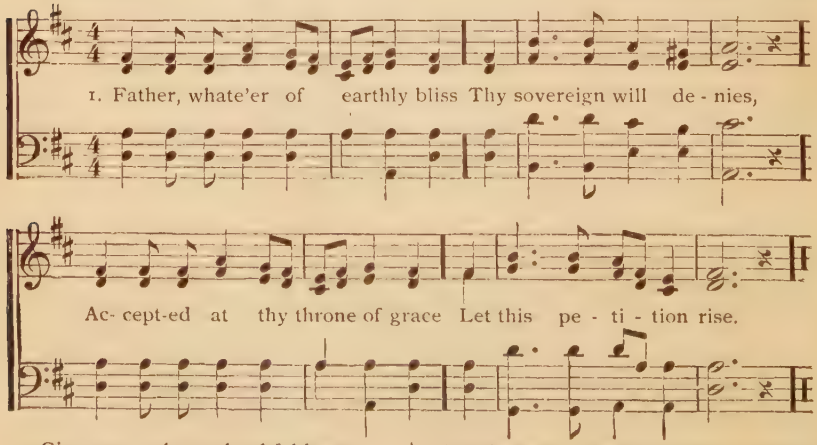
256 Father, Whate'er.

Anne Steele. Tune, NAOMI. C. M.

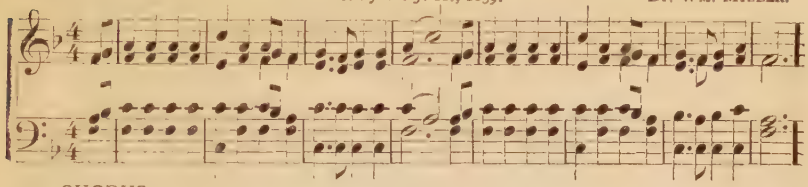


2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

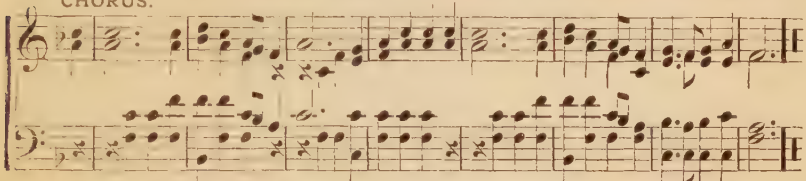
3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

257 We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. Arr. by W. J. K., 1859. Dr. Wm. Miller.



CHORUS.



1 O land of rest for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by
And dwell in peace at home?

Cho.—We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
And we'll be gather'd home.

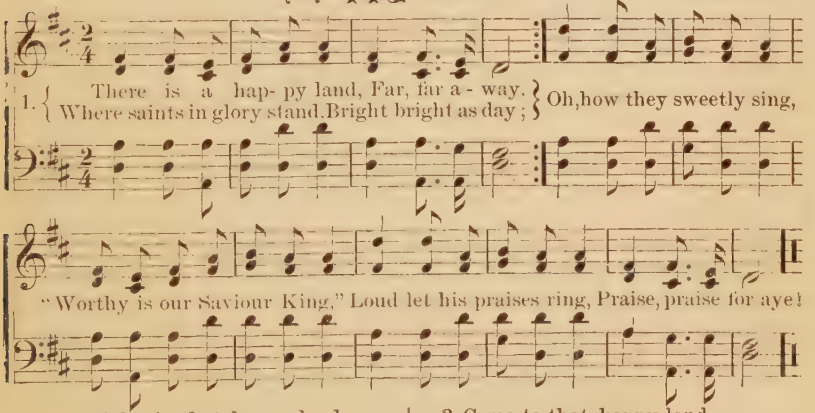
2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome,
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on his breast,
Till he conduct me home.

4 I sought at once my Saviour's side,
No more my steps shall roam;
With him I'll brave death's chilling tide,
And reach my heavenly home.

258 Happy Land.

Old Melody.


1. There is a happy land, Far, far away.
Where saints in glory stand, Bright bright as day;
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
"Worthy is our Saviour King," Loud let his praises ring, Praise, praise for aye!

2 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright, above the sun,
Reign evermore.

3 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will you doubting stand?
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be.
When from sin and sorrow free;
Lord, we shall dwell with thee,
Blest evermore.

Title Clear.

Rearranged with Chorus by T. C. O'Kane.

1. When I can read my ti- tle clear, title clear, To mansions in the skies, in the skies,
2. Should earth against my soul engage, And fier - y darts be hurled,
3. Let cares like a wild deluge come, Let storms of sorrow fall—
4. There I shall bathe my weary soul In seas of heavenly rest,
I'll bid farewell to ev -'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.
So I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my heaven, my all.
And not a wave of trouble roll A - cross my peace - ful breast.
CHORUS.
We will stand the storm, We will an - chor
We will stand, stand the storm, It will not be ver - y long; We will an - chor by and
by and by, by and by, We will stand the
by, We will an - chor by and by, We will stand, stand the storm; It will
storm, We will an - chor by and by. by and by.
not be ver - y long,

By permission.

260 Beyond the Smiling.

H. Lonar. W. A. Tarbutton.

1. Beyond the smiling and the weeping, I shall be soon; Beyond the waking and the sleeping, Beyond the sowing and the reaping, I shall be soon.
home! . . . .
Love, rest, and home! sweet home! Lord, tar - ry not, but come.
home! . . .

1 Beyond the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.

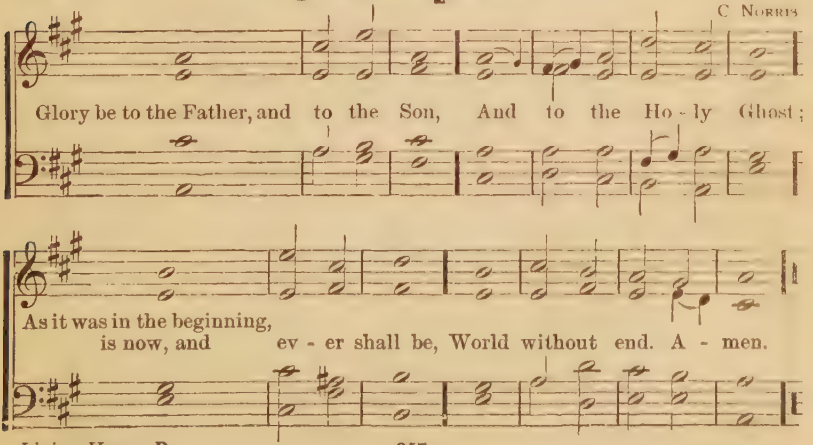
2 Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.

3 Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.

4 Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.

261 Gloria Patri.

C Norris


Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning,
is now, and ev - er shall be, World without end. A - men.

262 Jesus is Mine!

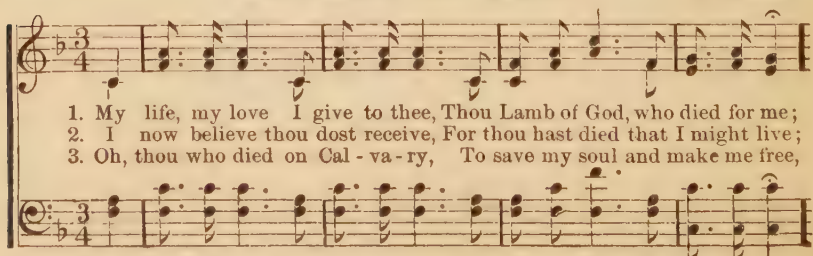
"My beloved is mine."—S of Sol. ii. 16.

Mrs. Catharine J. Bonar. T. E. Perkins. By per.

1. Fade, fade, each earth-ly joy, Je-sus is mine! Break, ev-'ry
2. Tempt not my soul a-way, Je-sus is mine! Here would I
3. Fare-well, ye dreams of night, Je-sus is mine! Lost in this
4. Fare-well, mor-tal-i-ty, Je-sus is mine! Wel-come, e-
ten-der tie, Je-sus is mine! Dark is the wil-derness,
ev-er stay, Je-sus is mine! Per-ish-ing things of clay,
dawn-ing light, Je-sus is mine! All that my soul has tried
ter-ni-ty, Je-sus is mine! Wel-come, O loved and blest,
Earth has no resting place, Je-sus alone can bless, Je-sus is mine!
Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart away, Je-sus is mine!
Left but a dismal void, Je-sus has sat-is-fied, Je-sus is mine!
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Jesus is mine!

263 I'll Live for Him.

C. R. Dunbar.


1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now believe thou dost receive, For thou hast died that I might live;
3. Oh, thou who died on Cal-va-ry, To save my soul and make me free,

Cho.—I'll live for him who died for me, How happy then my life shall be!

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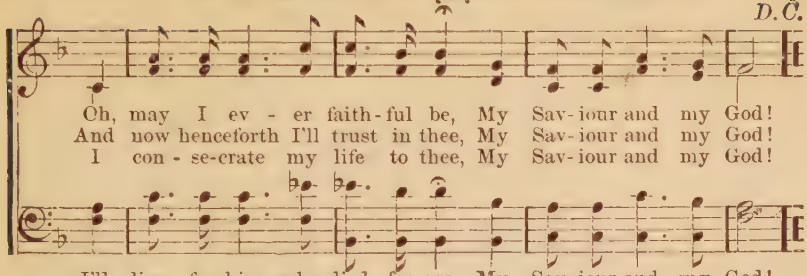
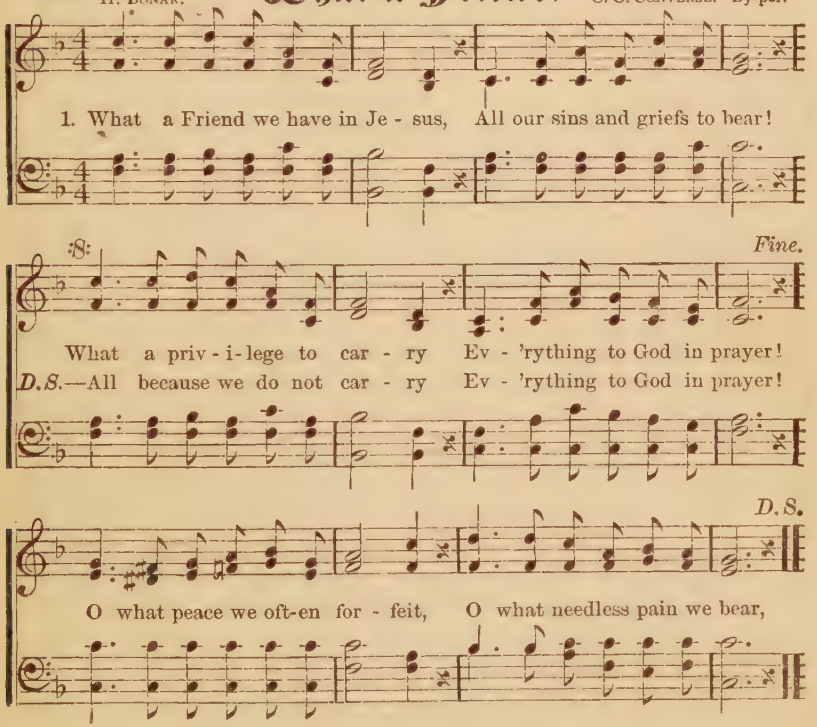
I'll Live for Him.—CONCLUDED.


D.C.
Oh, may I ev - er faith-ful be, My Sav-iour and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Sav-iour and my God!
I con - se-crate my life to thee, My Sav-iour and my God!
I'll live for him who died for me, My Sav iour and my God!

264 H. BONAR.

What a Friend.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

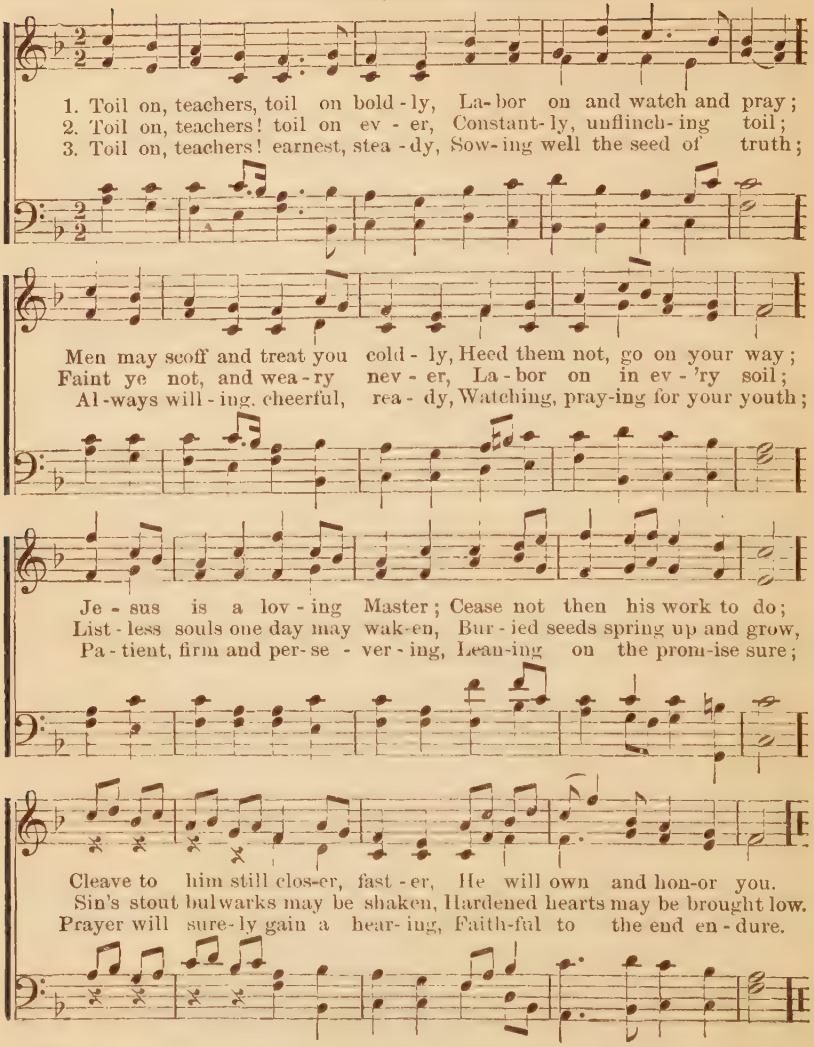

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
Fine.
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'rything to God in prayer!
D.S.—All because we do not car - ry Ev - 'rything to God in prayer!
D.S.
O what peace we oft-en for - feit, O what needless pain we bear,

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?-
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Toil on, Teachers.

Tune, SMYRNA.
8s & 7s. D.


1. Toil on, teachers, toil on bold-ly, La-bor on and watch and pray;
2. Toil on, teachers! toil on ev-er, Constant-ly, unflinch-ing toil;
3. Toil on, teachers! earnest, stea-dy, Sow-ing well the seed of truth;
Men may scoff and treat you cold-ly, Heed them not, go on your way;
Faint ye not, and wea-ry nev-er, La-bor on in ev-'ry soil;
Al-ways will-ing, cheerful, rea-dy, Watching, pray-ing for your youth;
Je-sus is a lov-ing Master; Cease not then his work to do;
List-less souls one day may wak-en, Bur-ied seeds spring up and grow,
Pa-tient, firm and per-se-ver-ing, Lean-ing on the prom-ise sure;
Cleave to him still clos-er, fast-er, He will own and hon-or you.
Sin's stout bulwarks may be shaken, Hardened hearts may be brought low.
Prayer will sure-ly gain a hear-ing, Faith-ful to the end en-dure.

266 Saviour, like a Shepherd Lead Us.

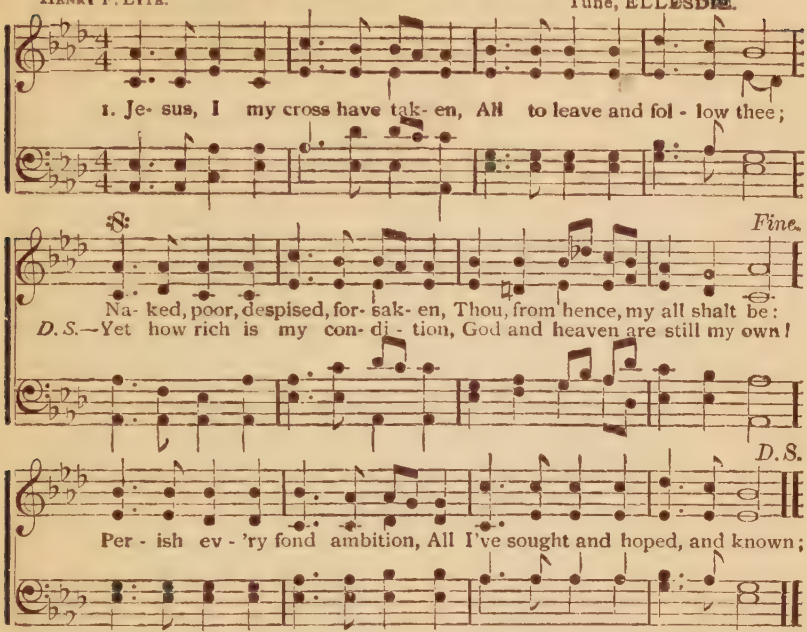
1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tenderest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare:
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way:
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Hear thy children when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Let us ever turn to thee.

267 Jesus, I my Cross have Taken.

HENRY F. LYTE. Tune, ELLESDIE.


1. Je- sus, I my cross have tak- en, All to leave and fol - low thee;
Fine.
Na- ked, poor, despised, for- sak- en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
D.S.—Yet how rich is my con- di - tion, God and heaven are still my own!
D.S.
Per - ish ev - 'ry fond ambition, All I've sought and hoped, and known;

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service, pain is pleasure;
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, "Abba, Father;"
I have stayed my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

5 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

268 Gently Lead Us.

1 Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears,
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears;
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear;
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till by angel bands attended
We awake among the blest.

269 Wm. P. Mackay. **Revive us again.** J. J. Husband.

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love,
For Jesus who died and is now gone above.
REFRAIN.
1st.
2d.
Hal-le-lujah! thine the glory; Halle-lujah! a-men! Revive us a-gain.

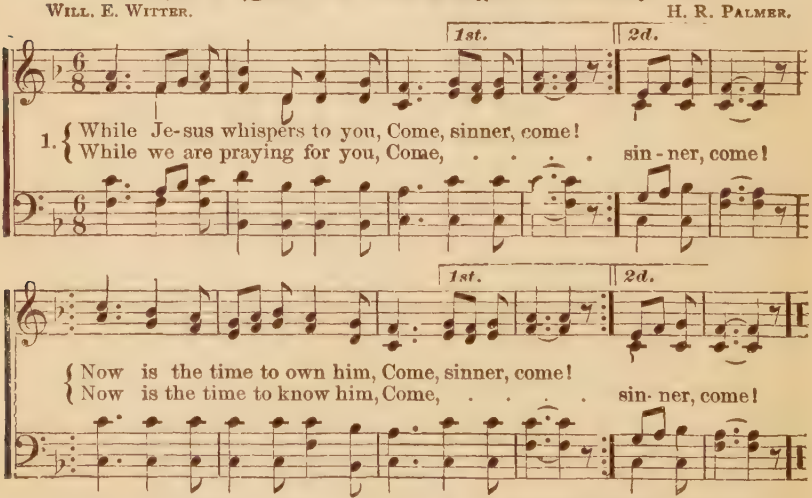
2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

270 **While Jesus Whispers to You.**

Will. E. Witter. H. R. Palmer.


1st.
2d.
1. While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come!
While we are praying for you, Come, ... sin-ner, come!
1st.
2d.
Now is the time to own him, Come, sinner, come!
Now is the time to know him, Come, ... sin-ner, come!

2 Are you too heavy laden?
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will bear your burden,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will not deceive you,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus can now redeem you,
Come, sinner, come!

3 Oh, hear his tender pleading,
Come, sinner, come!
Come and receive the blessing,
Come, sinner, come!
While Jesus whispers to you,
Come, sinner, come!
While we are praying for you,
Come, sinner, come!

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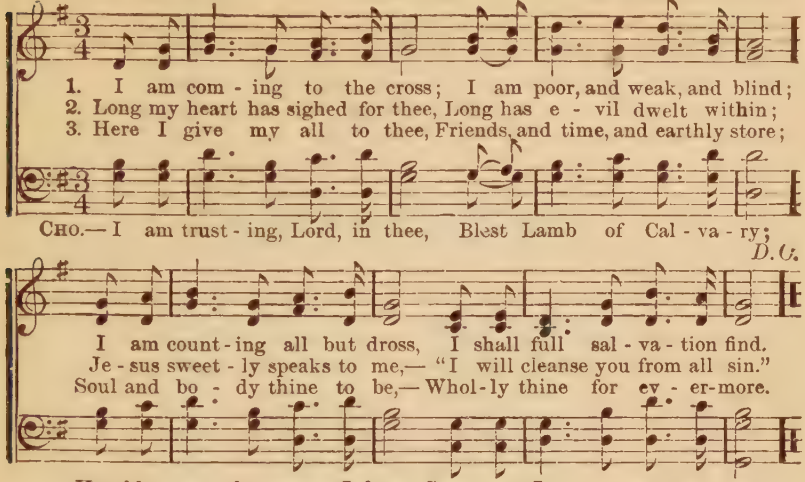
271 I am Coming to the Cross.

Rev. Wm. McDonald. John vi. 37. Wm. G. Fischer. By per

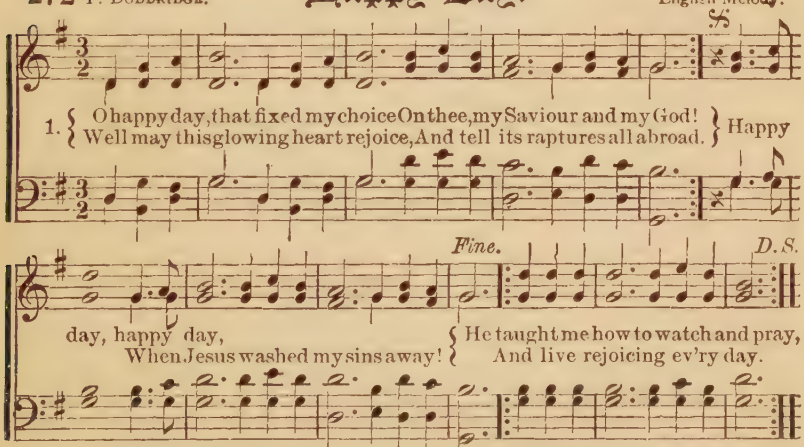

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for thee, Long has e - vil dwelt within;
3. Here I give my all to thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Cho.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;
D.C.
I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,— "I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bo - dy thine to be,— Whol - ly thine for ev - er-more.
Humbly at thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

4 In thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied:
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in him I am;
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

272 Happy Day.

P. Doddridge. English Melody.


1. { O happy day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! / Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. } Happy
Fine.
D.S.
day, happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray, / And live rejoicing ev'ry day.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

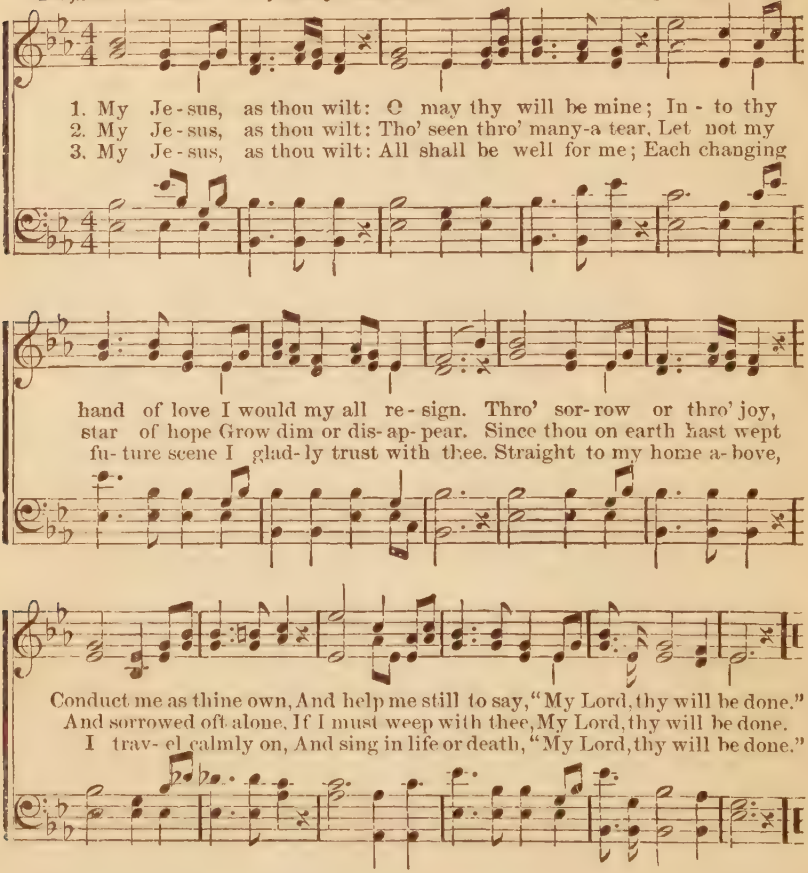
3 'Tis done! the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess that voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
With him of every good possessed.

5 High heav'n that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

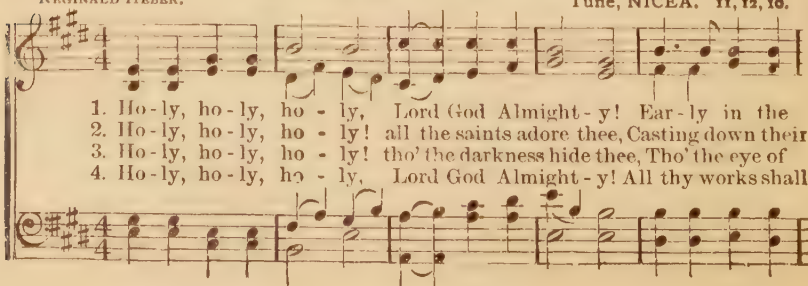
273 **My Jesus, as Thou wilt.**

BENJAMIN SCHMOLKA. Tr. by Miss J. BORTHWICK. Tune, JEWETT. 6s.

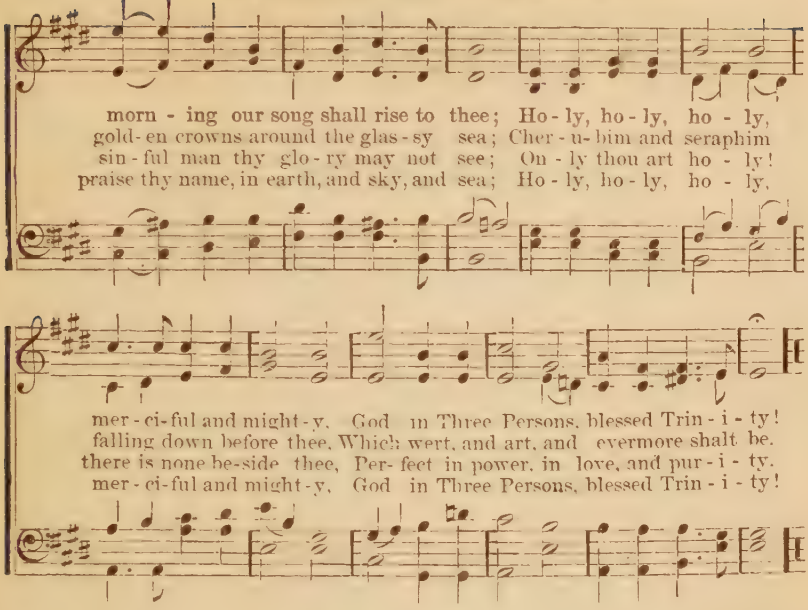

1. My Je-sus, as thou wilt: O may thy will be mine; In-to thy
2. My Je-sus, as thou wilt: Tho' seen thro' many-a tear, Let not my
3. My Je-sus, as thou wilt: All shall be well for me; Each changing
hand of love I would my all re-sign. Thro' sor-row or thro' joy,
star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap-pear. Since thou on earth hast wept
fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with thee. Straight to my home a-bove,
Conduct me as thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, thy will be done."
And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with thee, My Lord, thy will be done.
I trav-el calmly on, And sing in life or death, "My Lord, thy will be done."

274 **Holy, holy, holy.**

REGINALD HEBER. Tune, NICEA. 11, 12, 10.


1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Almight-y! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! all the saints adore thee, Casting down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! tho' the darkness hide thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Almight-y! All thy works shall

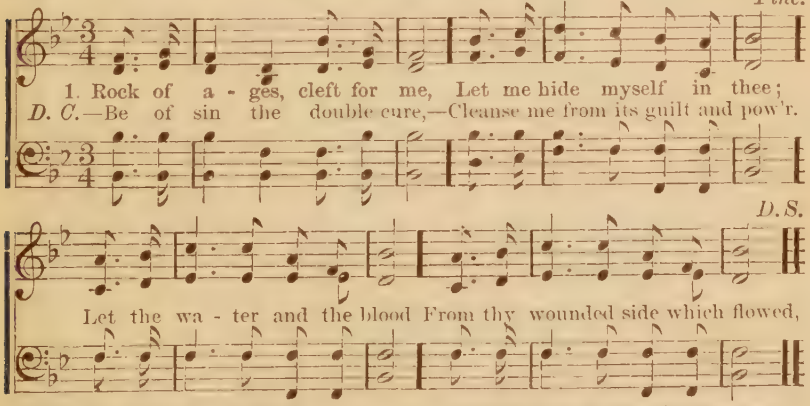
Holy, holy, holy.—CONCLUDED.


morn - ing our song shall rise to thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
gold - en crowns around the glas - sy sea; Cher - u - bim and seraphim
sin - ful man thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly thou art ho - ly!
praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin - i - ty!
falling down before thee, Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
there is none be-side thee, Per- fect in power, in love, and pur - i - ty.
mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin - i - ty!

275

Rock of Ages.

Tune, TOPLADY. 7.

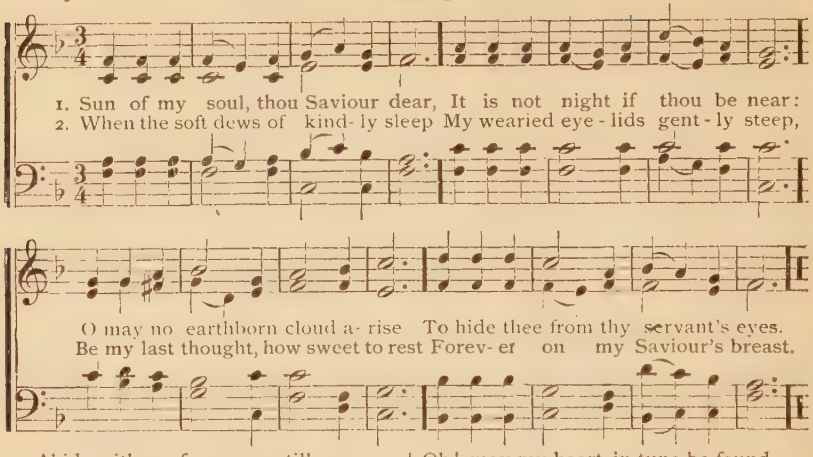

Fine.
1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee;
D. C.—Be of sin the double cure,—Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
D. S.
Let the wa - ter and the blood From thy wounded side which flowed,

2 Not the labor of my hands,
Can fulfil the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone,—
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace,—
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgement-throne,—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

276 JOHN KEPLER. **Sun of My Soul.** Tune, HURSLEY. L. M.


1. Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear, It is not night if thou be near:
2. When the soft dews of kind- ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gent - ly steep,
O may no earthborn cloud a- rise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest Forev- er on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Hath spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

277 **Sweet is the Work.**

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
Oh! may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine;
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

278 **Jesus, Engrave it.**

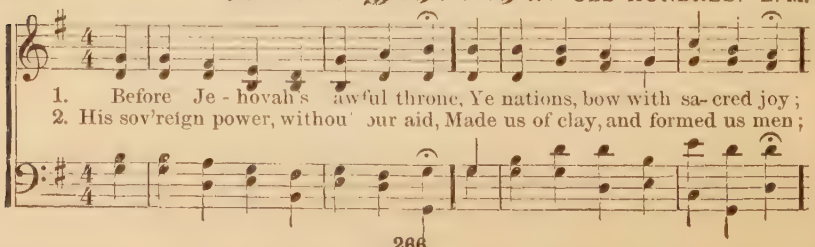
1 Jesus, engrave it on my heart,
That thou the one thing needful art;
I could from all things parted be,
But never, never, Lord, from thee.

2 Needful art thou to make me live;
Needful art thou all grace to give;
Needful to guide me, lest I stray;
Needful to help me every day.

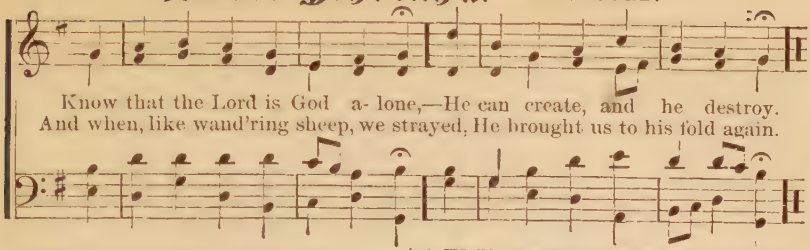
3 Needful is thy most precious blood;
Needful is thy correcting rod;
Needful is thine indulgent care,
Needful thine all-prevailing prayer.

4 Needful art thou to be my stay
Through all life's dark and thorny way;
Nor less in death thou'lt needful be,
When I yield up my soul to thee.

279 **Before Jehovah's.** Tune, OLD HUNDRED. L. M.


1. Before Je - hovah's awful throne, Ye nations, bow with sa- cred joy;
2. His sov'reign power, withou' our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men;

Before Jehovah's.—CONCLUDED.

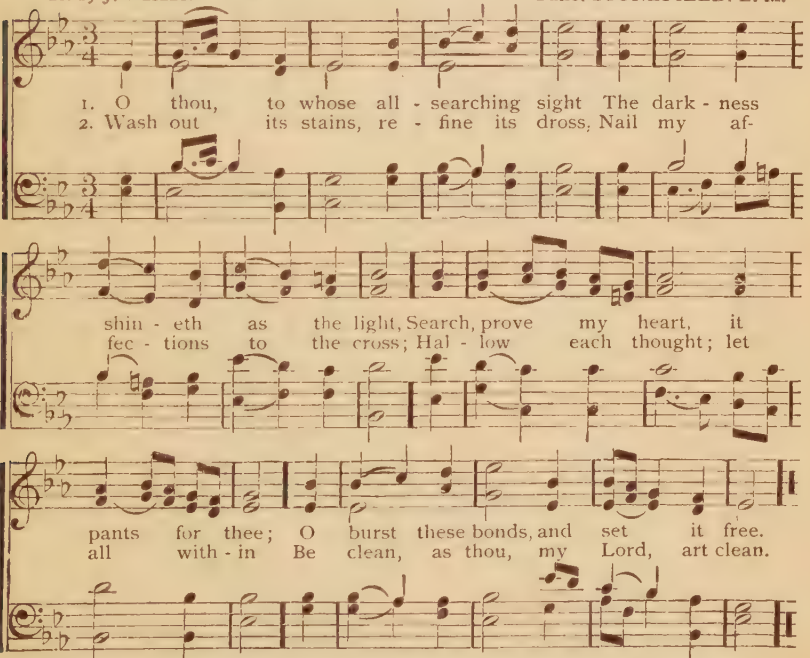

Know that the Lord is God a- lone,—He can create, and he destroy.
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we strayed, He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are thy people, we thy care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name!

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise:
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding [praise.

280 O Thou to Whose.

Tr. by J. Wesley. Tune, STONEFIELD. L. M.


1. O thou, to whose all - searching sight The dark - ness
2. Wash out its stains, re - fine its dross, Nail my af-
shin - eth as the light, Search, prove my heart, it
fec - tions to the cross; Hal - low each thought; let
pants for thee; O burst these bonds, and set it free.
all with - in Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way:
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

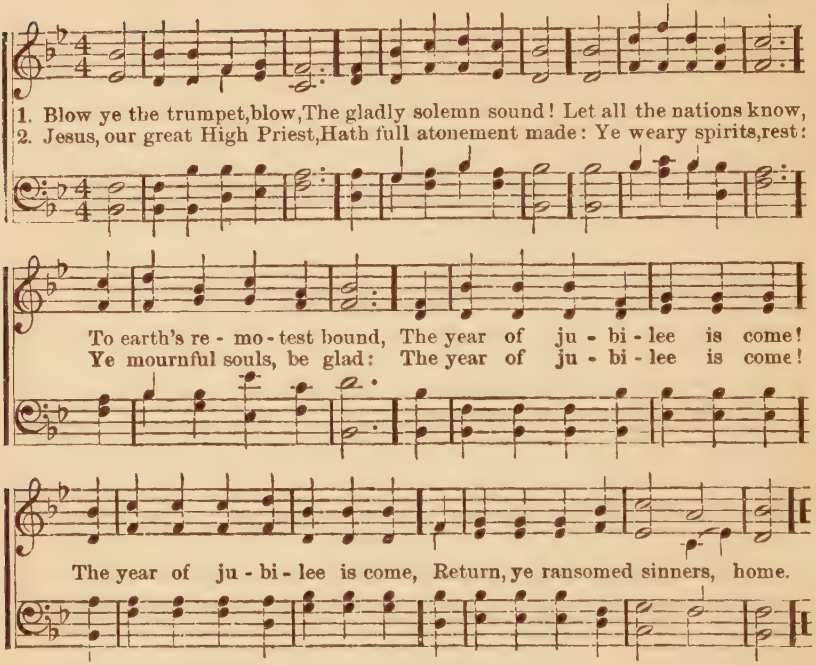
4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

Blow ye the Trumpet.

Tune
LENOX, H. M.


1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The gladly solemn sound! Let all the nations know,
2. Jesus, our great High Priest, Hath full atonement made: Ye weary spirits, rest:
To earth's re - mo - test bound, The year of ju - bi - lee is come!
Ye mournful souls, be glad: The year of ju - bi - lee is come!
The year of ju - bi - lee is come, Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face:
The year of jubilee is come!
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

282 Come, every pious heart.

1 Come, every pious heart,
That loves the Saviour's name,
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.

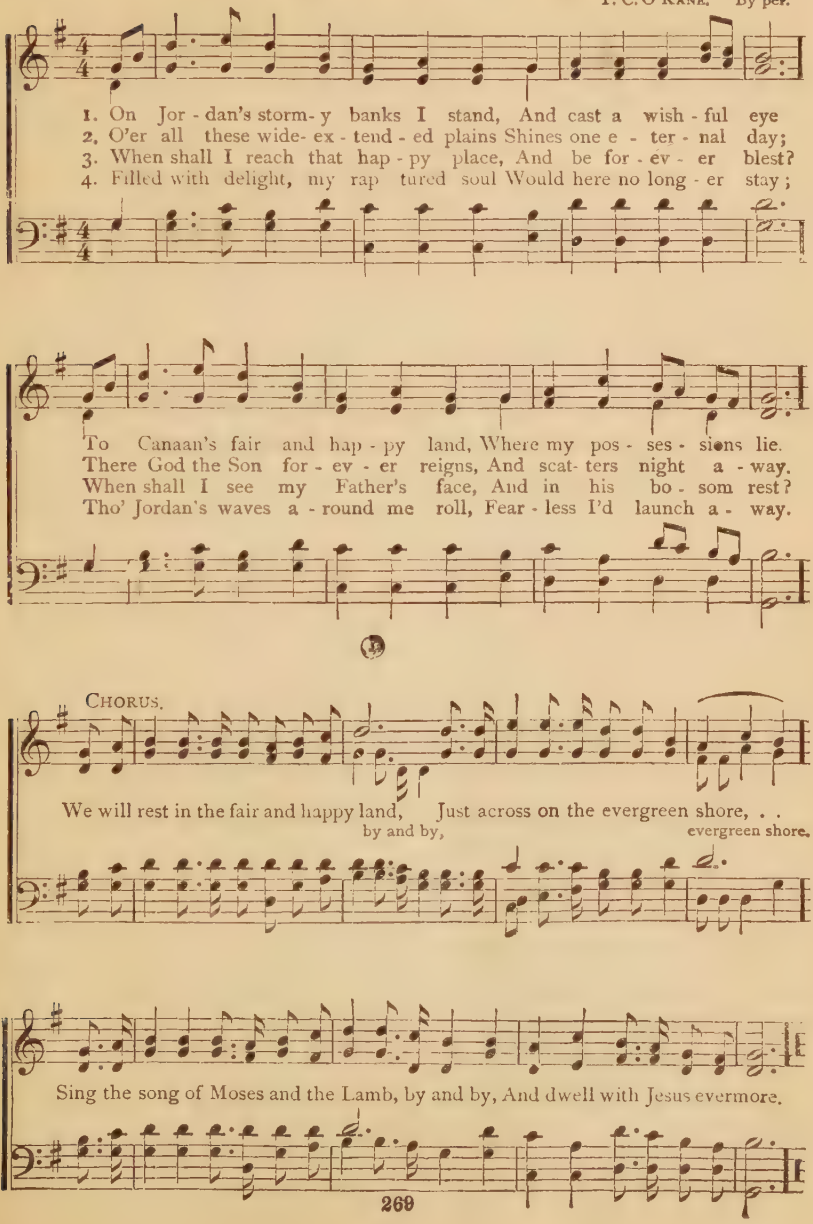
2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside,
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died;
What he endured, oh, who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell?

3 From the dark grave he rose,
The mansions of the dead,
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.

4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay
The debt we owe thy love;
Yet tell us how we may
Our gratitude approve;
Our hearts, our all to thee we give,—
The gift, though small, thou wilt receive.

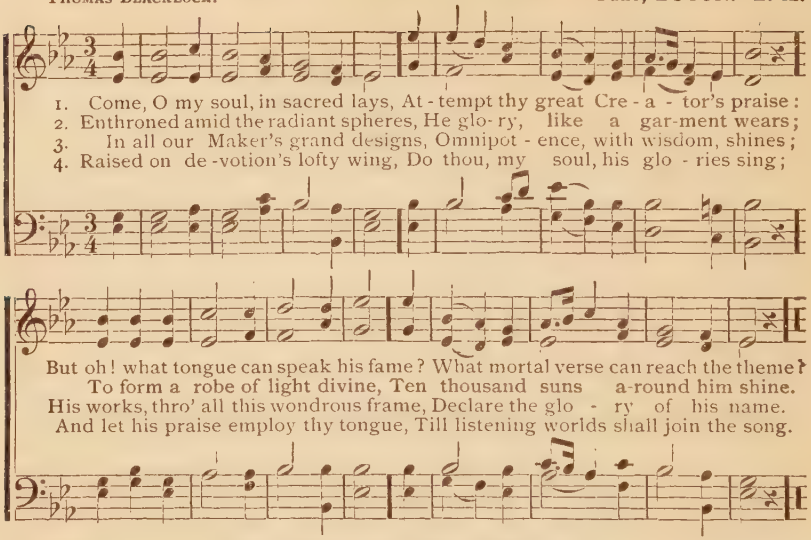
283 The Land Just Across the River.

T. C. O'Kane. By per.


1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
2. O'er all these wide- ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?
4. Filled with delight, my rap tured soul Would here no long - er stay;
To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat- ters night a - way.
When shall I see my Father's face, And in his bo - som rest?
Tho' Jordan's waves a - round me roll, Fear - less I'd launch a - way.
Chorus.
We will rest in the fair and happy land, Just across on the evergreen shore, . .
by and by, evergreen shore.
Sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Jesus evermore.

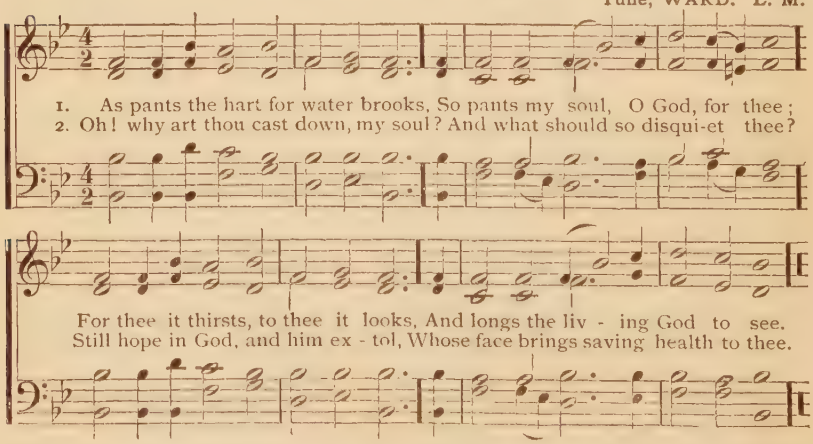
284 Come, O my Soul.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK. Tune, LUTON. L. M.


1. Come, O my soul, in sacred lays, At - tempt thy great Cre - a - tor's praise:
2. Enthroned amid the radiant spheres, He glo - ry, like a gar-ment wears;
3. In all our Maker's grand designs, Omnipot - ence, with wisdom, shines;
4. Raised on de - votion's lofty wing, Do thou, my soul, his glo - ries sing;
But oh! what tongue can speak his fame? What mortal verse can reach the theme?
To form a robe of light divine, Ten thousand suns a-round him shine.
His works, thro' all this wondrous frame, Declare the glo - ry of his name.
And let his praise employ thy tongue, Till listening worlds shall join the song.

285 As Pants the Hart.

Tune, WARD. L. M.


1. As pants the hart for water brooks, So pants my soul, O God, for thee;
2. Oh! why art thou cast down, my soul? And what should so disqui-et thee?
For thee it thirsts, to thee it looks, And longs the liv - ing God to see.
Still hope in God, and him ex - tol, Whose face brings saving health to thee.

286 How Blest the Righteous.

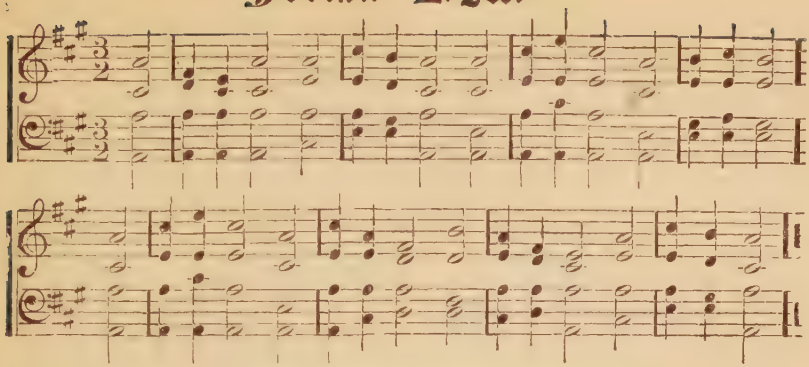
1 How blest the righteous when they die,
When holy souls retire to rest!
How mildly beams the closing eye!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell:
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

4 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

Forest. L. M.



287 O that my load of sin were gone. L.M.

1 O that my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

—Chas. Wesley.

288 Lord, I am Thine. L.M.

1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine would I be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Thine would I live, thine would I die;
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past, beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

4 Do thou assist a feeble worm
The great engagement to perform;
Thy grace can full assistance lend,
And on that grace I dare depend.

—Samuel Davies.

289 I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God. L. M.

1 I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee:
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close sheltered in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

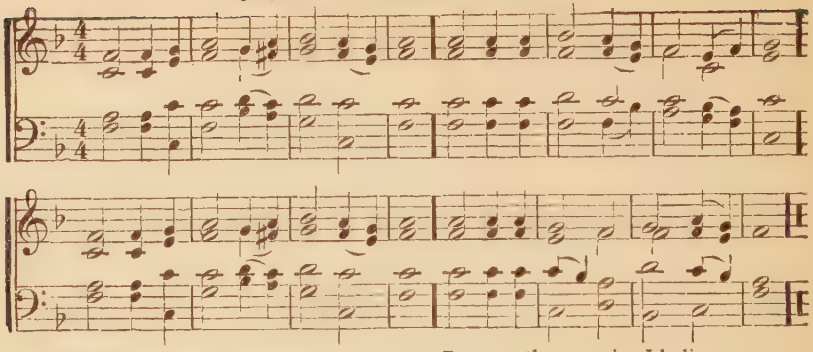
4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quickening Spirit breathe?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to move;
O wondrous grace! O wondrous love!

5 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst us to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
Decked with a never-fading crown?

6 Hence our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost, nor will we know,
Nor will we think of aught beside,
"My Lord, my Love is crucified."

—Nicolaus L. Zinzendorf.

Hamburg. L. M.



290 While Life Prolongs.

1 While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given,
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day,
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound;
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave:
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour call you to the skies.

291 Just as I am.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bids't me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

292 Come, Holy Spirit.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of holy fire?
Oh! kindle now the sacred flame,
Make me to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
And let me now my Saviour see;
Oh! soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

293 When I Survey.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

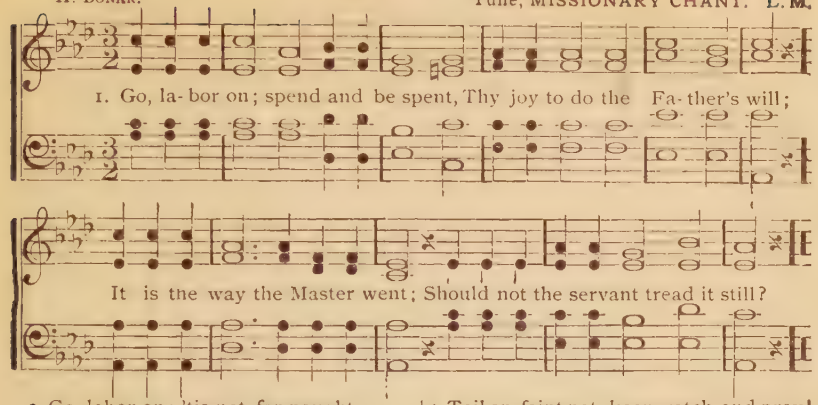
3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree,
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

294 Go, Labor On.

H. Bonar. Tune, MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.


1. Go, la- bor on; spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the Fa- ther's will;
It is the way the Master went; Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?

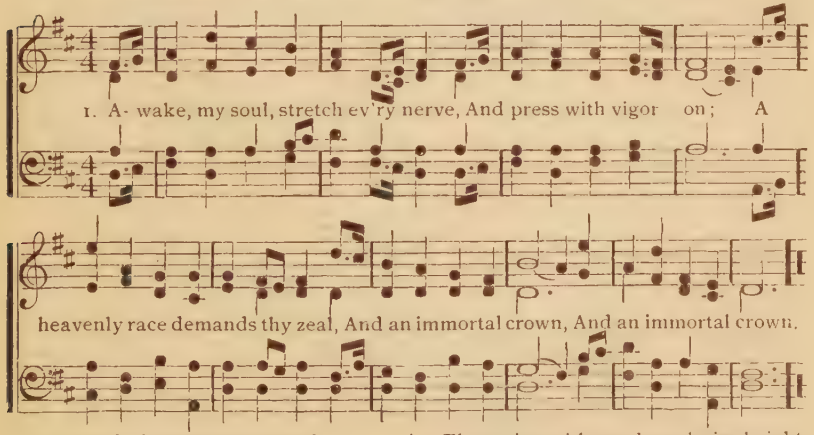
3 Go, labor on; your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

4 Toil on, faint not; keep watch, and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.

5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

295 Awake, my Soul.

P. Doddridge. Tune, CHRISTMAS. C. M.


1. A- wake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve, And press with vigor on; A
heavenly race demands thy zeal, And an immortal crown, And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

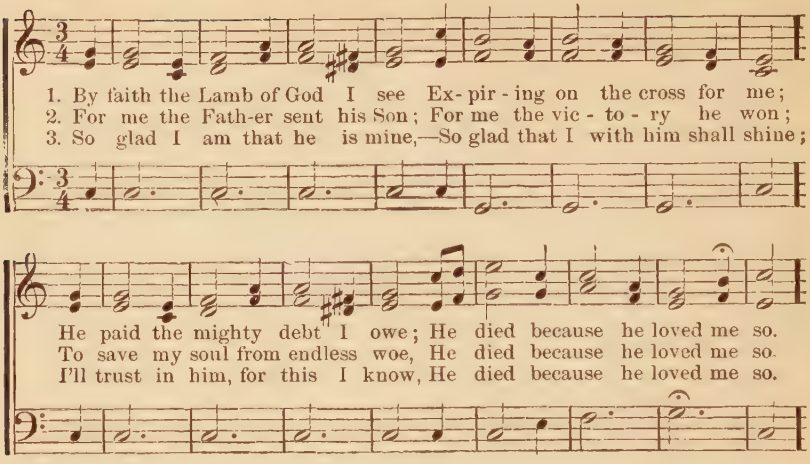
3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:—

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

296 **He Loved Me So.**

E. O. E. God so loved the world.—John iii 16. E. O. Excell.


1. By faith the Lamb of God I see Ex-pir-ing on the cross for me;
2. For me the Fath-er sent his Son; For me the vic-to-ry he won;
3. So glad I am that he is mine,—So glad that I with him shall shine;
He paid the mighty debt I owe; He died because he loved me so.
To save my soul from endless woe, He died because he loved me so.
I'll trust in him, for this I know, He died because he loved me so.
REFRAIN.
He loved me so, he loved me so, He died because he loved me so.
He loved me so,

4 O Lamb of God, that made me free,
I consecrate my all to thee:
My all,—for this I surely know,
He died because he loved me so.

5 And when my Lord shall bid me come
To join the loved ones 'round the throne,
I'll sing, as through the gates I go,
He died because he loved me so.

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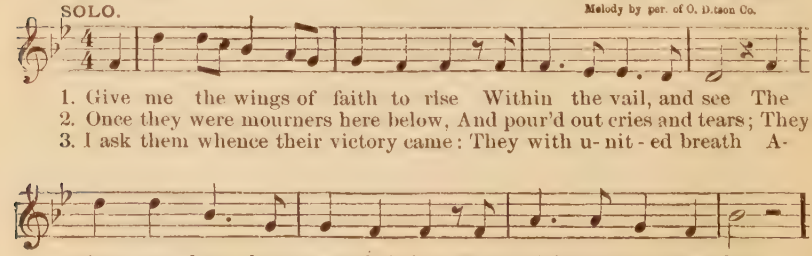
297 **Give me the Wings of Faith.**

Rev. I. Watts. Arr. by Walter Kittredge.

SOLO. Melody by per. of O. Ditson Co.


1. Give me the wings of faith to rise Within the vail, and see The
2. Once they were mourners here below, And pour'd out cries and tears; They
3. I ask them whence their victory came: They with u-nit-ed breath A-
saints a-bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo-ries be.
wres-tled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts and fears.
scribe their con-quest to the Lamb, Their tri-umph to his death.

CHORUS.

Many are the friends who are waiting to-day, Happy on the golden strand.

Many are the voices calling us away, To join their glorious band.

Repeat pp

Calling us away, Calling us away, Calling to the bet-ter land.

298

Rest in Jesus.

W. H. DOANE.

1st. *2d.*

1. Come, with all thy sor - row, Wea- ry, wandering soul;
Come to him who loves thee, He will make - - - - thee whole.

CHORUS.

1st. *2nd.*

rit.

There is rest in Je - sus, Sweet, sweet rest,
There is rest in Je - sus, - - - - - - - Sweet, sweet rest.

2 He thy strength in weakness,
Will thy refuge be;
Cast on him thy burden,
He will care for thee.

3 Come, in faith believing,
To his will resigned;
Ask, and he will give thee;
Seek, and thou shalt find.

4 See the door of Mercy,
Wouldst thou enter there?
Knock, and he will open;
Lo! the key is prayer.

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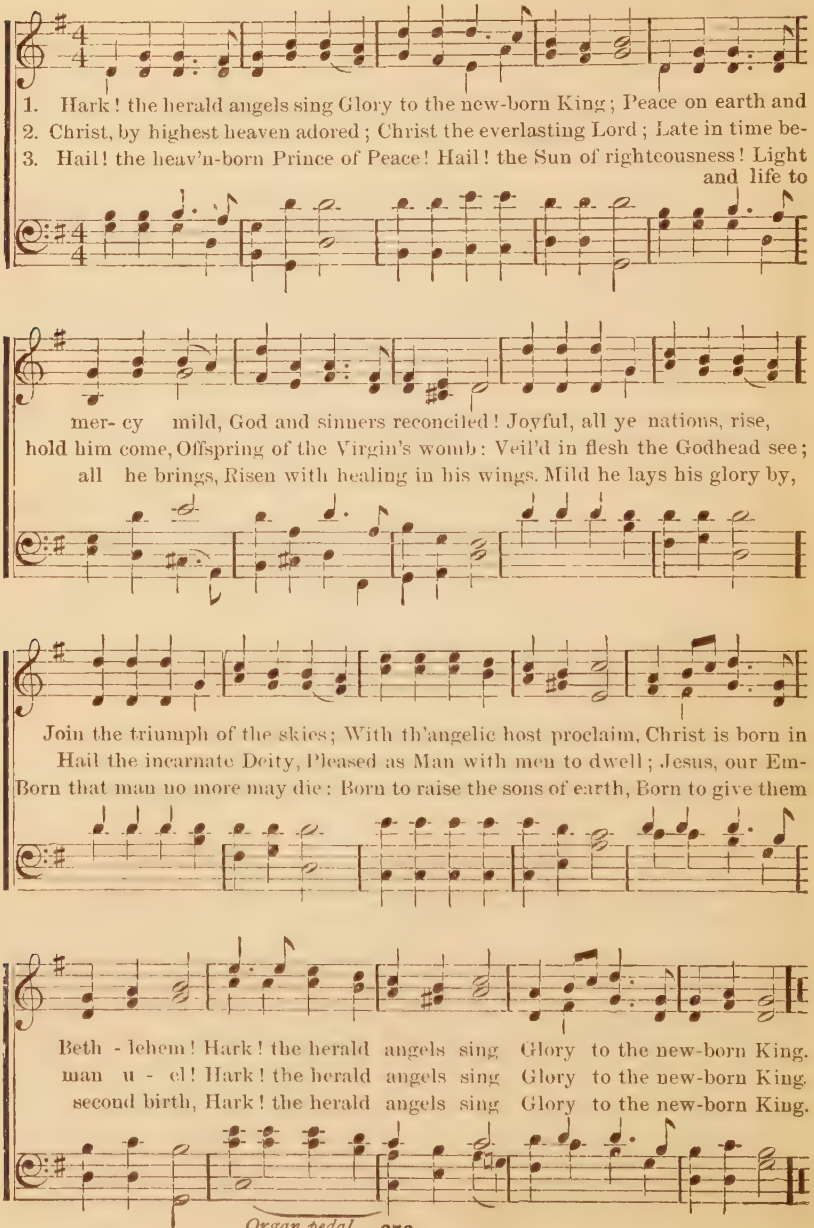
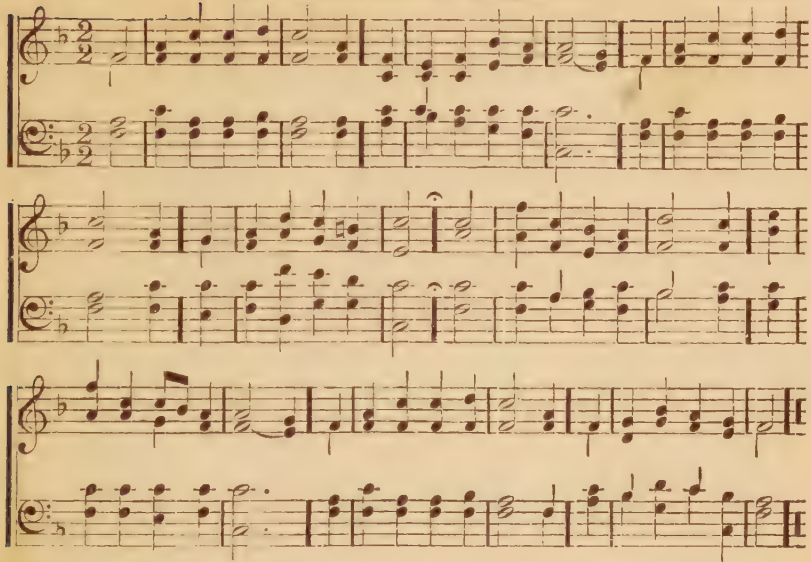
Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

Tune MENDELSSOHN, 7s.


1. Hark! the herald angels sing Glory to the new-born King; Peace on earth and
2. Christ, by highest heaven adored; Christ the everlasting Lord; Late in time be-
3. Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail! the Sun of righteousness! Light
and life to
mer- cy mild, God and sinners reconciled! Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
hold him come, Offspring of the Virgin's womb: Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see;
all he brings, Risen with healing in his wings. Mild he lays his glory by,
Join the triumph of the skies; With th'angelic host proclaim, Christ is born in
Hail the incarnate Deity, Pleased as Man with men to dwell; Jesus, our Em-
Born that man no more may die: Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them
Beth - lehem! Hark! the herald angels sing Glory to the new-born King.
man u - el! Hark! the herald angels sing Glory to the new-born King.
second birth, Hark! the herald angels sing Glory to the new-born King.
Organ pedal.

Missionary Hymn.

L. Mason.



300 **From Greenland's icy.**

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn,
The heathen, in their blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

301 **Hail to the Lord's Anointed.**

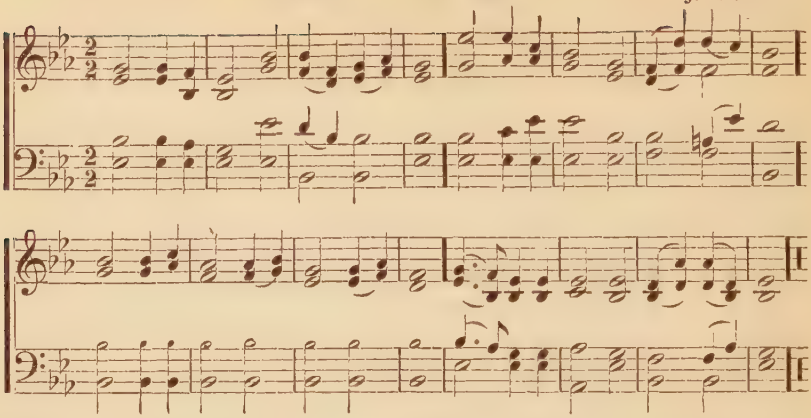
1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed!
Great David's greater Son!
Hail in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,—
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

3 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever,
That name to us is—Love.

Vera. L. M.

J. E. Gould.



302 Asleep in Jesus!

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That death hath lost its venomed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
Which manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

303 What Sinners Value I Resign;

Tune, Park Street.

1 What sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream—an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?

3 Oh, glorious hour!—oh, blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

3 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound:
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

304 From every Stormy Wind.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place than all besides more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

305 Jesus shall Reign.

Tune, Park Street.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does its successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

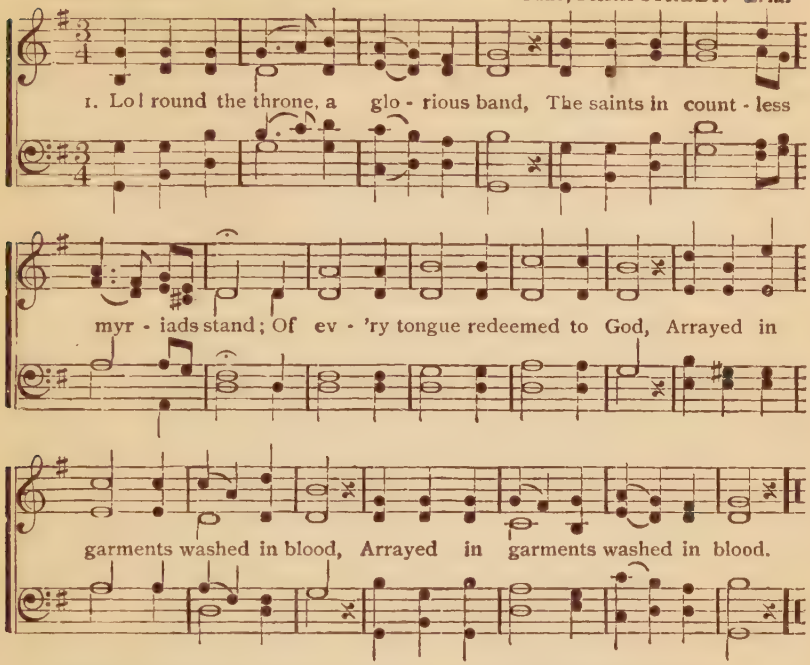
2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Lo! Round the Throne.

Mary L. Duncan. Tune, PARK STREET. L. M.


1. Lo! round the throne, a glo - rious band, The saints in count - less
myr - iads stand; Of ev - 'ry tongue redeemed to God, Arrayed in
garments washed in blood, Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

2 Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
But now from all their labors rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

3 They see the Saviour face to face;
They sing the triumph of his grace;
And day and night, with ceaseless praise,
To him their loud hosannas raise.

4 O may we tread the sacred road
That holy saints and martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life!

307 Now to the Lord.

1 Now to the Lord a noble song:
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to the eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme,
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound,
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

5 Oh! may I reach that happy place,
Where he unveils his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

—Isaac Watts.

308 Soon may the last glad song.

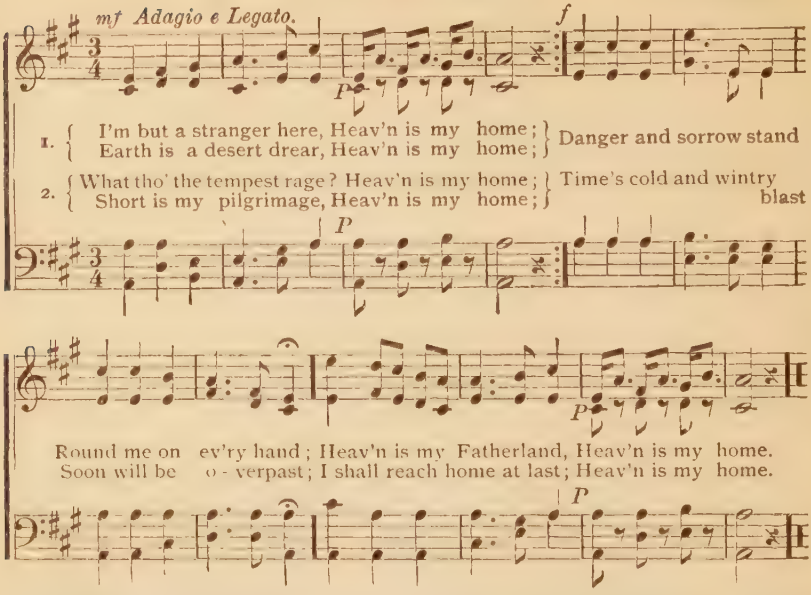
1 Soon may the last glad song arise,
Through all the millions of the skies;
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee;
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the scepter of thy reign.

3 O let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell,
Till not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

Heaven is My Home.

SCOTCH MELODY.


mf Adagio e Legato.
f
P
1. I'm but a stranger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a desert drear, Heav'n is my home; Danger and sorrow stand
2. What tho' the tempest rage? Heav'n is my home; Short is my pilgrimage, Heav'n is my home; Time's cold and wintry blast
P
P
Round me on ev'ry hand; Heav'n is my Fatherland, Heav'n is my home.
Soon will be o - verpast; I shall reach home at last; Heav'n is my home.
P

3 Peace! O my troubled soul,
Heav'n is my home;
I soon shall reach the goal;
Heav'n is my home;
Swiftly the race I'll run,
Yield up my crown to none;
Forward! the prize is won;
Heav'n is my home.

4 There, at my Saviour's side,
Heav'n is my home;
I shall be glorified;
Heav'n is my home;
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
There, too, I soon shall rest,
Heav'n is my home.

310 Nearer, My God! to Thee.

1 Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me!
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!

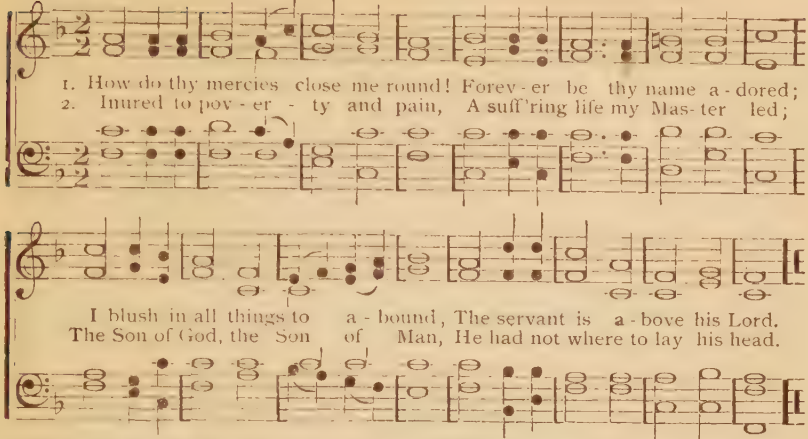
3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God! to thee,
Nearer to thee!

311 How do Thy Mercies.

C. Wesley. Tune, FEDERAL STREET. L. M


1. How do thy mercies close me round! Forev - er be thy name a - dored;
2. Inured to pov - er - ty and pain, A suff'ring life my Mas - ter led;
I blush in all things to a - bound, The servant is a - bove his Lord.
The Son of God, the Son of Man, He had not where to lay his head.

3 But lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects; my fears, be gone;
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thine everlasting arms of love.

5 While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy:
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

6 I rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

312 Jesus, and Shall it Ever Be.

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

313 Come Hither, All Ye Weary Souls.

1 Come hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 They shall find rest that learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light.

4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

314 My Gracious Lord!

1 My gracious Lord! I own thy right
To every service I can pay;
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end,
Thine ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a friend?

3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could untainted Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at his side.

4 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more,
And my last hour of life confess
His dying love, his saving power.

315 When Thou, my Righteous.

Tune, MERIBAH. C. P. M.

1 When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

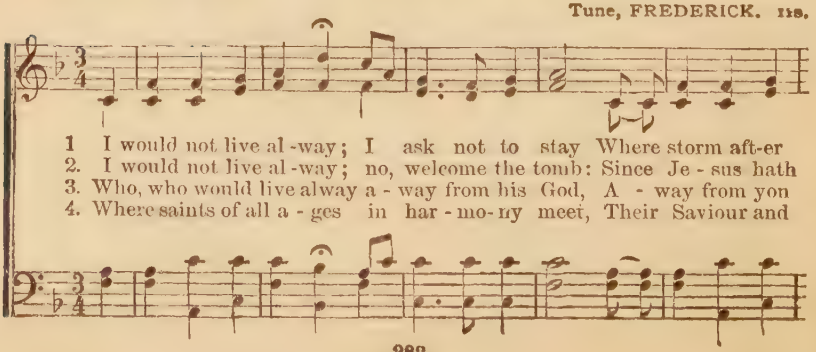
2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But, can I bear the piercing thought?
What if my name should be left out
When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace—
Be thou my only hiding place,
In this, the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

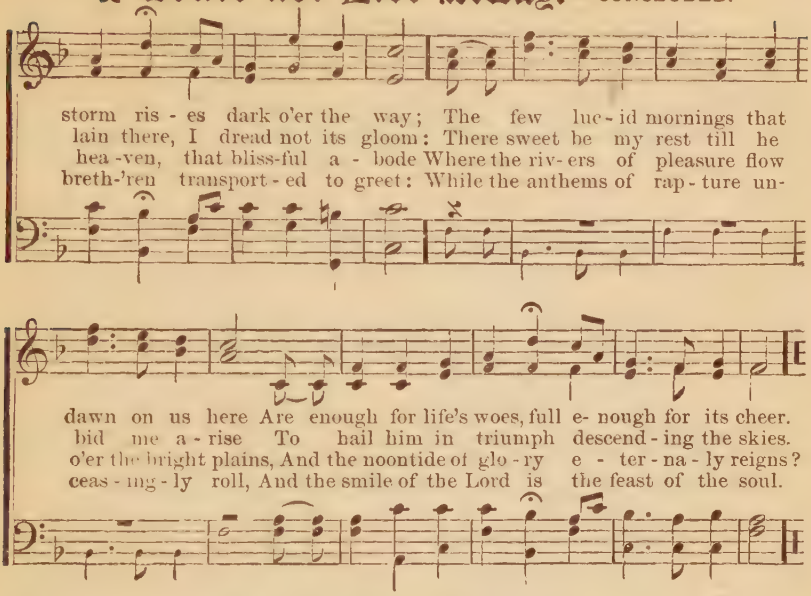
4 Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

316 I would not Live Alway.

Tune, FREDERICK. 11s.


1 I would not live al-way; I ask not to stay Where storm aft-er
2. I would not live al-way; no, welcome the tomb: Since Je-sus hath
3. Who, who would live alway a-way from his God, A-way from yon
4. Where saints of all a-ges in har-mo-ny meet, Their Saviour and

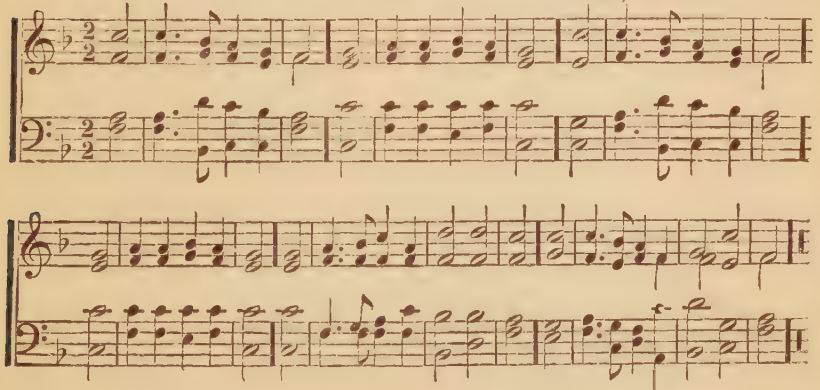
I would not Live Alway.—CONCLUDED.


storm ris - es dark o'er the way; The few luc - id mornings that
lain there, I dread not its gloom: There sweet be my rest till he
hea - ven, that bliss-ful a - bode Where the riv - ers of pleasure flow
breth-'ren transport - ed to greet: While the anthems of rap - ture un-
dawn on us here Are enough for life's woes, full e- nough for its cheer.
bid me a - rise To hail him in triumph descend - ing the skies.
o'er the bright plains, And the noontide of glo - ry e - ter - na - ly reigns?
ceas - ing - ly roll, And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

317

Come, my Redeemer.

Tune, ZEBULON. H. M.

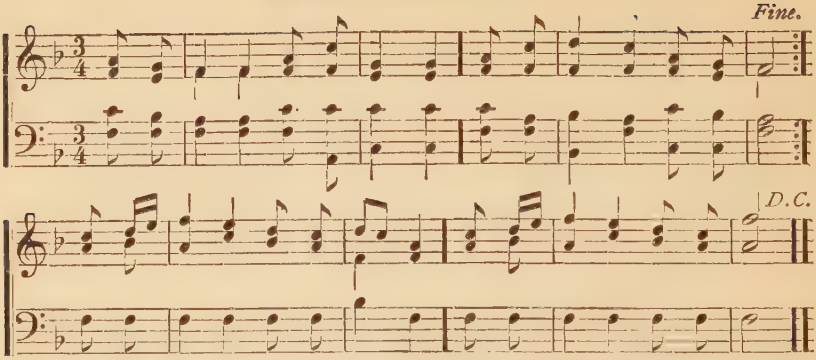


1 Come, my Redeemer, come,
And deign to dwell with me;
Come, and thy right assume,
And bid thy rivals flee:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

2 Rule thou in every thought
And passion of my soul,
Till all my powers are brought
Beneath thy full control:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

3 Then shall my days be thine,
And all my heart be love,
And joy and peace be mine,
Such as are known above:
Come, my Redeemer, quickly come,
And make my heart thy lasting home.

Nettleton. 8, 7.



1 Come, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount! I'm fixed upon it,
Mount of God's unchanging love!

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

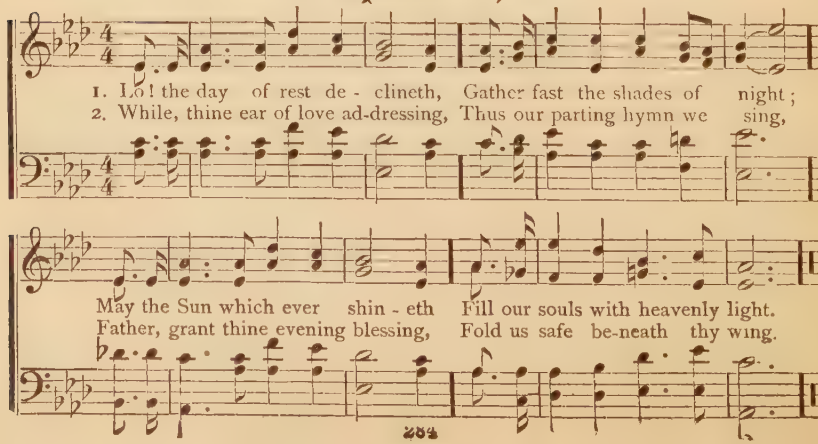
3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,—
Prone to leave the God I love,—
Here's my heart; oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above.

319 Welcome, Dear Redeemer.

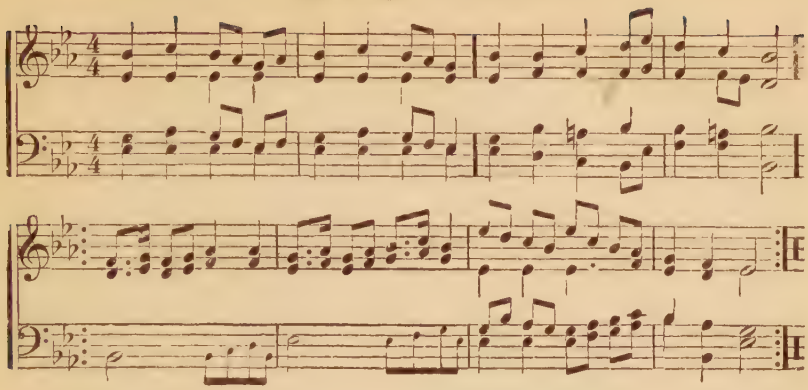
1 Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine;
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be thine;
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages thine.

2 Known to all to be thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear;
Or in vain attempt possession,
When they find the Lord is near;
Shout, O Zion!
Shout, ye saints! the Lord is here.

320 Vespers. 8, 7.


1. Lo! the day of rest de - clineth, Gather fast the shades of night;
2. While, thine ear of love ad-dressing, Thus our parting hymn we sing,
May the Sun which ever shin - eth Fill our souls with heavenly light.
Father, grant thine evening blessing, Fold us safe be-neath thy wing.

Sicily. 8, 7, 4.



321 Lord, Dismiss Us.

1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh, refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.

322 Saviour! Visit Thy Plantation.

1 Saviour! visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.

Cho.—Lord revive us, Lord revive us,
All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance;
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thy assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed thy servant
Shun the world's enticing snares.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power:
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

323 May the Grace of Christ.

1 May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above!

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And posess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

324 We have Come to Worship Jesus.

Tune Vespers.

1 We have come to worship Jesus,
And in adoration bow
Low before our gracious Saviour,
Who vouchsafes to hear us now.

2 Jesus, Friend of earth-bound sinners,
Wash away our every stain;
May our hearts to thee be opened,
So that thou may'st in them reign.

3 May we find thy great salvation,
And our souls be filled with love;
May thy Kingdom here, Lord Jesus,
Soon be like to heav'n above.

4 Prayers ascend, like incense rising,
For new pardon, grace, and peace:
May thy Spirit's influence brighten
All our lives,—our faith increase.

5 May the wisdom of thy gospel
Comfort for all times afford;
And may we be waiting, ready
At thy coming, dearest Lord.

H. S. Jones.

325 O Day of Rest and Gladness.

C. WORDSWORTH. Tune, MENDEBRAS. 7, 6.

1. O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright;
2. On thee, at the cre-a-tion, The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our sal-va-tion, Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, the high and low-ly, Through a-ges joined in tune,
On thee our Lord, vic-to-rious, The Spir-it sent from heaven;
Sing "Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly," To the great God Tri-une.
And thus on thee, most glo-rious, A tri-ple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining,
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

326 Now be the Gospel Banner.

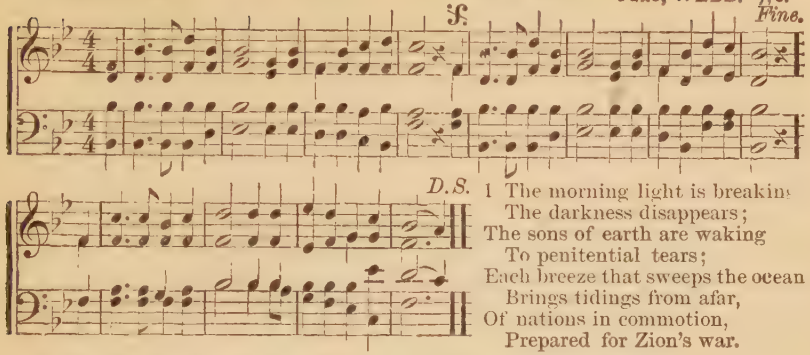
1 Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled,
And be the shout, Hosanna!
Re-echoed through the world;
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 What though the embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine,
His arm throughout their regions
Shall soon resplendent shine;
Ride on, O Lord, victorious,
Immanuel, Prince of Peace,
Thy triumph shall be glorious,
Thy empire still increase.

3 Yes, thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings;
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise;
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

327 **The Morning Light.**

SAMUEL F. SMITH. Tune, WEBB. 7, 6.



1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

328 GEO. DUFFIELD, Jr. **Stand up, stand up for Jesus.** Tune above.

1 STAND up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes:
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

329 **When, His Salvation Bringing.**

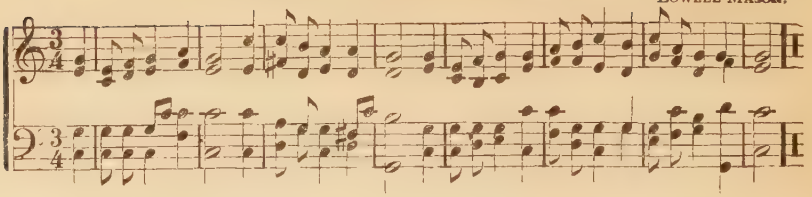
1 When, his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosannas to his name.
Nor did their zeal offend him,
For as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.

2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still;
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around his banner,
Who sits upon the throne;
And cry aloud "Hosanna
To David's royal Son!"

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise:
The stones, our silence shaming
Might well hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No! while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

Boyleston. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



330 Lord, God, the Holy Ghost.

1 LORD, God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,—
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty, rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above; [fire,
And give us hearts and tongues of
To pray, and praise, and love.

5 Spirit of light! explore,
And chase our gloom away,
With luster shining more and more,
Unto the perfect day.

331 Come, Holy Spirit, come.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,
And on this poor, benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 From the celestial hills
Light, life, and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly, feel
Thy quickening influence.

3 O melt this frozen heart,
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

4 The profit will be mine,
But thine shall be the praise;
Cheerful to thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

332 The Day is Past and Gone.

1 The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear!
Oh! may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

333 Lord Teach Us how to Pray.

1 Lord, teach us how to pray,
And give us hearts to ask;
Or all we think, or do, or say,
Will be a tiresome task.

2 Thy Holy Spirit send,
Our bosoms to inspire;
Then shall our praise to thee ascend
With pure and warm desire.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Present our prayers above;
And spread abroad o'er all thou seest
The mantle of thy love.

4 Teach us to find our bliss
In earnest, fervent prayer,
For where we pray our Saviour is,
And bliss is only there.

334 A Charge to Keep I Have.

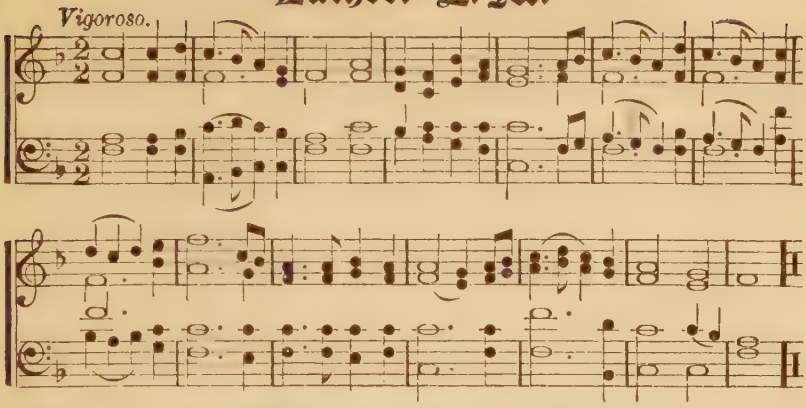
1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Luther. S. M.



335 I love Thy kingdom.

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend:
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

336 Grace!

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

337 Stand up, and bless.

1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

3 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, forevermore.

338 Purity of heart.

1 BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is his abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

3 Lord, we thy presence seek,
May ours this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart,—
A temple meet for thee.

339 Doxology. S. M.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

340 Safely through Another Week.

JOHN NEWTON. Arr. by LOWELL MASON.

1st.
1. Safe - ly through anoth - er week God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a bless-ing seek, - - - - - - - -
2d.
Wait - ing in his courts to - day: Day of all the week the best,
1st.
2d.
Em- blem of e - ter - nal rest, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest

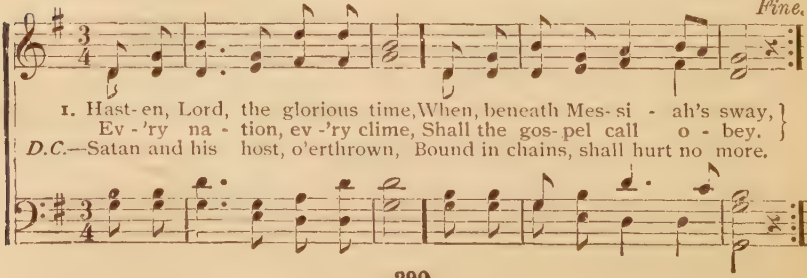
2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near:
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear:
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints:
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above.

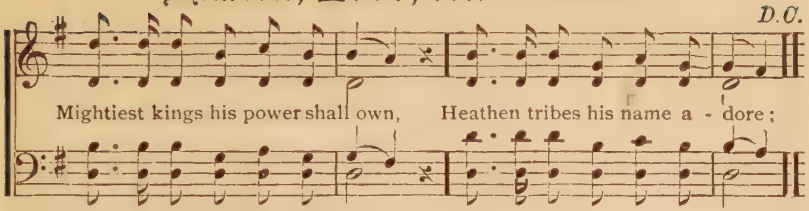
341 Hasten, Lord, the Glorious Time.

HARRIET AUBER. Tune, ELTHAM. 7, 6 l.


Fine.
1. Hast-en, Lord, the glorious time, When, beneath Mes-si - ah's sway,
Ev - 'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry clime, Shall the gos-pel call o - bey.
D.C.—Satan and his host, o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

Hasten, Lord, etc.—CONCLUDED.

D.C.

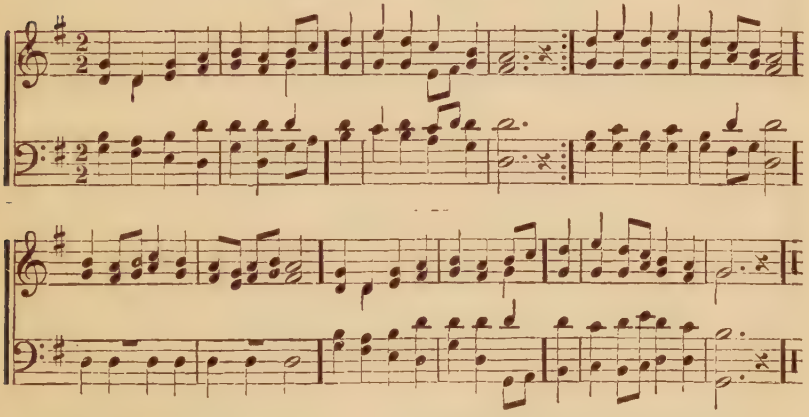


2 Then shall wars and tumults cease;
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed, shall ever reign.

Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise his glorious name;
All his mighty acts record,
All his wondrous love proclaim.

Amsterdam.

7s & 6s D.



342 Rise, My Soul.

1 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Toward's heaven, thy native place.
Sun and moon and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source;
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies.
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

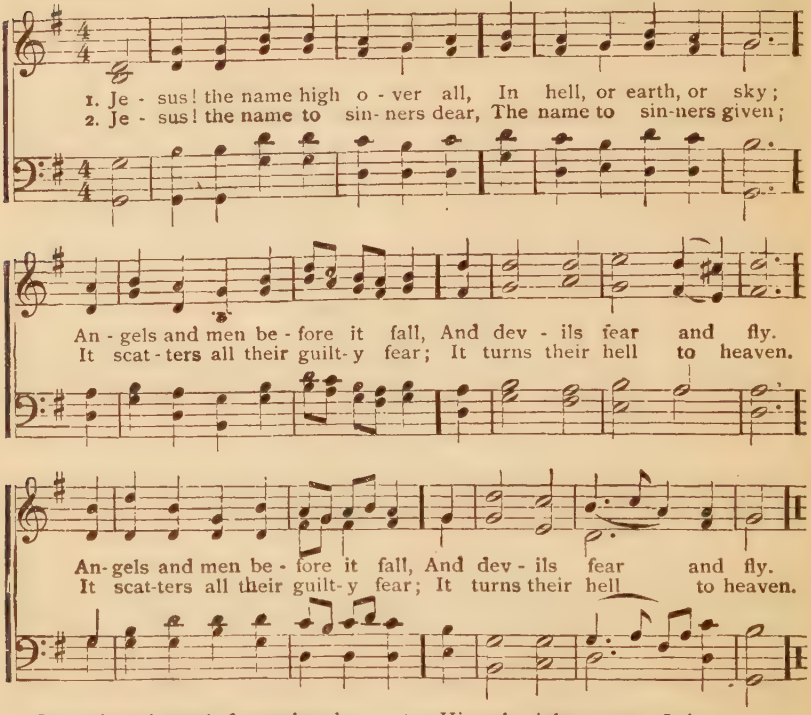
343 Time is Winging us Away.

1 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb:
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms:
All that's mortal soon will be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb:
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above;
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love.

344 Jesus, the Name.

C. Wesley. Tune, CORONATION. C. M.


1. Je - sus! the name high o - ver all, In hell, or earth, or sky;
2. Je - sus! the name to sin-ners dear, The name to sin-ners given;
An - gels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.
It scat - ters all their guilt - y fear; It turns their hell to heaven.
An - gels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.
It scat-ters all their guilt - y fear; It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

345 Crown Him Lord of All. C. M.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Antioch. C. M.

346 **O for a thousand tongues.**

1 O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

347 **Joy to the world!**

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

348 **The Lord's Prayer.**

Reverently.

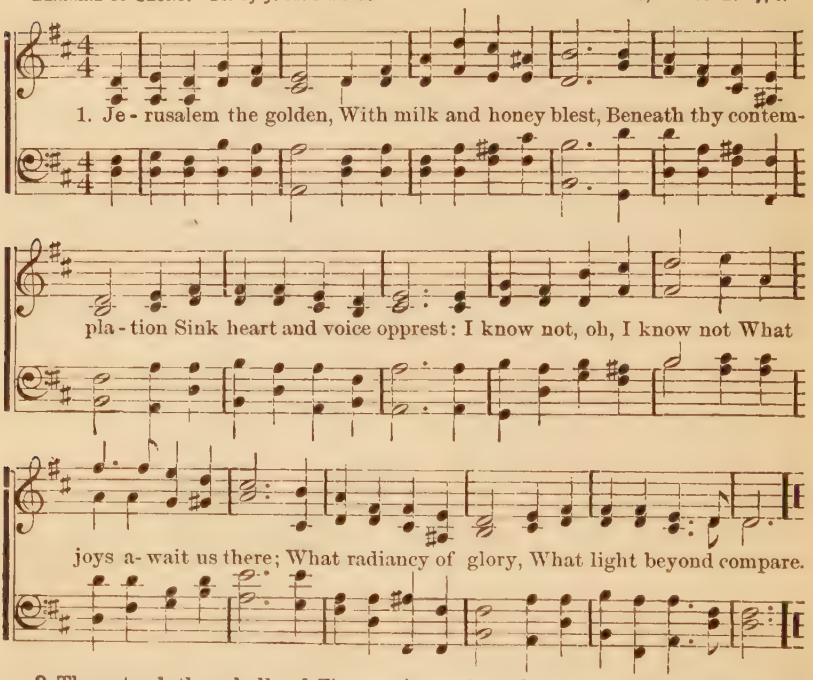
1. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name, ‖ Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in | earth, as-it | is in | heaven.

2. Give us this day our | daily | bread, ‖ And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.

3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; ‖ For thine is the kingdom, and the power and the | glory for- | ever and | ever. ‖ A- | men.

349 Jerusalem the Golden.

Bernard of Cluny. Tr. by J. M. Neale. Tune, EWING. 7, 6.


1. Je - rusalem the golden, With milk and honey blest, Beneath thy contem-
pla - tion Sink heart and voice oppress: I know not, oh, I know not What
joys a - wait us there; What radiancy of glory, What light beyond compare.

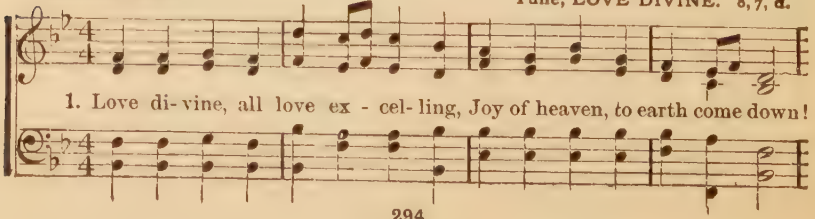
2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

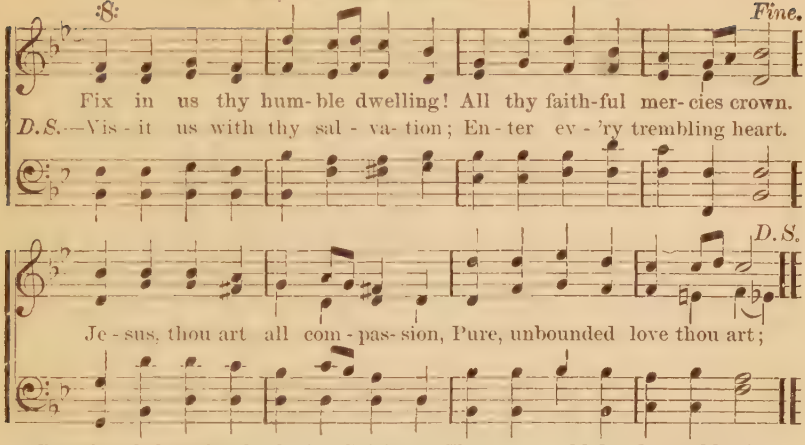
4 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

350 Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. Tune, LOVE DIVINE. 8, 7, d.



Love Divine.—CONCLUDED.


Fine.
Fix in us thy hum-ble dwelling! All thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.
D.S.—Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion; En-ter ev-'ry trembling heart.
D.S.
Je-sus, thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, unbounded love thou art;

2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find that second rest.
Take away our bent to sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave;
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

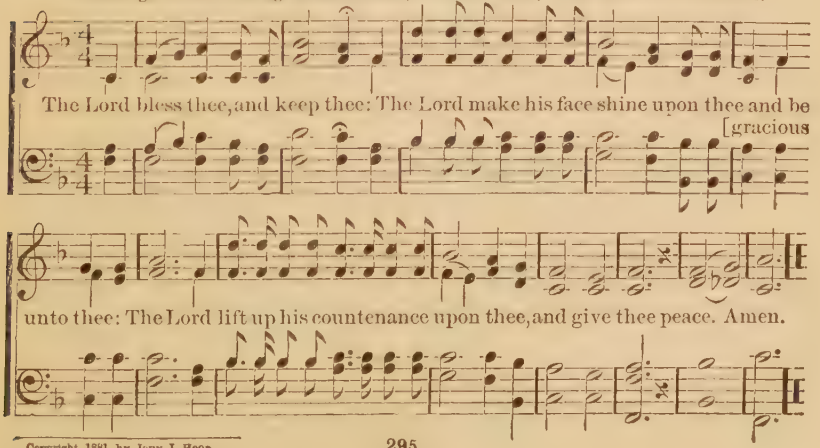
4 Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

351

The Lord Bless Thee.

Num. vi. 24-26. W. J. K.

A blessing for use in closing Sabbath-school, or other service, in the absence of a minister.


The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: The Lord make his face shine upon thee and be
[gracious
unto thee: The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace. Amen.

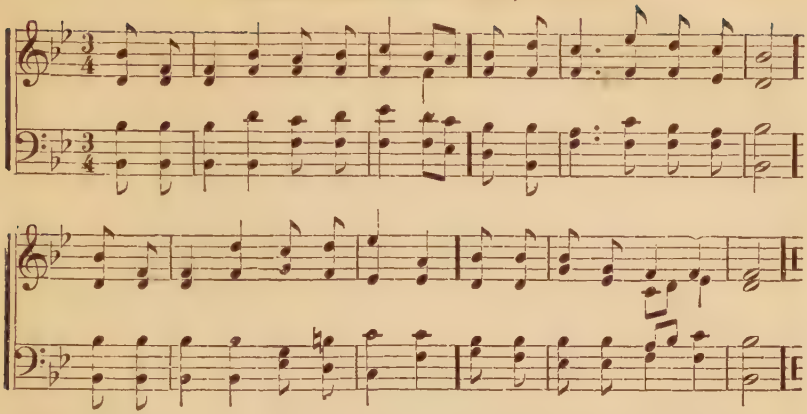
Copyright, 1881, by John J. Hood.

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

"London Hymn Book." "Mine are thine and thine are mine." John xvii. 10. A. J. Gordon. By per.

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine,
2. I love thee be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me,
3. I will love thee in life, I'll love thee in death,
4. In măn - sions of glo - ry and end - less delight,
For thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
And praise thee as long as thou lend - est me breath;
I'll ev - er a - dore thee in heav - en so bright;
My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art thou,
I love thee for wear - ing the thorns on thy brow;
And say, when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,
If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

Stockwell. 8s, 7s.



353 Yes, for Me, for Me He Careth.

1 Yes, for me, for me he careth
With a brother's tender care;
Yes, with me, with me he shareth
Every burden, every fear.

2 Yes, for me he standeth pleading
At the mercy-seat above,
Ever for me interceeding,
Constant in untiring love.

3 Yes, in me abroad he shedeth
Joys unearthly, love and light;
And to cover me he spreadeth
His paternal wing of might.

4 Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth,
I in him, and he in me;
And my empty soul he filleth
Here and through eternity.

5 Thus I wait for his returning,
Singing all the way to heaven;
Such the joyful song of morning,
Such the tranquil song of even.

354 Tarry With Me, O, My Saviour.

1 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
For the day is passing by;
See! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh.

2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
Paler now the glowing west,
Swift the night of death advances;
Shall it be the night of rest?

3 Lonely seems the vale of shadow;
Sinks my heart with troubled fear;
Give me faith for clearer vision,
Speak thou, Lord! in words of cheer.

4 Let me hear thy voice behind me,
Calming all these wild alarms;
Let me, underneath my weakness,
Feel the everlasting arms.

5 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
Lord! I cast myself on thee;
Tarry with me through the darkness;
While I sleep still watch by me.

6 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
Lay my head upon thy breast
Till the morning; then awake me—
Morning of eternal rest.

355 My Hope is Built.

1 My hope is built on nothing less,
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

Cho.—On Christ the solid Rock I stand:
All other ground is sinking sand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness veils his lovely face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

3 His oath, his covenant, his blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When he shall come with trumpet sound,
O, may I then in him be found;
Drest in his righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne!

356 How Sweet is the Sabbath.

1 How sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of rest, [best;
The day of the week which I surely love
The morning my Saviour arose from the tomb,
And took from the grave all its terror and gloom.

2 Oh, let me be thoughtful and prayerful to-day,
And not spend a minute in trifling or play;
Remembering these seasons were graciously given
To teach me to seek and prepare me for heaven.

3 In the house of my God, in his presence and fear, [cere;
When I worship to-day, may it all be sin-
In the school when I learn, may I do it with care,
And be grateful to those who watch over me there.

4 Instruct me, my Saviour, a child though I be,
I am not too young to be noticed by thee;
Renew all my heart, keep me firm in thy ways,
I would love thee, and serve thee, and give thee the praise.

357 Begone, Unbelief.

1 Begone, unbelief, my Saviour is near,
And for my relief he will surely appear;
By prayer let me wrestle, and he will perform;
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.

2 Though dark be my way, thou, Lord! art my guide;
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis thine to provide;
Though cisterns be broken and creatures all fail,
The word thou hast spoken shall surely prevail.

3 Since all that I meet shall work for my good,
The bitter is sweet, the medicine food:
Though painful at present, 'twill cease before long,
And then oh, how pleasant the conqueror's song!

358 Delay Not.

1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God? [fuse
A fountain is opened; how canst thou re-
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not; the Spirit of grace
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.

The Firm Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH. Tune, PORTUGUESE HYMN.

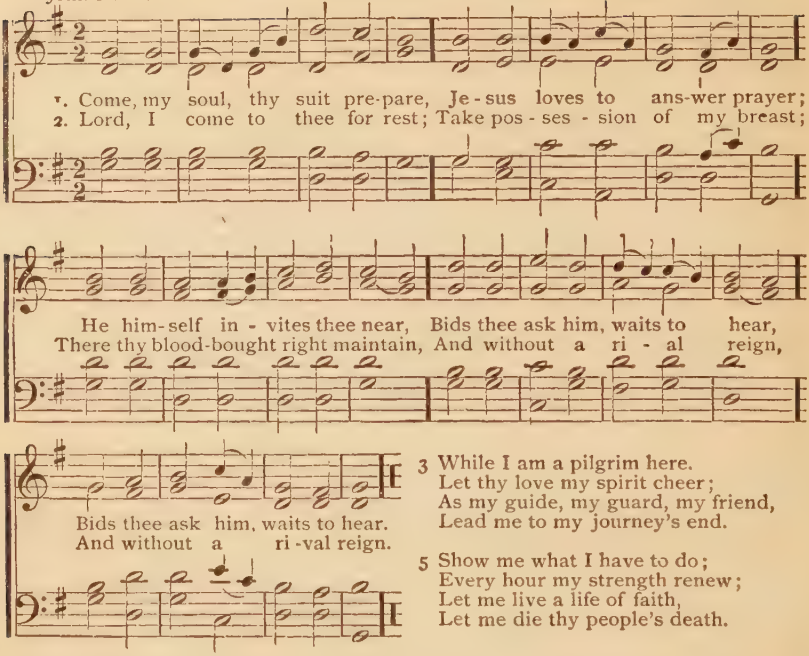
1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed, For I am thy
3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
4. "When thro' fie-ry tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace all suf-
faith in his ex-cel-lent word! What more can he say, than to
God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
sor-row shall not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy
fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply, The flame shall not hurt thee; I
you he hath said, To you, who for re-fuge to Je-sus have
cause thee to stand, Up-held by my gracious, om-ni-po-tent
tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deepest dis-
on-ly de-sign Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-
fled? To you, who for re-fuge to Je-sus have fled?
hand, Up-held by my gracious, om-ni-po-tent hand.
tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
fine, Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to re-fine.

5 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove [love;
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn, [be borne.
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

360 Come, my Soul.

JOHN NEWTON. Tune, HENDON. 7.


1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre-pare, Je-sus loves to ans-wer prayer;
2. Lord, I come to thee for rest; Take pos-ses-sion of my breast;
He him-self in-vites thee near, Bids thee ask him, waits to hear,
There thy blood-bought right maintain, And without a ri-al reign,
Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.
And without a ri-val reign.

3 While I am a pilgrim here.
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

5 Show me what I have to do;
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

---

361 Children of the Heavenly King.

1 Children of the heavenly King,
As we journey we will sing,—
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are traveling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O ye mourning souls, be glad,
Christ our advocate is made;
Us to save our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock, and blest,
Soon we'll enter into rest;
There our seat is now prepared,
There our Kingdom and reward.

5 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

362 Hark, My Soul.

1 Hark, my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

2 "I delivered thee when bound,"
And, when wounded, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 Can a woman's tender care
Cease toward the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore,
Oh, for grace to love thee more!

Yield not to Temptation.

H. R. Palmer. By per.

1. Yield not to tempta - tion, For yielding is sin, Each victr'y will help you
2. Shun e - vil companions, Bad language disdain, God's name hold in rev'rence,
3. To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown, Thro' faith we will conquer,
some oth- er to win; Fight manfully onward, Dark passions sub- due,
nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earnest, Kind-hearted and true,
though often cast down; He who is our Saviour, Our strength will renew,
Chorus.
Look ev- er to Je- sus, He'll car-ry you through. Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you, He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through.

364 Lo! the Stone is Rolled Away

1 Lo! the stone is rolled away,
Death yields up his mighty prey;
Jesus, rising from the tomb,
Scatters all its fearful gloom.

2 Praise him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues
Every note with rapture swell,
And the Saviour's triumph tell.

3 Let Immanuel be adored—
Ransom, Mediator, Lord!
To creation's utmost bound,
Let the eternal praise resound.

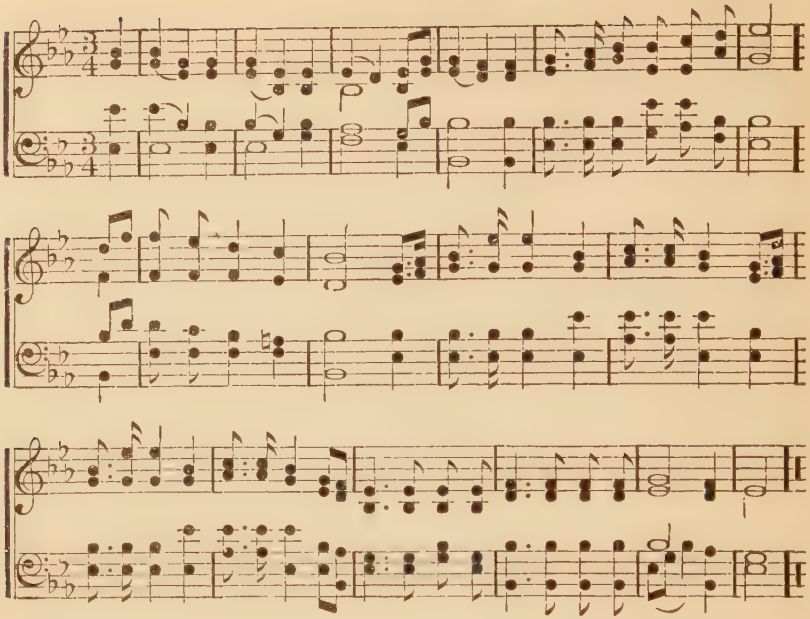
365 Wait, my Soul, Upon the Lord.

1 Wait, my soul, upon the Lord,
To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon this word,
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace,—
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou mayst see;
This is still my sweet relief,—
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

Ariel. C. P. M. Arr. by Lowell Mason.



366 O Love Divine.

1 O love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.

4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

5 O that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

367 O could I Speak.

1 O could I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.

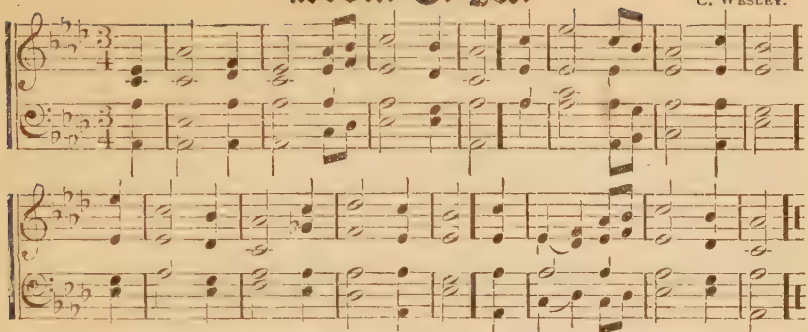
2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Avon. C. M.

C. Wesley.



368 I will Remember Thee.

1 According to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember thee.

2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

3 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember thee.—

5 Remember thee and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

369 Jesus, I Love.

1 Jesus, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven should hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My joy, my hope, my trust;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish
In thee most richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there,
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

370 Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed.

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's, sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

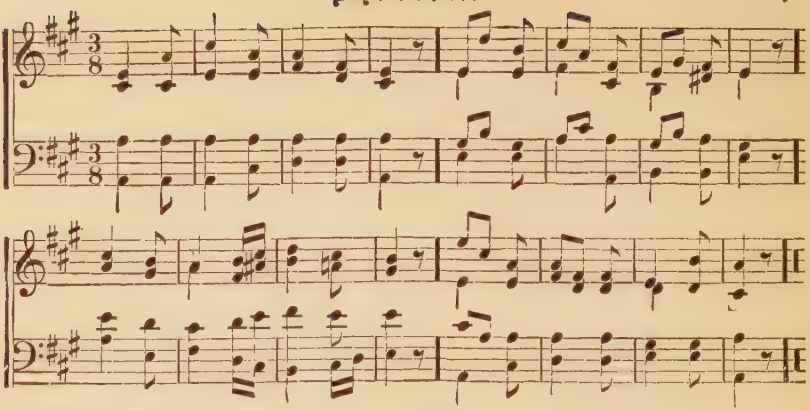
371 Come, Humble Sinner.

1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,—
Come with your guilt and fear oppressed
And make this last resolve:

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
High as a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

4 I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."



372 Come, Said Jesus.

1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my path your choice,
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;

4 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

373 As the Twilight Shadows.

1 As the twilight shadows fall,
Let us, in the closing day,
Mark the solemn hour when all
Earthly things shall fade away.

2 In the grave to which we haste,
No repentance can be found;
Shall we then our moments waste
While we stand on trial-ground?

3 Ere the coming of that night,
(When its coming who can say?)
Let us do with all our might,
Strive and labor, watch and pray.

4 Lord, do thou thy grace impart;
Penitence and faith bestow!
Come and sanctify each heart,
Let us thy salvation know.

5 That when waning years have fled,
And these scenes have passed away,
Rising with the summoned dead,
We may wake to endless day.

374 Gentle Jesus.

1 Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to thee.

2 Fain I would to thee be brought;
Gracious God, forbid it not;
Give me, O my God, a place
In the kingdom of thy grace!

3 Put thy hands upon my head,
Let me in thine arms be stayed;
Let me lean upon thy breast,
Lull me there, O Lord, to rest.

4 Fain I would be as thou art;
Give me thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind;
Let me have thy loving mind.

375 Depth of Mercy!

1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear,—
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

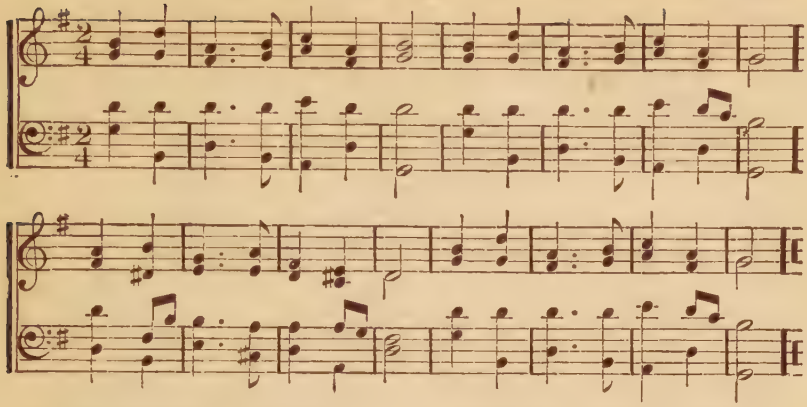
2 I have long withstood his grace;
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, 'how can I give thee up?'
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

5 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

Pleyel's Hymn. 7s. Ignace Pleyel.



376 Gracious Spirit, love divine.

1 Gracious Spirit, love divine,
Let thy light within me shine!
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

377 Hasten, Sinner, to be Wise.

1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten mercy to implore,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's course be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

378 Holy Ghost, with light divine.

1 Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

379 Ere Another Sabbath's Close.

1 Ere another Sabbath's close,
Ere again we seek repose,
Lord! our song ascends to thee;
At thy feet we bow the knee.

2 For the mercies of the day,
For this rest upon our way,
Thanks to thee alone be given,
Lord of earth, and King of heaven!

3 Whilst this thorny path we tread,
May thy love our footsteps lead,
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with thee at last.

4 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end.

THOMAS HASTINGS. **Zion.** 8, 7, 4.

380 Guide Me, O Thou Great.

1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever sing to thee.

381 Where We oft Met in Gladness.

1 Where we oft have met in gladness,
On the holy Sabbath day,
Now we gather in our sadness,
Mourning over one away:
Tears are falling
On this holy Sabbath day.

2 One we loved has left our number,—
In the narrow dwelling laid;
There to rest in dreamless slumber,
Till the trump that wakes the dead:
When the angel
From their slumbers wakes the dead.

3 But while we in sadness gather,
Mourning thus for one away,
Lo, the angels say, "Another
Joins our holy song to-day!"
Weep no longer;
Join with them the sacred lay.

4 Let our grief, then, turn to gladness,
As we praise the saving love,
Which o'er every shade of sadness
Sheds the light of joys above:
Grief dispelling
By the light of joys above.

382 On the Mountain's Top.

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing—
Zion long in hostile lands;
Mourning captive!
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful,
All thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee,
He himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King will quickly send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
All thy warfare now is past,
God, thy Saviour, shall defend thee,
Peace and joy are come at last;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

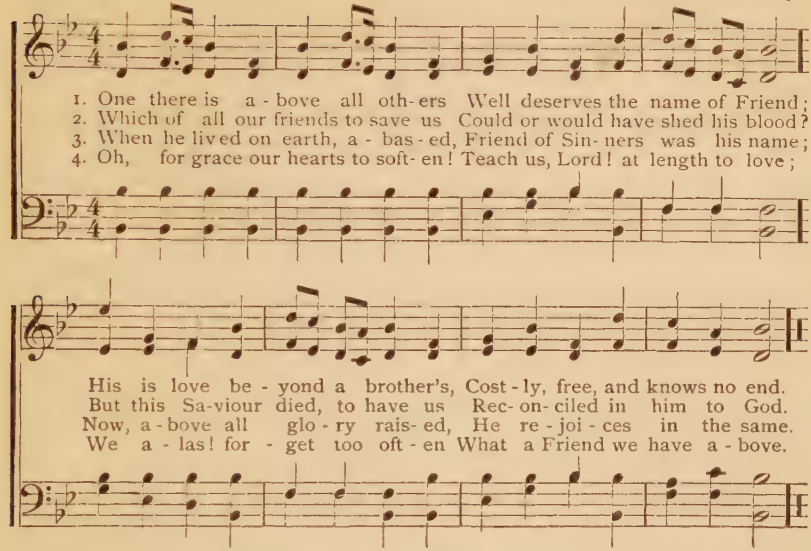
383 May the Grace. 8 & 7.

1 May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above!

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

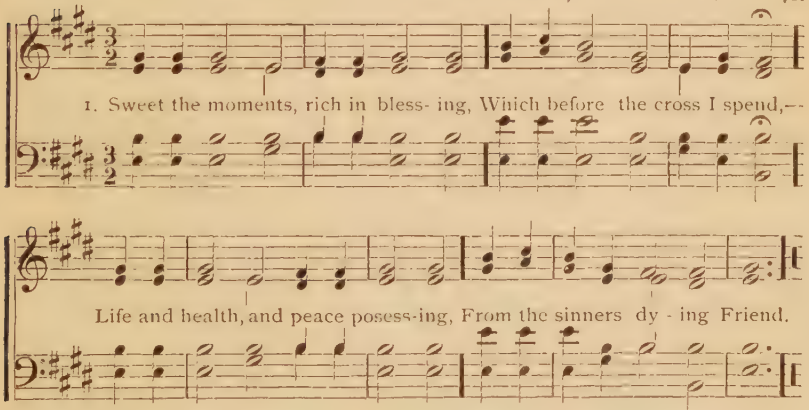
384 One There Is.

JOHN NEWTON. Tune, WILMOT. 8s & 7s.


1. One there is a - bove all oth-ers Well deserves the name of Friend;
2. Which of all our friends to save us Could or would have shed his blood?
3. When he lived on earth, a - bas-ed, Friend of Sin-ners was his name;
4. Oh, for grace our hearts to soft-en! Teach us, Lord! at length to love;
His is love be - yond a brother's, Cost-ly, free, and knows no end.
But this Sa-viour died, to have us Rec-on-ciled in him to God.
Now, a-bove all glo-ry rais-ed, He re-joi-ces in the same.
We a - las! for - get too oft-en What a Friend we have a-bove.

385 Sweet the Moments.

Tune, DORRNANCE. 8s & 7s.


1. Sweet the moments, rich in bless- ing, Which before the cross I spend,—
Life and health, and peace posess-ing, From the sinners dy - ing Friend.

2 Here I'll sit forever viewing
Mercy stream in streams of blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie,—
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.

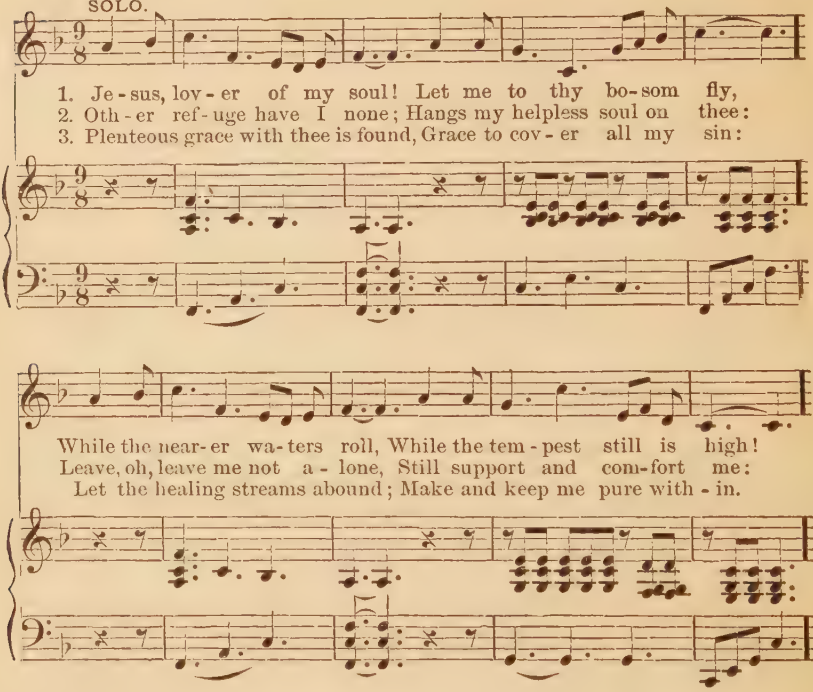
4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much? I'm much forgiven,—
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

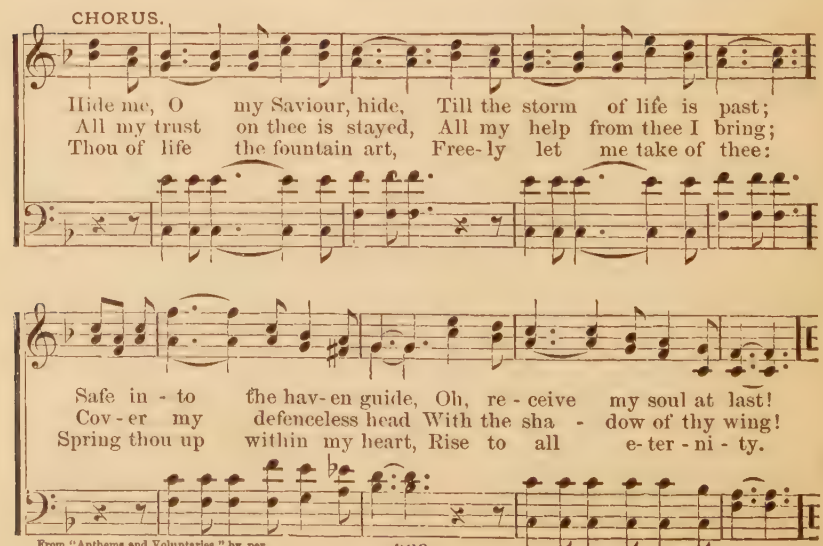
Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

SOLO.


1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul! Let me to thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
3. Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin:
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still support and com - fort me:
Let the healing streams abound; Make and keep me pure with - in.

CHORUS.


Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;
Thou of life the fountain art, Free - ly let me take of thee:
Safe in - to the hav - en guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my defenceless head With the sha - dow of thy wing!
Spring thou up within my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

From "Anthems and Voluntaries," by per.

387 Watchman, Tell us of the Night.

Sir JOHN BOWRING. Tune, WATCHMAN. 7s, d.

1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are;
Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height See that glo - ry-beam-ing star!
Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy for - tell?
Traveler, yes; it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is - ra - el.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends!
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wandering cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home!
Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

388 People of the Living God.

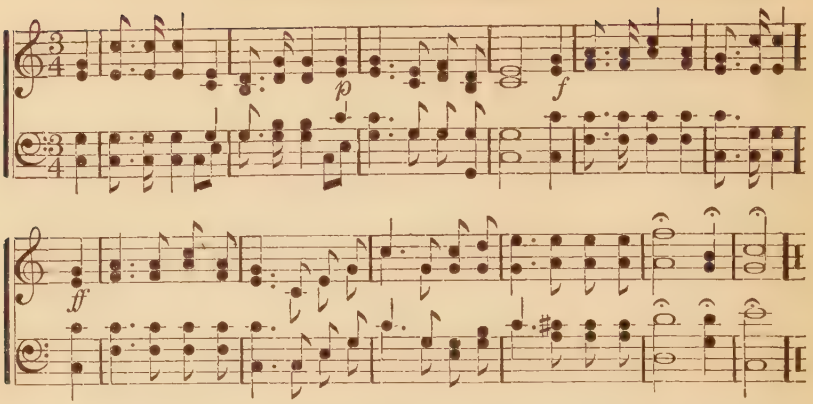
1 People of the living God,
I have sought the world around,
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.
Now to you my spirit turns—
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
Oh, receive me into rest.

2 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my heart no more,
Every idol I resign.

3 Tell me not of gain or loss,
Ease, enjoyment, pomp and power,
Welcome poverty and cross,
Shame, reproach, affliction's hour.
"Follow me!" I know thy voice!
Jesus, Lord! thy steps I see:
Now I take thy yoke by choice;
Light thy burden now on me.

Zerah. C. M.

Dr. L. Mason.



389 Come, ye that love.

1 Come, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your Lord, your Master crowned
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round
How bright those glories shine.

3 When, in his earthly courts, we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

4 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

390 What glory gilds.

1 What glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

3 Lord, everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

391 The Prince of Peace.

1 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him, all the hosts of heaven.

2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
Forevermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

392 The joyful sound.

1 Salvation! O the joyful sound
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

393 Doxology. C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

Arlington. C. M.

394 Through all the Changing.

1 Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 My soul shall make her boast in him,
And celebrate his fame;
Come, magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succor trust.

4 Oh! make but trial of his love;
Experience will will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

395 This is the Day.

1 This is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own—
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround his throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men,
With messages of grace,
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

396 Am I a Soldier of the Cross

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fight to win the prize,
And sail through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign—
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

397 Beneath Moriah's Rocky Side.

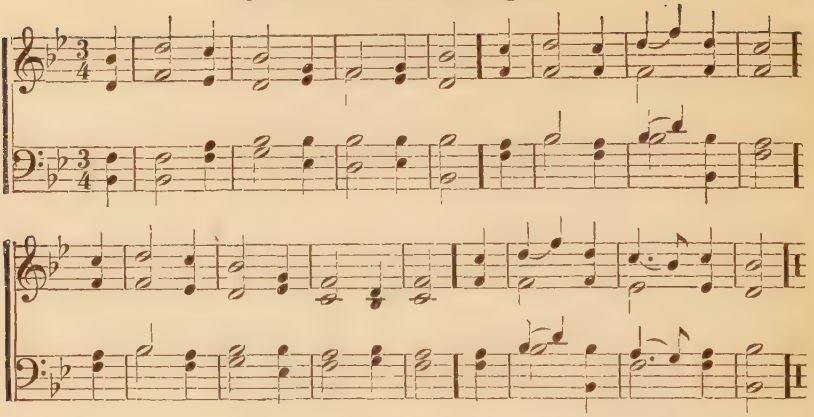
1 Beneath Moriah's rocky side
A gentle fountain springs:
Silent and soft its waters glide,
Like the peace the Spirit brings.

2 The thirsty Arab stoops to drink
Of the cool and quiet wave—
And the thirsty spirit stops to think.
Of Him who came to save.

3 Siloam is the fountain's name:
It means *One sent of God;*
And thus the holy Saviour's name
It gently spreads abroad.

4 Oh, grant that I, like this sweet well
May Jesus' image bear,
And spend my life, my all, to tell
How full his mercies are.

Valerma. C. M.



398 **How Happy is the Youth.**

1 How happy is the youth who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2 For she has treasure greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all their stores of gold.

3 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

4 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

399 **Oh, for a Heart to Praise.**

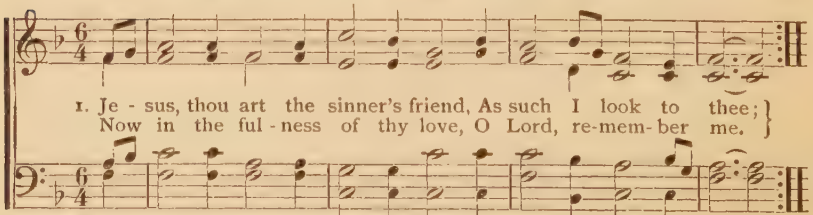
1 Oh, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;—
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely shed for me.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone!

3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean;
Which neither life, nor death can part,
From him that dwells within;

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine,
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine!

400 ## Remember Me. C. M.

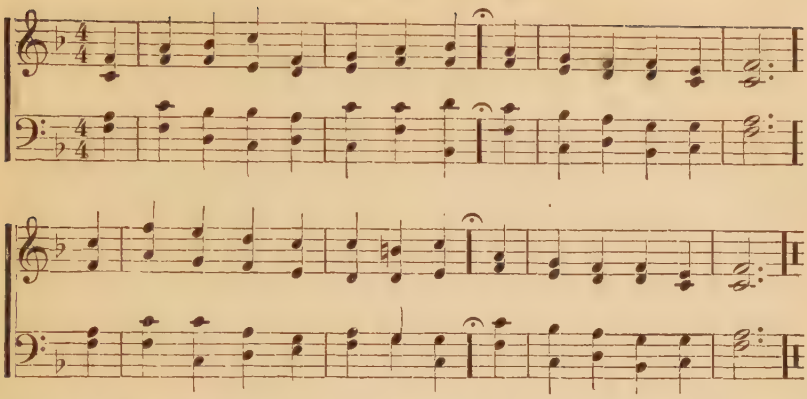


Cho.—Re- mem- ber me, re- mem- ber me, Dear Lord! remem - ber me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Lord! I am guilty—I am vile,
But thy salvation's free;
Then, in thine all-abounding grace,
Dear Lord! remember me.

Dundee. C. M.



401 How Sweet and Awful.

1 How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors;
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores.

2 While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongues,
"Lord, why was I a guest?

3 "Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come.

4 "'Twas the same love that spread the feast,
That sweetly forced me in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

402 How Oft, Alas!

1 How oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord;
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word.

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return;"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn,
Oh, take the wanderer home.

3 Almighty grace, thy healing power
How glorious, how divine,
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

4 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
Oh, keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

403 O God, Our Help.

1 O God, our help in ages past
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

3 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising dawn.

4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten—as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

404 The Lord Jehovah unto all.

1 The Lord Jehovah unto all
His goodness doth declare,
And over all his mighty works
His tender mercies are.

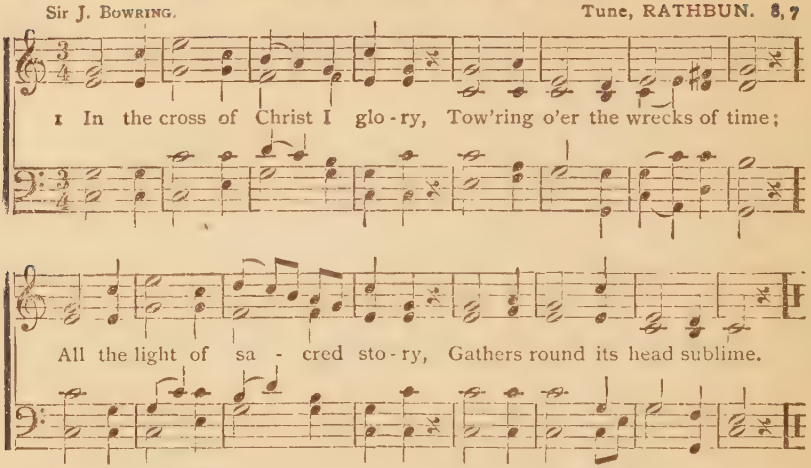
2 Thy kingdom shall for ever stand,
Thy reign through ages all;
God raiseth all that are bowed down,
Upholdeth all that fall.

3 The eyes of all things wait on thee,
Thou Giver of all good!
And thou in season due dost give
To every one his food.

4 My mouth the praises of the Lord
To publish shall not cease;
Let all flesh join his holy name
Forevermore to bless.

405 In the Cross of Christ.

Sir J. Bowring. Tune, RATHBUN. 8, 7


1 In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa-cred sto-ry, Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me.
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

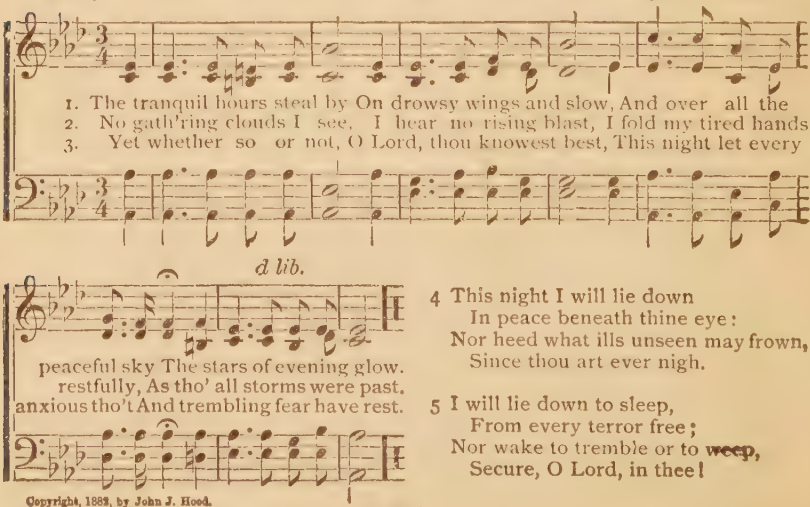
3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

406 The Tranquil Hours. S. M.

Mrs. J. C. Yule. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. The tranquil hours steal by On drowsy wings and slow, And over all the
2. No gath'ring clouds I see, I hear no rising blast, I fold my tired hands
3. Yet whether so or not, O Lord, thou knowest best, This night let every
d lib.
peaceful sky The stars of evening glow.
restfully, As tho' all storms were past.
anxious tho't And trembling fear have rest.

4 This night I will lie down
In peace beneath thine eye:
Nor heed what ills unseen may frown,
Since thou art ever nigh.

5 I will lie down to sleep,
From every terror free;
Nor wake to tremble or to weep,
Secure, O Lord, in thee!

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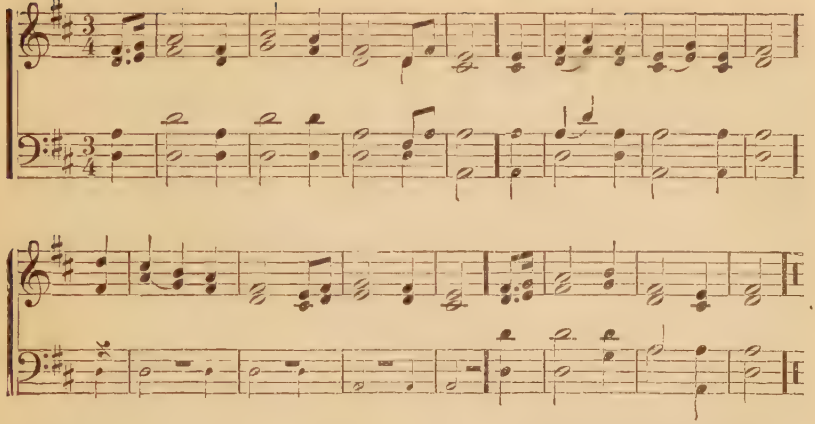
Siloam. C. M.



407 Approach, My Soul.

1 Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest hardened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By wars without and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my shield and hiding place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died.

5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

408 By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill.

1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose.

2 Lo! such a child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose sacred heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 O Thou who givest life and breath,
We ask thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own.

409 When the Worn Spirit.

1 When the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close
That ends the weary week!

2 How sweet to hail the early dawn
That opens on the sight,
When first the soul-reviving morn
Beams its new rays of light!

3 Sweet day, thine hours too soon will cease;
Yet while they gently roll,
Breathe, Holy Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.

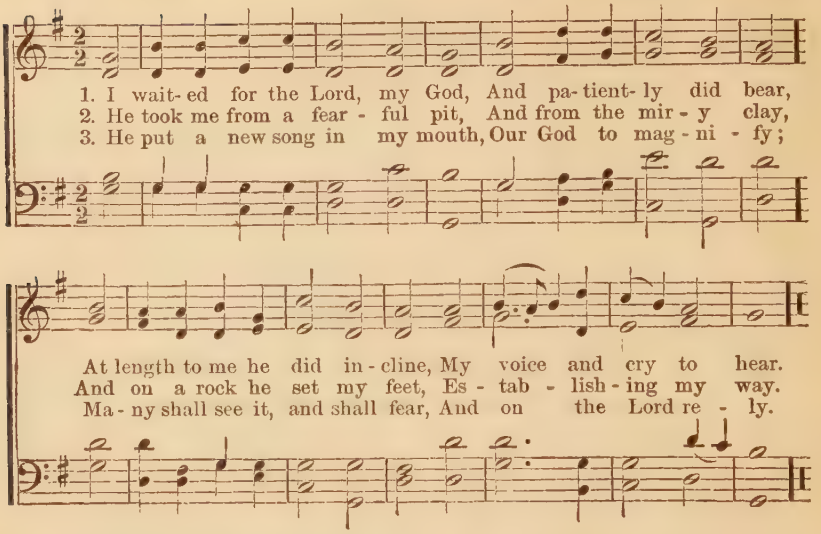
4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
That day which fades no more?

410 Of Thy Love. 8, 7, 4.

Of thy love some gracious taken
Grant us, Lord, before we go;
Bless thy word which has been spoken,
Life and peace on all bestow!
When we join the world again,
Let our hearts with thee remain;
Oh, direct us
And protect us,
Till we gain the heavenly shore.

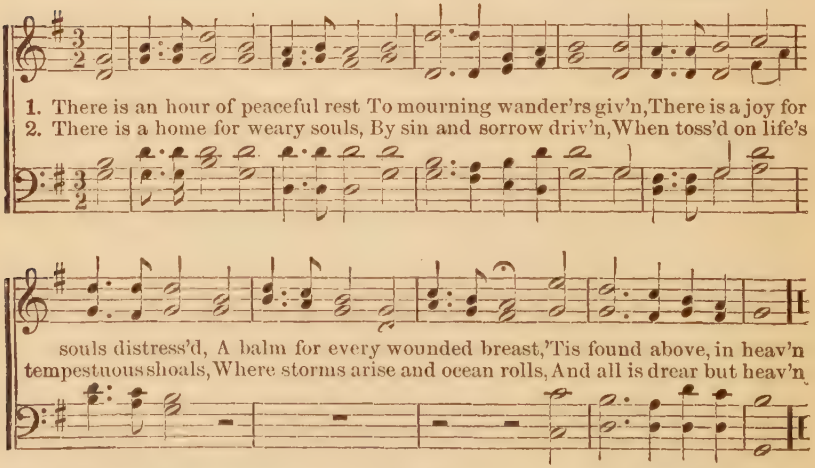
411 I Waited for The Lord.

Tune, PETERBOROUGH. C. M.


1. I wait-ed for the Lord, my God, And pa-tient-ly did bear,
2. He took me from a fear-ful pit, And from the mir-y clay,
3. He put a new song in my mouth, Our God to mag-ni-fy;
At length to me he did in-cline, My voice and cry to hear.
And on a rock he set my feet, Es-tab-lish-ing my way.
Ma-ny shall see it, and shall fear, And on the Lord re-ly.

412 There is an Hour.

Tune, WOODLAND. C. M.

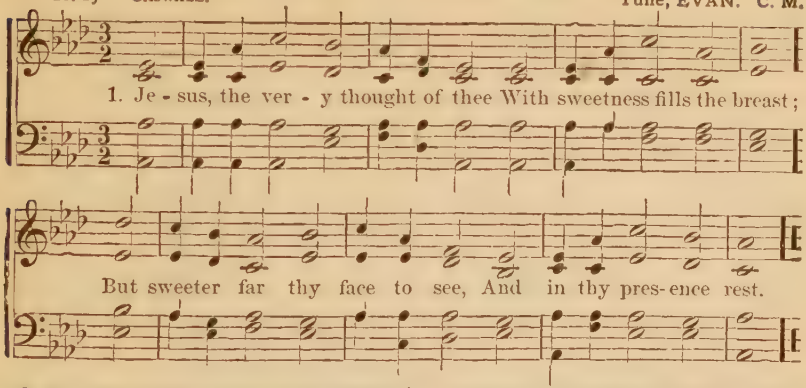

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest To mourning wander'rs giv'n, There is a joy for
2. There is a home for weary souls, By sin and sorrow driv'n, When toss'd on life's
souls distress'd, A balm for every wounded breast, 'Tis found above, in heav'n
tempestuous shoals, Where storms arise and ocean rolls, And all is drear but heav'n.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flow'rs immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

413 Jesus, the Very Thought.

Tr. by CASWALL. Tune, EVAN. C. M.



2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind thou art!
How good, to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
In thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

414 Calm me, my God.

1 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm:
Let thine outstretched wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert spring.

2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and
The sounds my ear that greet—[rude
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street,—

3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in the hour of pain:
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain,—

4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like him who bore my shame;
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting
Who hate thy holy name. [throng,

5 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

415 Oh for a Closer Walk with God.

1 Oh for a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Return! O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

3 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

4 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

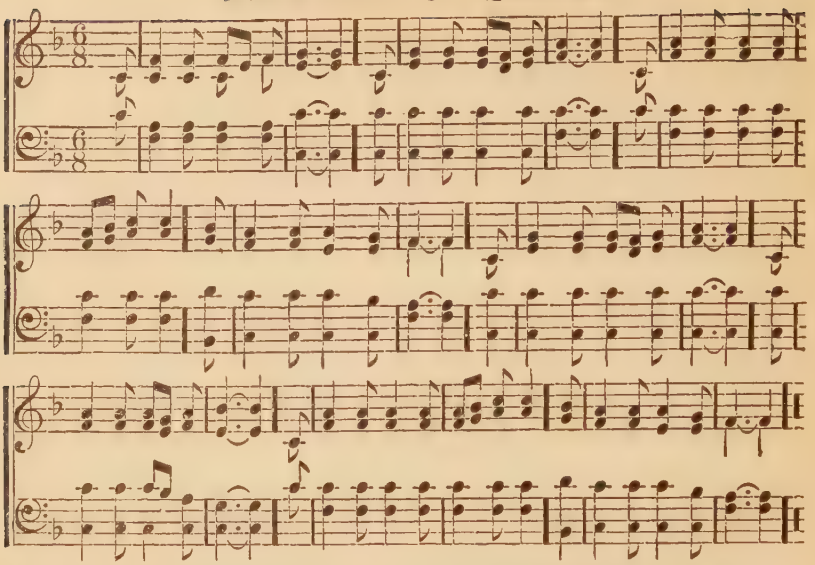
416 How Blest the Man.

1 How blest the man whose sins the Lord
Has pardoned in his grace,
All whose transgressions are removed,
And covered from his face.

2 How blest the man to whom the Lord
Imputeth not his sin;
And in whose spirit is no guile,
Nor fraud is found therein.

3 Surely, when floods and waters great
Do swell up to the brim,
They shall not overwhelm his soul,
Nor once come near to him.

Lebanon. S. M. D.



417 I was a Wandering Sheep.

1 I was a wandering sheep,
I did not love the fold,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled;
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild;
They found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole;
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas he that brought me to the fold—
'Tis he that still doth keep.

418 Jesus, my Strength, my Hope!

1 Jesus, my strength, my hope!
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer;
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee,—almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

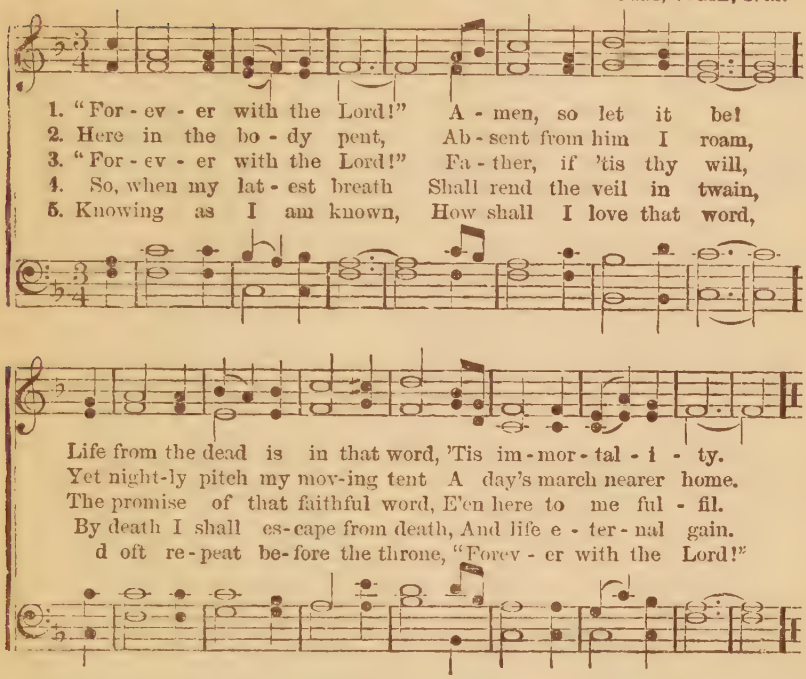
2 I rest upon thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

3 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

4 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care;
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

Forever with the Lord.

Tune, VIGIL, S. M.


1. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" A - men, so let it be!
2. Here in the bo - dy pent, Ab - sent from him I roam,
3. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" Fa - ther, if 'tis thy will,
4. So, when my lat - est breath Shall rend the veil in twain,
5. Knowing as I am known, How shall I love that word,
Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty.
Yet night-ly pitch my mov-ing tent A day's march nearer home.
The promise of that faithful word, E'en here to me ful - fil.
By death I shall es-cape from death, And life e - ter - nal gain.
d oft re-peat be-fore the throne, "Forev - er with the Lord!"

420 Oh, Bless the Lord, My Soul.

1 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul,
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.

421 Father, a Weary Heart.

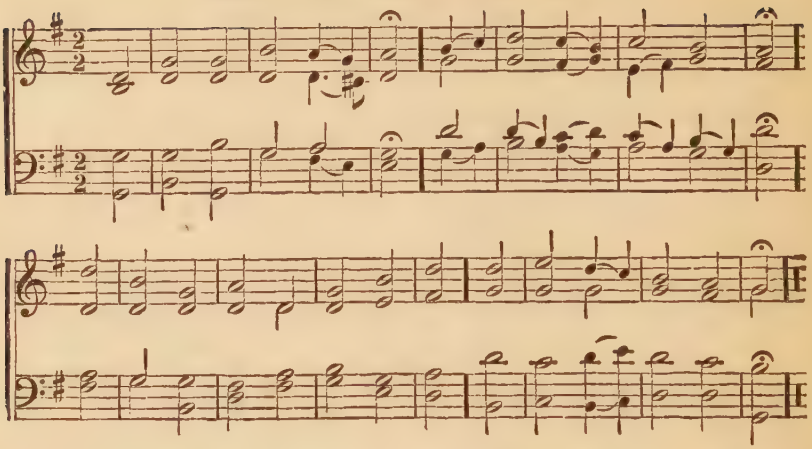
Tune, Lebanon.

1 Father a weary heart,
Hath come to thee for peace;
The world hath not the healing art
To bid its troubles cease;
It brings before thy throne
Its weight of woe and care;
Do thou accept its pleading tone —
The contrite sinner's prayer.

2 Father—it hath rebelled,
Hath wandered from thy path,
Nor heeded when the thunder swelled
The tempest of thy wrath;
But now, a bruised thing,
Neglected, pale, and bare,
Lo, at thy footstool it doth bring
The contrite sinner's prayer.

3 Father, it bends before
Thy throne among the blest;
Peace to the wretched heart restore,
Give to the weary rest:
Through Christ's atonement given,
It trusteth yet to share
The glorious heritage of heaven,
By lowly, contrite prayer.

St. Thomas. S. M.



422 My Soul, Repeat His Praise.

1 My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord,
To those who fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

423 Jesus, Who Knows Full Well.

1 Jesus, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear,
We never plead in vain:
Yet we must wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Though unbelief suggest,
Why should we longer wait?
He bids us never give him rest,
But be importunate.

4 Jesus the Lord will hear
His chosen, when they cry;
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

424 Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest.

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise,
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

3 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

425 Come, Holy Spirit, Come.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open thou our eyes.

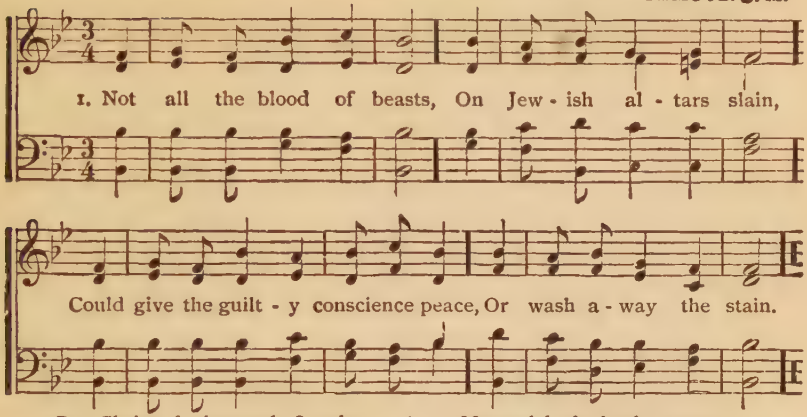
2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.

4 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love
The Father, Son and Thee.

Not all the Blood of Beasts.

OLMUTZ. S. M.



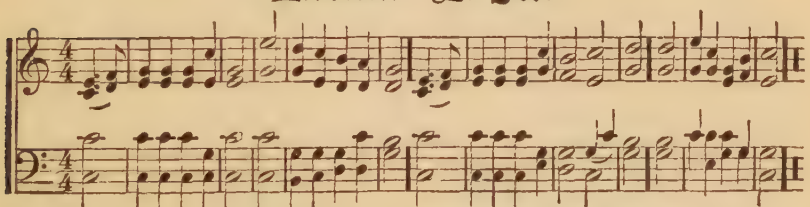
2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While, like a penitent, I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb, with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

Laban. S. M.



427 Come, We that Love the Lord.

1 Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

3 The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

428 My Soul, be on Thy Guard.

1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise,
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er,
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou hast got the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

Varina. C. M. D. Geo. F. Root.

429 I Heard the Voice of Jesus say.

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest,—
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast:
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad:
I found in him a resting place,
And he has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light,—
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright:
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till traveling days are done.

430 Jerusalem, my Happy Home.

1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?
Oh, when, thou city of my God!
Shall I thy courts ascend?
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end.

2 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.
Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

431 There is a Land of Pure Delight.

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes:
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

432 Whilst Thee I seek.

1 Whilst thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled,
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,
That mercy I adore.

2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

Alida. C. M. Double.

D. B. Thompson.

433 How happy every child.

1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
"This earth," he cries, "is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven,—
A country far from mortal sight;
Yet O, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me."

2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day;
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

3 O would he more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessels break,
And let our ransomed spirits go
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me;
And shout and wonder at his grace
Through all eternity!

435 I heard the voice of Jesus.

1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast!"
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in him a resting-place,
And he hath made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright!"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till all my journey's done.

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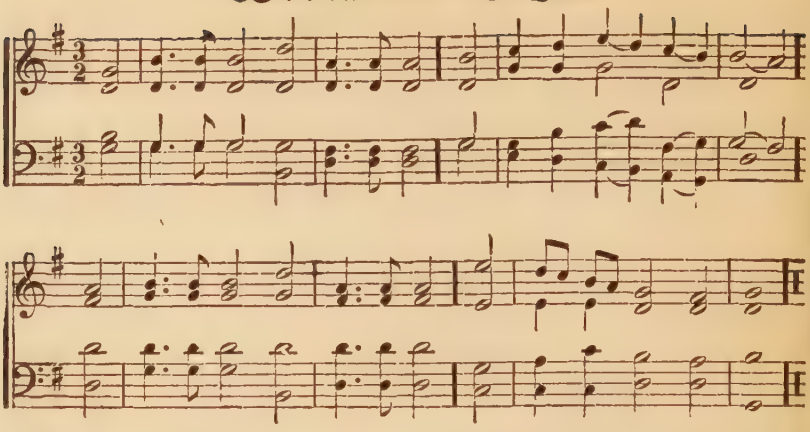
434 Work, for the night is coming.

1 WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon,
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

Woodstock. C. M.



436 I Love to Steal Awhile Away.

1 I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect does my strength renew
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

437 See Israel's Gentle Shepherd.

1 See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms!
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

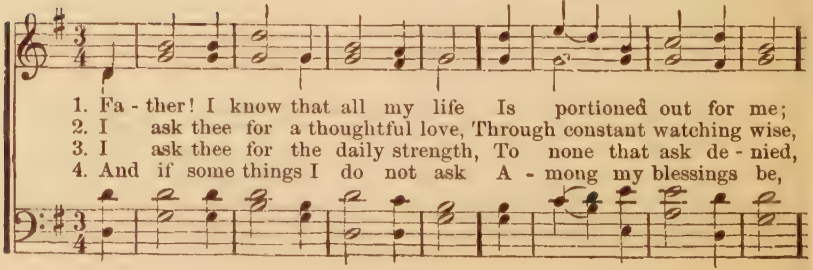
2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name,
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,—
Thine let our offspring be.

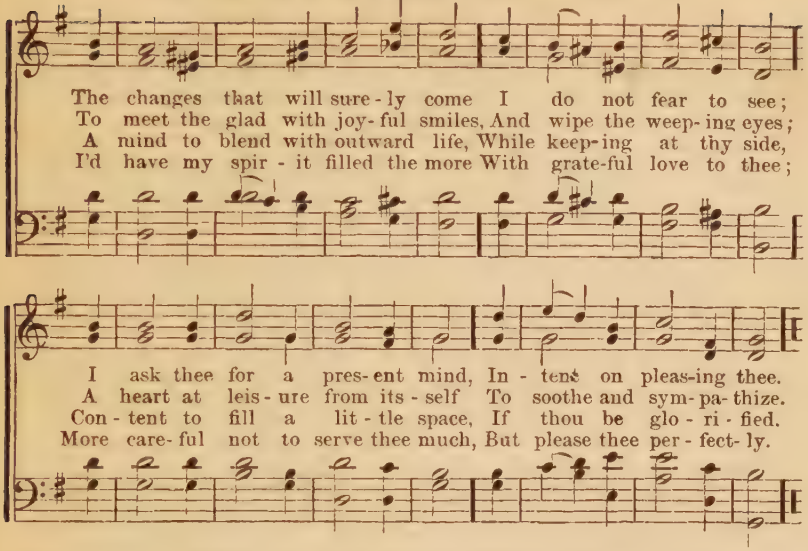
438

Father! I know.

Tune, SPOHR. C. M. 6 lines.


1. Fa - ther! I know that all my life Is portioned out for me;
2. I ask thee for a thoughtful love, Through constant watching wise,
3. I ask thee for the daily strength, To none that ask de - nied,
4. And if some things I do not ask A - mong my blessings be,

Father! I Know.—CONCLUDED.


The changes that will sure-ly come I do not fear to see;
To meet the glad with joy-ful smiles, And wipe the weep-ing eyes;
A mind to blend with outward life, While keep-ing at thy side,
I'd have my spir-it filled the more With grate-ful love to thee;
I ask thee for a pres-ent mind, In-tent on pleas-ing thee.
A heart at leis-ure from its-self To soothe and sym-pa-thize.
Con-tent to fill a lit-tle space, If thou be glo-ri-fied.
More care-ful not to serve thee much, But please thee per-fect-ly.

439 When all Thy Mercies.

Tune, GENEVA. C. M.

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

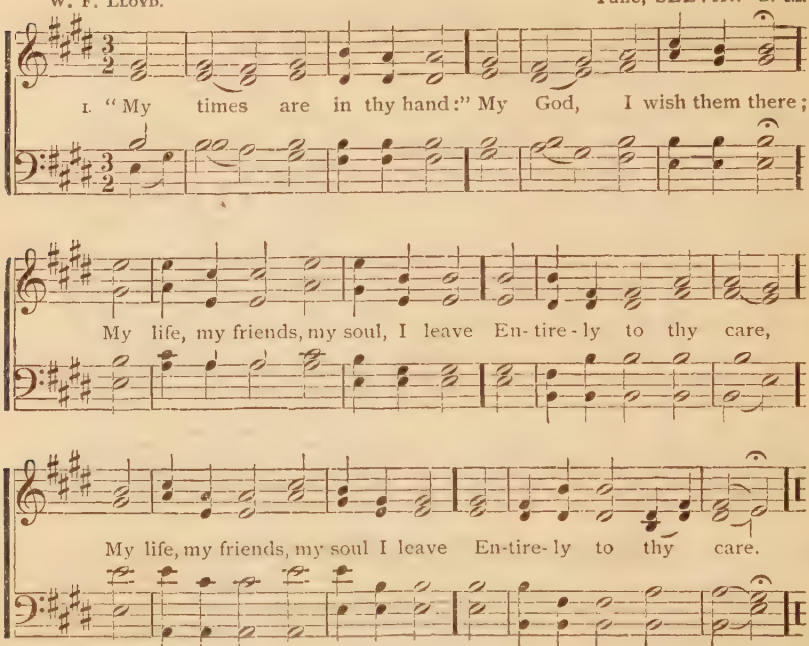
3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

440 My Times are in Thy Hand.

W. F. Lloyd. Tune, SELVIN. S. M.


1. "My times are in thy hand:" My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul, I leave En-tire-ly to thy care,
My life, my friends, my soul I leave En-tire-ly to thy care.

2 "My times are in thy hand,"
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

3 "My times are in thy hand;"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 "My times are in thy hand,"
Jesus, the crucified!
The hand my cruel sins had pierced
Is now my guard and guide.

5 "My times are in thy hand;"
I'll always trust in thee;
And, after death, at thy right hand
I shall forever be.

441 O Lord, Thy Perfect Word

1 O Lord, thy perfect word
Directs our steps aright,
Nor can all other books afford
Such profit and delight.

2 Celestial beams it sheds,
To cheer this vale below:
To distant lands its glory spreads,
And streams of mercy flow.

3 True wisdom it imparts,
Commands our hope and fear;
Oh, may we hide it in our hearts,
And feel its influence there.

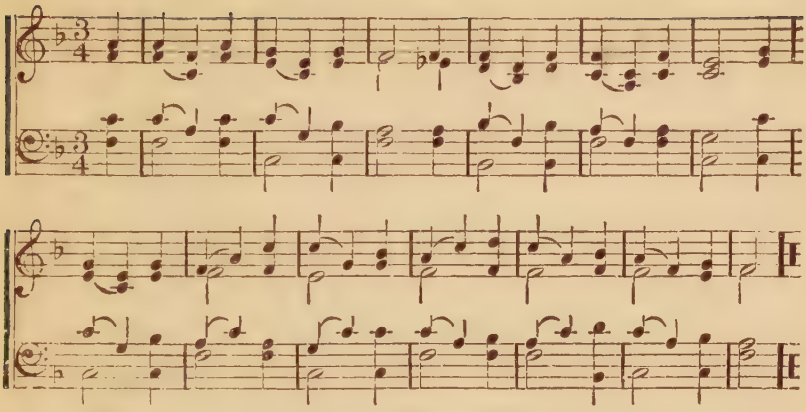
442 Not what I feel or do.

1 Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers, and sighs, and tears,
Can bear my awful load.

2 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

3 'Tis Christ who saveth me;
And freely pardon gives;
I love because he loveth me,
I live because he lives.

Dennis. S. M.



443 Blest be the Tie that Binds.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

444 How Gentle God's Commands!

1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 His bounty will provide,
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find!

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

445 A few more Years shall roll.

1 A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb.

2 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.

3 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

4 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way:
And we shall reach the endless rest,
Th' eternal Sabbath day.

446 Did Christ o'er Sinners weep.

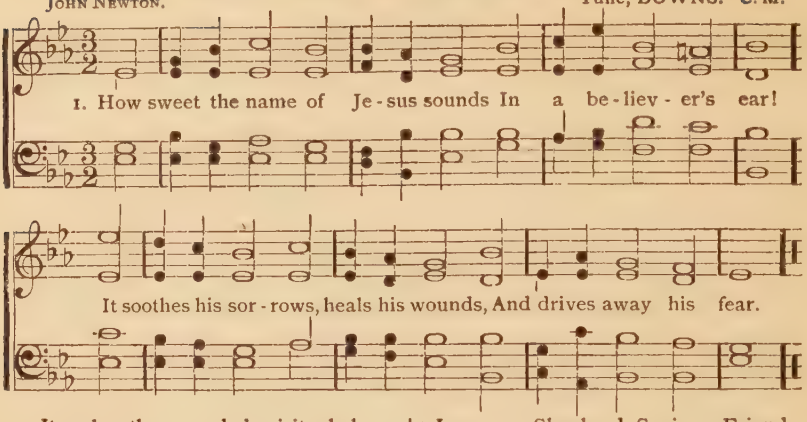
1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye

How Sweet the Name.

JOHN NEWTON. Tune, DOWNS. C. M.



2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring!

5 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

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448 O that the Lord would Guide.

1 O that the Lord would guide my way
To keep his statutes still!
Oh that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

2 Oh, send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere:
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

4 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet, since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wandering sheep.

5 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands
Offend against my God.

449 Plunged in a Gulf.

1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and—oh, amazing love!—
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

450 The Saviour Calls; let every Ear.

1 The Saviour calls; let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear,
Hope smiles reviving round.

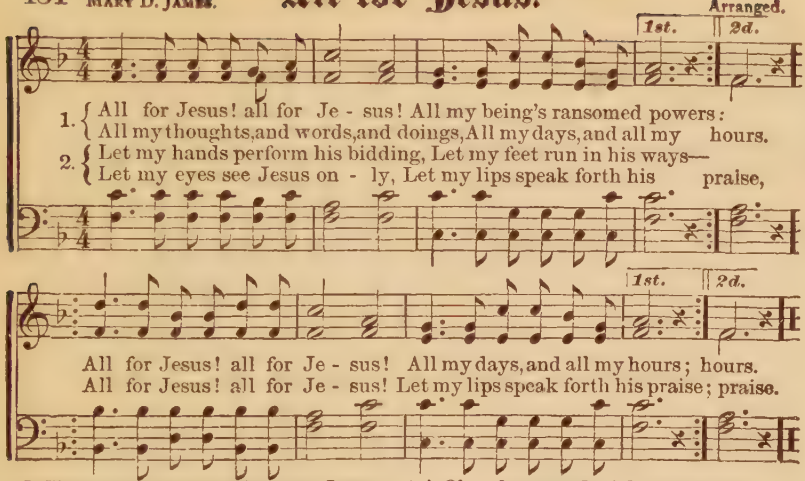
2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart
To banish mortal woe.

3 Ye sinners, come, 'tis mercy's voice;
The gracious call obey;
Mercy invites to heavenly joys,—
And can you yet delay?

4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss that love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

451 Mary D. James. All for Jesus.

Arranged.


1st.
2d.
1. All for Jesus! all for Je - sus! All my being's ransomed powers:
All my thoughts, and words, and doings, All my days, and all my hours.
2. Let my hands perform his bidding, Let my feet run in his ways—
Let my eyes see Jesus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth his praise,
1st.
2d.
All for Jesus! all for Je - sus! All my days, and all my hours; hours.
All for Jesus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth his praise; praise.

3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all besides;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified.
‖: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the Crucified. :‖

4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings—
Deigns to call me his beloved,
Lets me rest beneath his wings.
‖: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath his wings! :‖

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452 Sitting at the Feet of Jesus.

1 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
Oh, what words I hear him say!
Happy place! so near, so precious!
May it find me there each day!
Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
I would look upon the past;
For his love has been so gracious,
It has won my heart at last.

2 Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
Where can mortal be more blest?
There I lay my sins and sorrows,
And, when weary, find sweet rest.
Sitting at the feet of Jesus,
There I love to weep and pray,
While I from his fulness gather
Grace and comfort every day.

3 Bless me, O my Saviour! bless me,
As I sit low at thy feet;
Oh! look down in love upon me;
Let me see thy face so sweet.
Give me, Lord, the mind of Jesus;
Make me holy as he is:
May I prove I've been with Jesus,
Who is all my righteousness!

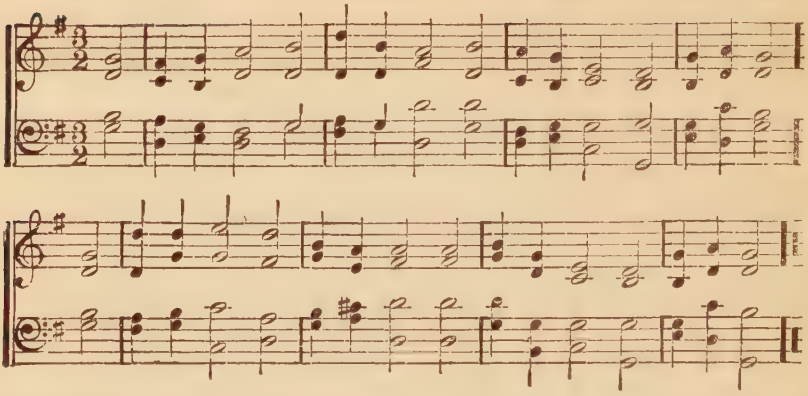
453 While in Different Paths Dividing.

1 While in different paths dividing,
We our pilgrimage pursue,
May our Shepherd, safely guiding,
Keep his scattered flock in view!
May the bond of blest communion
Every distant soul embrace,
Till in everlasting union,
We attain our resting place.

2 Oh, 'tis sweet, each other aiding,
In companionship to move,
One pure flame each heart pervading,
One, our Lord, our faith, our love;
Sweet when each can bend, imploring
Solace for our brother's pain,
And, the stumbling foot restoring,
Cheer him to the race again.

3 We may part in tearful sadness,
Bearing forth the precious grain,
But we shall return with gladness,
Bringing harvest sheaves again.
Thus, though fond affection weepeth,
Faith exalts her cheering voice;
He that soweth, he that reapeth,
Soon together shall rejoice.

Rockingham. L. M. LOWELL MASON.



454 Of Him Who Did Salvation Bring.

1 Of him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy,—he'll relieve;
prise, ye guilty,—he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

455 So Let Our Lips and Lives Express.

1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

456 Another Six Day's Work is Done.

1 Another six days' work is done,
Another sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blest.

2 Oh that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.

3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

457 Thine Earthly Sabbaths.

1 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With ardent love and strong desire.

2 In thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

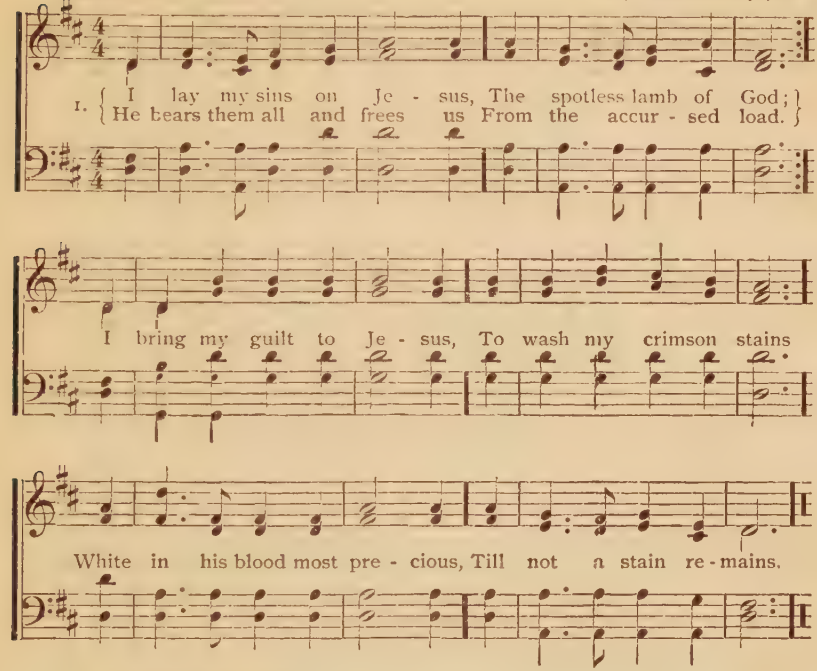
3 Oh, long expected day, begin,
Dawn on this world of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, and rest in God.

Doxology.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honor, praise and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

458 I Lay My Sins on Jesus.

H. Bonar, D. D. Tune, ANGELUS. 7s, 6s.


1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spotless lamb of God;
He bears them all and frees us From the accur - sed load.
I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crimson stains
White in his blood most pre - cious, Till not a stain re - mains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in him;
He healeth my diseases;
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
And learn the angels' song.

459 I Could Not do Without Thee.

1 I could not do without thee,
O Saviour of the Lost!
Whose precious blood redeemed me
At such tremendous cost.
My righteousness, my pardon,
Thy precious blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea.

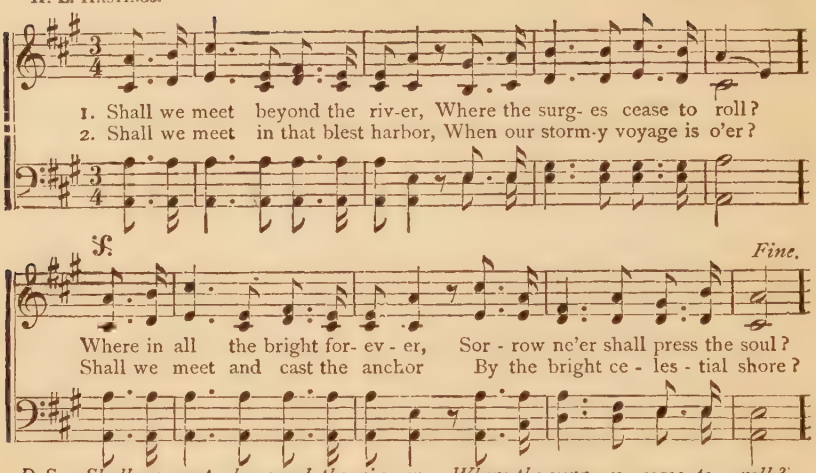
2 I could not do without thee,
I cannot stand alone;
I have no strength or goodness
No wisdom of my own;
But thou, beloved Saviour,
Art all in all to me;
And weakness will be power,
If leaning hard on thee.

2 I could not do without thee,
For oh! the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song.
How could I do without thee?
I do not know the way;
Thou knowest and thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.

460

Shall we Meet?

H. L. Hastings. Elisha S. Rice.


1. Shall we meet beyond the riv-er, Where the surg- es cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?
f
Fine.
Where in all the bright for- ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor By the bright ce - les - tial shore?
D.S. Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?

Chorus. D.S. f

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine?
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Where the music of the ransomed
Rolls its harmony around,
And creation swells the chorus
With its sweet melodious sound?

5 Shall we meet there many a loved one,
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?

6 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When he comes to claim his own?
Shall we know his blessed favor,
And sit down upon his throne?

461

Awake, My Soul.

Medley. Tune, LOVING-KINDNESS. L.M.

1. Awake, my soul, to joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not - withstanding all;

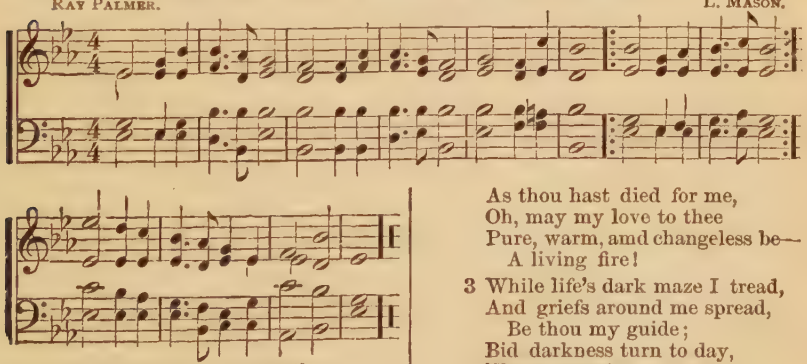
He just-ly claims a song from me, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
He saved me from my lost e-state, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!
Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!

3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

462 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. L. MASON.



1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine!

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, amd changeless be—
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul!

Orders of Worship

For the Sabbath-school.

These are the Orders of Worship used since 1860 in the Bethany School of Philadelphia; many of them have been greatly blessed.

No. 1.

Superintendent.—Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing. —Rev. v. 12.

Scholars and Teachers.—Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sins.—Acts v. 31.

Associate Superintendent.—Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need. Heb. iv. 16.

Silent Prayer.

Superintendent.—Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.—Psalm xxxii. 1.

Scholars and Teachers.—Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity.—Psalm xxxii. 2.

Chant. (All).—1. Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in | all gene- | rations. ‖ Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from ever- | lasting to everlasting | Thou art | God.

Creed. (All).

Superintendent.—The Catechism question of the day.

Scholars and Teachers.—The Catechism answer of the day.

All.—Hymn. page 44.

Scripture of the day. (Alternate or otherwise as directed).

Invocation Hymn. No. 324.

Prayer.—Scholars and Teachers repeating.

Hymn. page 15.

Lesson Study.

One Bell.—Giving notice that lessons must close in five minutes.

Two Bells.—Attention—Silence.

Hymns and Notices.

Superintendent's Lesson.

Hymns.

Superintendent.—Grace be to you, and peace from God our Father and from the Lord Jesus Christ.—Galatians i. 3.

Scholars and Teachers.—Who gave himself for our sins: that he might deliver us from this present evil world, according to the will of God and our Father.—Galatians i. 4.

Superintendent.—To him be glory, both now and forever.—2 Peter iii. 18.

All.—Amen.

Last Song.

Hallelujah, thine the glory,
Hallelujah, Amen!
Hallelujah, thine the glory,
Revive us again.

The Lord's Prayer.

School Dismissed.—Singing.

No. 2.

Organ.—Ten minutes before school opens.

Singing: No. 274.

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Superintendent.—Know ye that the Lord he is God; it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people and the sheep of his pasture.

Associate Superintendent.—The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

Officers and Teachers.—God commendeth his love toward us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.

Silent prayer.

Superintendent.—He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?

School.—God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that who-

soever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

(*To be said responsively.*)

Males.—So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Females.—The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

Males.—Thy word is a lamp unto my feet.

Females.—And a light unto my path.

Males.—Order my steps in thy word.

Females.—And let not any iniquity have dominion over me.

Bible Class.—Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

Superintentent.—Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled.

(*The school will rise.*)

The Apostles' Creed or Ten Commandments.—(Immediately preceding Hymns.)

Choir.—It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High.

Scripture of the Day.

Invocation. *Hursley, 276.*

Come, gracious Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above,
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

Prayer.—Ending with Chant, Our Father.

Singing. Page 106.

Missionary Offerings.—During which Organ plays. Then shall be read suitable passages of Scripture.

Catechism.

Notices.

Secrataries.—Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave wither thou goest.

Study.

Golden Text.

Review.

Distribution of Papers, etc.

Singing.

Superintendent.—Here have we no continuing city.

Scholars.—But we seek one to come.

Superintendent.—Blessed are the pure in heart.

Scholars.—For they shall see God.

Superintendent.—Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom.

(*Perfect silence for one minute before any one stirs.*)

No. 3.

Organ.—10 minutes.

First Bell.—Preparation.

Second Bell.—Perfect silence.

Hymn: *America, 252.*

Father, to thee I come,
Owning how weak I am;
Grant thy sustaining arm;
Lead me, I pray.

Silent prayer.

Superintendent.—Have respect, therefore, to the prayer of thy servant, and to his supplication, O Lord, my God. 2 Chron. vi. 19.

School.—Amen.

Superintendent.—That thine eyes may be open upon this house day and night, upon the place whereof thou hast said that thou wouldest put thy name there. 2 Chron. vi. 20.

School.—Amen.

Associate Superintendent.—But will God in very deed dwell with men on the earth? 2 Chron. vi. 18.

Pastor.—Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them. Rev. xxi. 3.

Boys.—For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name *is* Holy; I dwell in the high and holy *place*. Isa. lvii. 15.

Girls.—With him also *that is* of a contrite and humble spirit. Isa. lvii. 15.

Boys.—If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. 1 John i. 9.

Girls.—All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord has laid on him the iniquity of us all. Isa. liii. 6.

Bible Class.—The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy. Psalm ciii. 1.

Associate Superintendent.—I will sing of mercy and judgement; unto thee, O Lord, will I sing. Psalm ci. 8.

Lord's Prayer.—Chant. No. 348.

Creed.

Catechism.

Golden Text.

Hymn. No. 452.

Superintendent.—And Ezra opened the book in the sight of all the people, and when he opened it all the people stood up. Neh. viii. 5.

Holding up Bibles.

Scripture Lesson.

Invocation. *Sicily, 321.*

BOYS.—Father, let thy benediction,
Gently falling as the dew,

GIRLS.—And thy ever-gracious presence,
Bless us all this service thro',
May we ever
Keep the end of life in view.

Prayer.

Hymn. page 124.

Missionary Offerings. — During which suitable portions of Scripture shall be read—the organ playing softly.

Notices.—Teachers marking roll.

Lesson Study.

Review.

Hymns.

Secretary's time for Distribution.

Superintendent.—In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths. Prov. iii. 6.

Scholars.—I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. Psalm cxxi. 1.

Silent Prayer.—No one stirring for a full minute until the organ plays.

No. 4.

Questions to the Soul! Asked by the Holy Bible. Answers of the Holy Bible.

Anthem. "Onward," (Page 242).

Superintendent, Scripture Question—If God be for us, who can be against us? Rom. viii. 31.

Answer, All.—There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life: As I was with Moses, so I will be with thee; I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee. Joshua i. 5.

Hymn. "Nearer to thee," (Page 65).

Superintendent, Question.—Will God in very deed dwell with men on the earth? 2 Chron. vi. 18.

Boys, Answer.—For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit. Isa. lvii. 15.

Hymn. "The Lord shall comfort Zion," (Page 245).

Superintendent, Scripture asks.—On whom dost thou trust? Isa. xxxvi. 5.

Girls, Scripture offers for Answer.—The Lord also will be a refuge for the oppressed; a refuge in times of trouble. And they that know thy name will put their trust in thee; for thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee. Psalm ix. 9, 10.

Girls. "Art thou in darkness?" (Page 189).

Associate Superintendent. Scripture asks. And who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good? 1 Peter iii. 13.

Boys, Answer.—Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation: there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. Psalm xci. 9, 10.

Superintendent, Scripture Question.—What must I do to be saved? Acts xvi. 31.

Scripture Answers. "Come unto me, the Saviour said," (Page 48).

Superintendent, Scripture Question.—What saith the Scripture? Rom. iv. 3.

Answer with Golden Text of the Day.

Who like to bring their Bibles, show up!

Give the place of the day's Lesson and the Title.

Hymn. "O heavenly Father, thou hast told," (Page 207).

Read Scriptures in Concert.

(*School rising at tap of bell.*)

Sing. "There is a green hill far away," (Page 240).

Prayer.

Worship in Giving.

Question.—What amount was given last Sabbath, and what for?

Answer, by Treasurer.

Question.—What is the object of to-day's collection?

Answer, by Secretary.

Lesson Study.

Review.

Hymns.

Silent Prayer.

No. 5.

The Scripture Verses embrace the whole of Psalm cxi.

Invocation. *Ellesdie, 267.*

Through thy all atoning merit,
In thy holy name alone,
Weak and helpless, yet believing,
Lord, we come before thy throne.

Cho.—Let thy blessing rest upon us,
Like the early morning dew;
From the wells of thy salvation
May we draw and drink anew.

Silent Prayer.

Hear the prayers that now are rising
On the wings of faith to thee;
Feed our souls that now are hungry
With the bread of life so free.—**Cho.**

Supt.—Praise ye the Lord. I will praise the Lord with my whole heart, in the assembly of the upright, and in the congregation.

Hymn. "Come, O my soul." (Page 39).

Associate Supt.—The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.

Boys.—His work is honorable and glorious; and his righteousness endureth forever.

Girls.—He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered: the Lord is gracious and full of compassion.

Bible Class.—He hath given meat unto them that fear him: he will ever be mindful of his covenant.

School.—He hath showed his people the power of his works, that he may give them the heritage of the heathen.

Hymn.—"Stepping in the light," p. 23.

Supt.—The works of his hand are verity and judgement: all his commandments are sure.

Bible Class.—They stand fast forever and ever, and are done in truth and uprightness.

Supt.—He sent redemption unto his people: he hath commanded his covenant for ever: holy and reverend is his name.

School.—The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: a good understanding have all they that do his commandments: his praise endureth forever.

Hymn. "Awake, awake, O heart of mine." (Page 98).

Supt.—What is the reason we are careful about the Sabbath day?

Girls Answer.—God said, Ye shall keep my Sabbaths, and reverence my sanctuary: I am the Lord. Lev. xxvi. 2.

Supt.—Why do we think so much of the Bible?

All Answer.—All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness. 2 Tim. iii. 16.

Supt.—What is the object of this Sunday-school?

Answer, by the Secretary.—To teach the word of God, to bring souls to Christ, to watch over them and build them up in Christian character.

Infant School Hymn.—"More about Jesus would I know." (Page 180).

Supt.—What do we believe upon the Temperance question?

All Answer.—That the only safe ground for ourselves and the best example for our neighbor is total abstinence.

Hymn. Whatsoever burden," (Page 61).

How many attended church this morning?

How many Bibles can the Scholars and Teachers show?

What is title of to-day's lesson?

What chapter and verse will we read it in?

Say the Golden Text.

Hymn. "Up and onward," (Page 130).

Reading of Scriptures.

Hymn.—"Let Him in," page 148.

Short Prayer by Superintendent.

Treasurer states amount of last Sabbath's collection and what given for.

Secretary states object of to-day's collection.

Notices for the week. Music playing softly.

No. 6.

The Keyword is "REMEMBER."

First Signal.—Indicating that everybody must be ready in five minutes for opening of School.

Instrumental Music.

Bell No. 2.—Silence. No walking or talking.

Opening Invocation.—"Hark! hark! my soul!" (Page 19)."

Silent Prayer.

Supt.—*Remember* the word which Moses the servant of the Lord commanded you. Josh. i. 13.

Scholars.—*Remember* now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them. Eccles. xii. 1.

Choral.—"Blessed be the Fountain of blood." (Page 36).

Supt.—But, beloved, *Remember* ye the words which were spoken before of the apostles of our Lord Jesus Christ. Jude i. 17.

Girls.—*Remember* how he spake unto you when he was yet in Galilee, saying, The Son of man must be delivered into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again. Luke xxiv. 6, 7.

Boys.—*Remember* that Jesus Christ of the seed of David was raised from the dead according to my gospel.

Refrain.—"Low in the grave he lay." (Page 164).

Pastor.—*Remember*, that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears. Acts xx. 31.

Associate Supt.—*Remember* them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God: whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation. Heb. xiii. 7.

Teachers.—Son, Remember. Luke xvi. 25.

School.—Remember Lot's wife. Luke xvii. 32.

Infant Room Song.—"Only Remembered." (Page 235).

Bible Inspection by Superintendent.

Give title of the day's Lesson study.

State book, chapter, verse.

Recite together Golden Text.

Rise and Sing.—"We shall know." (Page 172).

Scripture Lesson Read.

Apostles' Creed.

The Lord's Prayer. (No. 348).

Supt.—*Remember* the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive. Acts xx. 35.

Associate Supt. and School Ask.—What was amount of last Sabbath's collection, and what was it for?

Answer, by Treasurer.

Teachers.—What is the object of to-day's collection?

Answer by Secretary.

Choir sings while Classes gather the offering. "I'll live for him." (No. 263)

Doors open during singing.

Notices.

Pastor.—State chief idea of the day's lesson.

All fold hands, and remain seated, leaning forward as an act of worship, while the Superintendent prays.

Hymns.—If time allows.

Class Studies.

Closing Worship.—Hymns.

Review by either Pastor or one of the Superintendents.

Secretaries' distributions.

Last Bell.—All rise, engaging in prayer for one minute.

Choir sings while School retires.

No. 7.

Cornet Signal Call.—School will open in five minutes.—Be ready.

Five Minutes Musical Recital.

First Bell.—Perfect silence, no walking, no talking, no changing seats, no chair moving.

Silent Prayer.

Anthem.—No. 1. in "Anthems and Voluntaries."

All.

Praise the Lord our God, praise the Lord our God,
He that is,
He that was,
And is to come;
Praise his holy name, praise his holy name,
Praise his holy name who giveth us eternal life:

Girls—Infant Room.

His be the honor, and majesty, and glory;
His be the honor, and majesty, and glory,

Girls.

Worship and adore him, worship and adore him
Worship and adore him, now and evermore:

All.

Worship and adore him, worship and adore him,
Worship and adore him, now and evesmore:
Praise him, praise him, glory to God;
Praise him, praise him, glory to God, praise him, praise him.

Supt.—Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? Psalm cxix. 9.

School.—By taking heed thereto according to THY WORD. Psalm cxix. 9.

Pastor.—THY WORD have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee. Psalm cxix. 11.

Associate Supt.—So shall I have wherewith to answer him that reproacheth me—for I trust in THY WORD. Psalm cxix. 43.

School.—I thought on my ways and turned my feet unto THY TESTIMONIES. Psalm cxix. 59.

Hymn. "Jesus, lover of my soul." (Page 386).

Bible Showing.

State the title of the lesson of the day.

Give book, chapter, verse.

Say in concert the Golden Text.

While each one is finding chapter and verses, sing page 94, 'Anthems and Voluntaries."

Girls.
Let not your heart be troubled,
All.
Let not your heart be troubled,
Girls.
Ye believe in God, believe also in me,
All.
Ye believe in God, believe also in me.
Boys.
In my Father's house are many mansions;
Girls.
Are many mansions, are many mansions:
Choir.
If it were not so, I would have told you.
All.
I go to prepare a place for you,
Girls.
And if I go and prepare a place for you,
All.
I will come again, I will come again,
Girls.
And receive you unto myself
Boys.
That where I am,
Girls.
There ye may be also,
Boys.
That where I am,
Girls.
There ye may be also.
All.
That where I am, that where I am,
There ye may be also.
And whither I go ye know,
Girls.
And the way ye know.
All.
And whither I go ye know,
Girls.
And the way ye know,
All.
And the way, the way ye know.

Choristers.
Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest;
And how can we know the way?
Choir.
Jesus saith unto him,
All.
I am the way, the truth, and the life,
I am the way, the truth, and the life.
I am the way, the truth, and the life,
The way, the truth, the life:
No man cometh unto the Father,
No man cometh unto the Father, but by me, but by me, but by me.

Reading Scriptures.

Scripture Response. (Page 114).

Creed.

The Lord's Prayer. Chant, (No. 348).

Treasurer states amount of last Sabbath's collection?

Secretary states object of to-day's collection.

Worship in Giving.—Scripture encouragements by the Superintendent or Pastor.

Notices for the Week.—Music playing softly

Hymn. "Jesus, I come to thee." (Page 25).

Short Prayer by Supt.

Hymn. If time allows.

Class Studies.

Closing Worship.—Hymns.

Review by either Pastor or one of the Superintendents.

Secretaries' distributions.

Last Bell.—All rise, engaging in prayer for one minute.

Choir sings while School retires.

No. 8.

Cornet Signal Call.—School will open in five minutes.—Be ready.

Five Minutes Musical Recital.

Second Bell.—Perfect silence, no walking, no talking, no changing seats, no chair moving.

Silent Prayer.

Hymn. "I will sing when morning cometh." (Page 24).

Supt.—How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! Psalm lxxxiv. 1.

Pastor.—My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God. Psalm lxxxiv. 3.

Bible Class.—Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

Hymn. "O give thanks." (Page 28).

Supt.—Blessed are they that dwell in thy house; they will be still praising thee.

Scholars.—Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them. Ps. lxxxiv. 5.

Associate Supt.—Who passing through the Valley of Baca make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools.

Bible Class.—They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God. Ps lxxxiv. 7.

Hymn. "I've been to the field with the reapers." (Page 185).

Associate Supt.—O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer; give ear, O God of Jacob. Selah. Psalm lxxxiv. 8.

Bible Class.—Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed. Psalm lxxxiv. 9

Door Keepers.—For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. Psalm lxxxiv. 10.

Teacher of Bible Class.—For the Lord God is a sun and a shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly. Psalm lxxxiv. 11.

Scholars.—O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

Infant School Hymn "Leading souls to Jesus." (Page 162).

The Apostles' Creed.

The Lord's Prayer. (No. 348).

Echo Song by Quartet. "Who is this that waiteth." (Page 140). Last verse and chorus by School.

Bible Showing.

State the Title of the Lesson of the day.

Give book, chapter, verse.

Say in concert the Golden Text.

While each one is finding chapter and verses, sing "In thy book where glory bright," page 21.

Scriptures read.

Scripture Response. (Page 114).

Worship by Offerings.

Supt.—Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. Psalm xli. 1.

Associate Supt. leads the School, who asks the following:—The Treasurer will please report the amount of the collection of last Sabbath, and what it was for?

The Treasurer reports promptly.

The Secretary States—The object of today's collection is———

Notices.

Pastor.—State chief idea of the day's lesson.

All fold hands, and remain seated, leaning forward as an act of worship, while the Superintendent prays.

Hymn. If time allows.

Class Studies.

Closing Worship.—Hymns.

Review by either Pastor or one of the Superintendents.

Secretaries' distributions.

Last Bell.—All rise, engaging in prayer for one minute.

No. 9.

Opening Anthem. — "The Earth is the Lord's." page 236.

Supt.—I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

Chant—The Lord's Prayer. No. 348.

Repeat The Apostles' Creed.

How many Bibles can we show?

Title of Lesson.

Golden Text.

Where is the Lesson found?

Hymn. "Onward and upward," page 74.

Read Scripture for the day's study.

Invocation Song. Tune 385.

Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

Prayer.

Hymn.—"His yoke is easy," page 27.

Missionary Offering, while organ plays softly, and the superintendent reads suitable portions of Scripture.

Notices of the day and week, rolls marked.

Class Studies.

Review by Pastor or Superintendents.

Hymns.

Secretaries' Distribution.

Bell calls all to rise for parting salutations.

No. 10.

The JOY Order of Worship.

Second Bell.—Perfect silence, no one to move.

Hymn —"I will bless the Lord." p. 138.

Supt. Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem: for the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem. Is. 52: 9.

Hymn. "Sing on," page 76.

Supt.— . . Therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord. Ps. 27: 6.

School.—He shall pray unto God, and he will be favorable unto him: and he shall see his face with joy: for he will render unto man his righteousness. Job 33: 26.

Pastor. For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Isa. 55: 12.

School.—And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. Lu. 2: 10.

Associate Supt.—Thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart.

Infant Room Song.

Supt.—And these things write we unto you, that your joy may be full.

Boys.—Hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name: ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.

Girls.— Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God. Heb. 12: 2.

Associate Supt. — But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law. Gal. 5: 22, 23.

How many Bibles can we show?

Title of Lesson.

Golden Text.

Where is the Lesson found?

Pastor.—State chief idea of the day's lesson.

Hymn. "With our colors waving," p. 11.

Read Scripture for the day's study.

Silent Prayer for one minute

Hymn. "Casting your care." p. 105.

Repeat The Apostles' Creed.

Chant.—The Lord's Prayer. No. 348.

Supt.—Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again. Lu. 6: 38.

Associate Supt. and School ask—What was the amount of last Sabbath's collection, and what was it for.

The Treasurer reports promptly.

The Secretary States—The object of today's collection is———

Choir sings while Classes gather the offering.

Notices.

Hymn. "By the grace of God." p. 196.

All fold hands, and remain seated, leaning forward as an act of worship, while the Superintendent prays.

Hymn. If time allows.

Class Studies.

Closing Worship.—Hymns.

Review by either Pastor or one of the Superintendents.

Secretaries' distributions.

Last Bell.—All rise, engaging in prayer for one minute.

Choir sings while school retires.

No. 11.

Cornet Signal Call.—School will open in five minutes.

Second tap of bell exactly on the minute of school opening time.

Hymn. "O could I speak." No 366.

Supt.—What shall we say of God's care of us during the past week?

Sing.—"Light in our darkness." page 43.

Supt.—Is the Christian life a happy life?

Sing.—"Since I have been." Page 79.

Supt.—What is the cause of the Christian's happiness?

Sing.—"Treasures in heaven." Page 204.

Supt.—What can you say for your Saviour?

Sing—"Trusting in Jesus," page 10.

Infant Room Hymn, selected.

Supt.—What is it to become a Christian?
Sing—"Trusting Jesus." page 45.
Who have brought their Bibles?
Where is the Day's Lesson?
What is its Title?
Who can tell the Golden Text?
What do we believe? Apostles' Creed.
Read the Scriptures.
Hymn. "The Firm Foundation" p. 359.
Prayer.
Worship in Giving.
What was last Sabbath's Collection for, and the Amount?
What is the object of to-day's Collection?
Notices of the day and week, rolls marked.
Class Studies.
Review by Pastor or Superintendents.
Hymns and Parting Prayer.
Good-byes.

No. 12.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Opening Anthem. —*From "The Joyful Sound," 138.* If preferred use instead "He Comes," page 154.

All.

Awake, awake, with cheerful heart and voice,
To Zion's God our sweetest anthem raise;
Awake, awake, let heav'n and earth rejoice,
And shout aloud in tuneful strain
Jehovah's praise.

Girls.

He crowns the year with mercy,
He fills our cup with joy,
His love is everlasting,
Let praise our tongues employ;
He cheers the path before us,
And makes it bright with flowers.

Primary Department.

He is watching kindly o'er us,
Bending low our song to hear;
And we know with ev'ry moment
Guardian angels hover near.

All.

Joyful, joyful, glorify his name.
Now in his temple grateful homage pay;
Hail him, hail him, join the loud acclaim,
Sing hallelujah, worship him to-day.
Shout, shout aloud, come with one accord,
Sing hallelujah, praise ye the Lord.

Supt.—HAPPY is that people whose God is the Lord. Ps. 144: 15.

School.—HAPPY is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God. Ps. 146: 5.

Hymn. *Tune Henley.*

Come unto me when shadows darkly gather,
When the sad heart is weary and distressed,
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father;
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.
Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim,
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.
There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

Boys.—HAPPY is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. Prov. 3: 13.

Girls.—And HAPPY is every one that retaineth her. Prov. 3: 18.

Hymn—"Saviour, comfort me," page 65.

Associate Supt.—Whoso trusteth in the Lord HAPPY is he. Prov. 16: 20.

Hymn.—"Softly and tenderly," page 200.

Supt.—He that keepeth the law HAPPY is he. Prov. 29: 18

Hymn.—"The Altered Motto." page 255.

Bible Classes.—HAPPY is the man that feareth always: but he that hardeneth his heart shall fall into mischief.

Infant Room Hymn, selected.

Hymn. "The Saviour with Me." p. 121.

Distance Song. page 102.

Bibles—Hold them up.

Title of Lesson.

Golden Text.

Where is the Lesson found?

Hymn. "The Summer land," page 118.

Read Scripture for the day's study.

Pastor. If ye know these things, HAPPY are ye if ye do them. Jn 13: 17.

Chant.—The Lord's Prayer. No. 348.

Associate Supt. and School ask—What was the amount of last Sabbath's collection, and what was it for.

The Treasurer reports promptly.

The Secretary States—The object of to-day's collection is———

Notices.

Class Studies.

No. 13.

THE COMMANDMENTS.

Cornet Signal Call.—School will open in five minutes.

Second Bell.—Perfect silence, no one to move.

Invocation—"Great is the Lord," p. 202.

Silent Prayer for one minute

Sing "Beautiful day," page 18.

Supt.—Know therefore this day, and consider it in thine heart, that the Lord

he is God in heaven above, and upon the earth beneath; there is none else. Deut. 4: 39.

Associate Supt.—And Moses called all Israel, and said unto them, Hear, O Israel, the statutes and judgments which I speak in your ears this day, that ye may learn them, and keep, and do them. Deut. 5: 1.

The Ten Commandments.—page 249.

Pastor.—Ye shall walk in all the ways which the Lord your God hath commanded you, that ye may live, and that it may be well with you, and that ye may prolong your days in the land which ye shall possess.

Teacher.—Ye have said, It is vain to serve God; and what profit is it that we have kept his ordinance, and that we have walked . . before the Lord of hosts? Mal. 3: 14.

Girls.—And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels, and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him. Mal. 3: 17.

Boys.—Then shall ye . . discern between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not. Mal. 3: 18.

Primary Dept.—"Little ones," page 183.

Repeat The Apostles' Creed.

Chant.—The Lord's Prayer. No. 348.

Supt.—Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?

Scholars.—By taking heed thereto according to thy word. Ps. 119: 9.

Bibles—Hold them up.

Title of Lesson.

Teachers give Golden Text of the day.

Where is the Lesson found?

Hymn. "Light after darkness," p 135.

As the last verse is being sung, at tap of bell school will rise, and with books open be ready to read the Scriptures, and when last verse is read, close books, and hold them in hands, and sing:—(page 241)

Glory be to the Father, glory be to the Son, glory be to the Holy Ghost.
Girls.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be,
All.
World without end. Amen, amen.

Sentence Prayer, following Superintendent.

The worship of making offerings to the Lord, and verses of exhortation.

Choir.—"Cast thy bread." page 31.

Notices for the coming week.

Hymn. If time allows.

Class Studies.

Review by Pastor or Superintendents.

Hymns and Parting Prayer.

No. 14.

The Key word is HOLD.

Cornet Signal Call.—School will open in five minutes.

Second Bell.—Perfect silence, no one to move.

Hymn.—"I will praise him," page 206.

Supt.—HOLD FAST the form of sound words, which thou hast heard of me, in faith and love which is in Christ Jesus. 2 Tim. 1: 13.

Associate Supt.—Prove all things; HOLD FAST that which is good. 1 Th. 1: 13.

School.—Seeing then we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us HOLD FAST our profession. He. 4.

Hymn. "God bless our," page 53.

Supt.—HOLD thou me up, and I shall be safe; and I shall have respect unto thy statutes continually. Ps. 119: 117.

Boys.—The righteous also shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger.

Girls.—HOLD UP my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not. Ps. 17: 5.

Boys.—Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall HOLD me. Ps. 139: 10.

Pastor.—For I the Lord thy God WILL HOLD thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not, I will help thee.

Associate Supt.—Remember, therefore, how thou hast received and heard, and HOLD FAST, and repent. If, therefore, thou shalt not watch, I will come on thee as a thief, and thou shalt not know what hour I shall come upon thee. Rev. 3: 3.

Hymn.—"All the day. in sweet," p. 220.

Prayer. Led by Superintendent.

(Everybody in a reverent attitude, seated with folded hands, closed eyes, and bowing before the Heavenly Father.—Particular attention to this very earnestly desired.)

Worship in Giving.

☞ At sound of bell scholars will ask,

What was last Sabbath's Collection for, and the Amount?

Answer by the Treasurer.

What is the object of to-day's Collection?

Answer by the Secretary.

School.—I the Lord have called thee in righteousness, and will HOLD thine hand, and will keep thee, and give thee for a covenant of the people, for a light of the Gentiles. Isa. 42: 6.

Bible Class.—Yea, he shall be holden up; for God is able to make him stand.

Young Men's Bible Class.—Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering; for he is faithful that promised. Heb. 10: 23.

School.—Behold, I come quickly; HOLD that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown. Rev. 3: 11.

Infant Room Song.

The Apostles' Creed.

The Lord's Prayer. No. 348.

Who have brought their Bibles?

Title of the Day's Lesson.

Pastor.—State chief idea of the day's lesson.

Who can tell the Golden Text?

Book, Chapter, Verses for the day.

Hymn.—"Trust and obey." page 117.

All will rise at beginning of last chorus, be ready to read.

Read Scripture for the day's study.

Silent Prayer for one minute.

Resume seats when bell rings.

Notices of the day and week, rolls marked.

Hymn. Selected.

Class Studies.

Closing Hymns.

Birthday Texts.

Questions and Answers, verbal or written, and laid on desk).

Hymn. Selected.

Review by either Pastor or one of the Superintendents.

Secretaries' distributions.

Last Bell.—All rise, engaging in prayer for one minute.

Choir sings while school retires.

No. 15.

This order includes all of the 34th Psalm. Almost any one can commit to memory these beautiful verses, and can have a psalm in his heart.

Opening Anthem.— *From "The Banner Anthem Book,"* page 16. Or, if preferred, a hymn in this book.

Girls.

Know ye that the Lord he is God, he is God:
It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves:
We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

Quartet.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving,
And into his courts with praise.

All.

Know ye that the Lord he is God, he is God:
It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves:
We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.
Amen, amen.

Supt.—I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

1st Associate Supt.—My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

2nd Associate Supt.—O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

3d Associate Supt.—I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

4th Associate Supt.—They looked unto him, and were lightened; and their faces were not ashamed.

Boys.—This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles. The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

Girls.—O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him. O fear the Lord, ye his saints; for there is no want to them that fear him.

Bible Class.—The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.

Supt.—Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord. What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good.

Girls.—Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

Boys.—Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it.

Secretary.—The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.

Bible Class.—The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

Pastor.—The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

School. — The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit. Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all. He keepeth all his bones: not one of them is broken. Evil shall slay the wicked: and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate. Psa. 34: 18–21.

Supt.—The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants: and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

Anthem. "*Banner Anthem Book*," *page 35*.

Girls. *Boys.* *All.*
How holy, how holy, how holy is this place!
All.
Lord, I have loved the place of thine abode.
Girls.
Lord, I have loved the place of thine abode,
All.
And the temple where thy glory dwelleth.
Primary Department.
Lord, I have loved the place of thine abode,
All. *Primary Dept.*
Have loved the place, Have loved the place of
All. thine abode.
And the temple where thy glory dwelleth.
Girls. *All.*
Thy glory dwelleth. Amen, amen, amen.

Bibles—Hold them up.

Where is the Lesson found?

Title of Lesson.

Golden Text.

Anthem. "*Banner Anthem Book*," *page 18*.

Girls.
Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes,
Boys. *Girls.*
Teach me, O Lord, Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes; and I shall
Boys. keep it unto the end.
Unto the end. *Girls.*
Give me understanding,
All. and I shall keep thy law;
Yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart.
Amen, amen, amen.

Read from Bibles the Lesson of the day.

Invocation Hymn. *Girls only.* "In the hour of trial." Page 133.

Prayer.

Worship in giving.

What was last Sabbath's Collection for, and the amount? Answer by treasurer.

What is the object of to-day's Collection? Answered by the secretary.

Notices for the coming week.

Class Studies.

Review by Pastor or Superintendent.

Hymns and Parting Prayer.

No. 16.

"THESE SAYINGS OF MINE."

Opening Anthem. "*Anthems and Voluntaries*," *page 52*.

All.
I was glad when they said unto me,
Let us go up to the house of the Lord.
Infant School.
Our feet shall stand within thy gates,
Choir. *All.* *Girls.*
O Jerusalem, O Jerusalem, Our feet shall stand
Choir. *Girls.* within thy gates,
O Jerusalem, O Jerusalem. *Alto and Tenor.*
Pray for the peace of Jerusalem.
Girls. *All.*
They shall prosper That love thee.
Boys. *Girls.* *Choir.*
‖: Peace be within thy walls,:‖
All.
Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. *Choir.* *All.*
Amen, amen,

Silent Prayer at tap of bell—one minute.

Supt.— My son, attend to my words, incline thine ear unto my SAYINGS.

School.— Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and DOETH THEM, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock. And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock.

Supt.—And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and DOETH THEM NOT, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand. And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it.

Boys.—And it came to pass when Jesus had ended THESE SAYINGS the people were astonished at his doctrine.

Girls.—For he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes.

Pastor.—But while they wondered every one at all things which Jesus did, he said unto his disciples, Let THESE SAYINGS sink down into your ears.

School.—Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him. He that loveth me not keepeth not my SAYINGS. John 14: 23, 24.

Primary Dept.— This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. 1 Tim. 1: 15.

Infant Room Song

Associate Supt.—These sayings are faithful and true: and the Lord God of the holy prophets sent his angel to shew unto his servants the things which must shortly be done. Rev. 22.

Bible Class.—Behold, I come quickly, blessed is he that keepeth the SAYINGS of the prophecy of this book.

Supt.— Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city. Rev. 22: 14.

School rise and all sing, "What shall separate us?" page 88.

The Apostles' Creed.

The Lord's Prayer. No. 348.

Supt.—Whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that WE, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, might have hope. Rom. 20: 1.

Who have brought their Bibles?

Title of Day's Lesson. Golden Text.

Book, Chapter, Verses for the day.

Hymn.—"Tell me the story." Page 51.

Read the Scriptures.

Doxology. (page 241)

Sentence Prayer, led by Superintendent.

Collection—verses of exhortation read.

Notices of the day and week, rolls marked.

Hymn. "The child of a King," page 72.

Class Studies.

Closing Exercises as in Order No. 14.

No. 17.

Opening Hymn. "Bless the Lord," p. 56.

Silent Prayer for one minute.

Supt. — Hearken unto me, ye that know righteousness, the people in whose heart is my law; fear ye not the reproach of men, neither be ye afraid of their revilings. Isa. 51: 7.

Associate Supt.— Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord, and my servant whom I have chosen; Fear ye not, neither be afraid. Isa. 43: 10; 44: 8.

School.—O bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of his praise to be heard. Psa. 66: 8.

All Sing "Praise ye the Lord," page 232.

Supt.—I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night; ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence. Isa. 62: 6.

School. — Go through, go through the gates; prepare ye the way of the people; cast up, cast up the highway; lift up a standard for the people.

Boys.—And as ye go, preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand.

Girls.—Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all longsuffering and doctrine. 2 Tim. 4: 2.

Associate Supt. And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul. . . Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. Mat. 10: 28, 32.

Hymn. "He will hide me," page 132.

Supt.—Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not; behold, your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense; he will come and save you. Isa. 35: 4.

Bible Class.—There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life; as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee. I will not fail thee nor forsake thee. Josh. 1: 5.

Infant Room Song.

Repeat The Apostles' Creed.

Hymn. Selected.

How many Bibles can we show?

Where is the Lesson found?

Golden Text.

Supt.—Behold, I have longed after thy precepts; quicken me in thy righteousness. Psa. 119: 40.

School.—So shall I keep thy law continually, for ever and ever.

Rise and Sing *Bera, 302.*

The heavens declare thy glory, Lord;
In every star thy wisdom shines,
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

Read Scripture for the day's study.

Sentence Prayer, led by Superintendent, closing with The Lord's Prayer, 348.

Worship in Giving.

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GOOD HYMNS TO LIVE BY.